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My Plans for Gable" by CLARK GABLE
modern screen

MAGAZINE •
ELL
A DELL MAGAZINE •
MAGAZINE •

Dec 1949

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Jane Powell

True! Your First Cake of Camay brings a Softer, Lovelier Skin!



MRS. B. MARSHALL WOMAC
the former Carolyn Lucretia Moore of New York
Portrait painted by *Wanick*

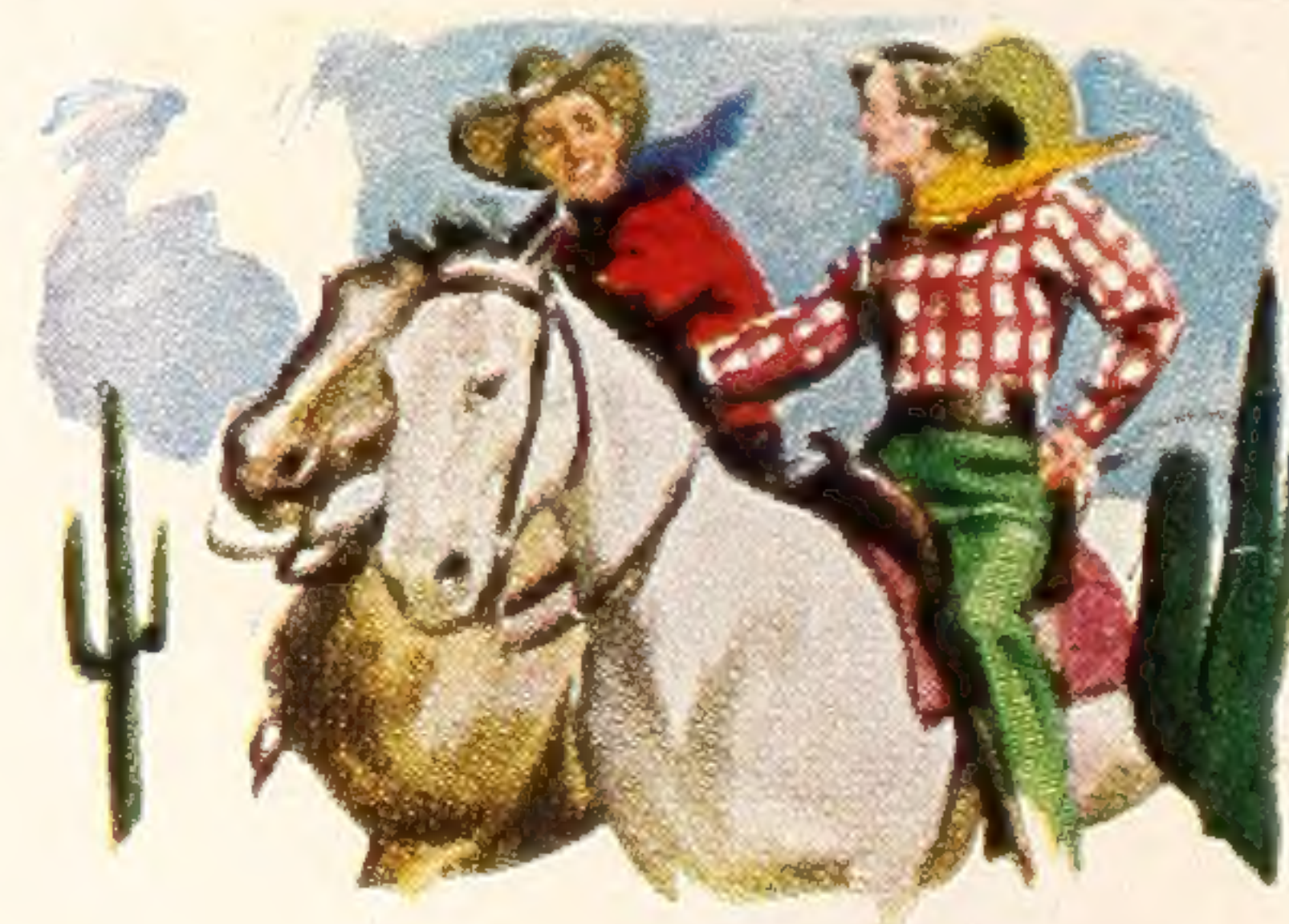


Beauty's a lovely complexion!
Good looks are a soft, clear skin!
Yes, and your *first cake* of Camay
can make your skin smoother
and lovelier—if you'll give up
careless cleansing—go on the
Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors
tested Camay care on a large
group of women with different
types of skin. Almost all these
women won lovelier complexions,
each with her *first cake* of Camay.
Follow directions on the wrapper—
you'll be more attractive, too!

TEXAN TAKES CAMAY BRIDE!



Carolyn had a host of admirers before Bill took charge. But from their first dancing date together, no one else counted. Carolyn fell for Bill's easy Texas drawl—and he couldn't resist her Camay complexion!



The eyes of Texas were all on Carolyn, as she and Bill honeymooned in the Lone Star State. A skin that's soft and glamorous is a magnet for admiring glances! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet and see how much lovelier your complexion can be.

Camay THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



"My hands were almost
frostbitten in July"

says EVELYN KEYES, Columbia Pictures star, co-starred with
DICK POWELL in "MRS. MIKE"—Released thru United Artists

When I was filming "Mrs. Mike", we actually used real snow on the sets. While the rest of the country was sweltering in summer heat, I spent day after frostbitten day working in machine-made snow drifts at sub-freezing temperatures...



In scenes like this, with Dick Powell, my hands froze...



In another scene, they were in soapy water for hours...



But Jergens Lotion kept my hands from chapping...



Made them soft and lovely for romantic close-ups...



A liquid, Jergens is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin...

CAN YOUR HAND LOTION PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).

Prove it yourself by making the test described above...



Discover why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...

Jergens Lotion

used by more women
than any other hand care
in the world
still 10¢ to \$1 plus tax

And is used in Hollywood
7 to 1 over other hand cares.

**NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING
TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH**

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

NOW! *Proof* that always brushing teeth with Colgate's right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts! Proof—based on hundreds of case histories, two years of continuous research at leading universities—the most *conclusive* proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay.



Under the direction of eminent dental authorities, one group of college men and women always brushed their teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating—while another group followed their usual dental care. The group using Colgate's as directed showed a startling reduction in average number of cavities—*far less tooth decay!* The other group developed new cavities at a much higher rate.

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst after meals or snacks. When you brush your teeth with Colgate's right after eating, you help remove acids before they can harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices in teeth where food particles often lodge.

Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in flavor, foam, or cleansing action. No claim is made that using Colgate's can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the *proved* way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream.

**Always Use Colgate's* to
Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth
—and HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!**

*Right after eating



**NO OTHER DENTIFRICE
OFFERS PROOF OF THESE RESULTS**

DECEMBER, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

stories

SO PROUDLY SHE HAILS (Gregory and Greta Peck).....	by Louis Pollock	14
RAGE IN HEAVEN (Wanda Hendrix-Audie Murphy).....	by Cynthia Miller	24
TROUBLE AHEAD FOR MITCHUM?.....	by Arthur L. Charles	28
STARS ON A SPREE ABROAD (Fontaine, Power, Bergman, etc.).....	by Hedda Hopper	30
TWO LOVES HAVE WE (Roy Rogers-Dale Evans).....	by Dale Evans	32
I LIVE ON THE RIM OF HEAVEN.....	by Jeanne Crain	34
THIS LOVE OF OURS (Dana and Mary Andrews).....	by Mary Andrews	37
I WON'T GO STEADY.....	by Janet Leigh	38
MY SNEAK PARTY (Lund, Wilson, DeFore, etc.).....	by Diana Lynn	40
GARY COOPER'S MOUNTAIN HIDEAWAY.....	by Tom Carlile	42
ANNIE, GET YOUR GUY (Ann Sheridan).....	by Sheilah Graham	46
HE'S NOT MY BABY ANYMORE (Farley Granger).....	by Mrs. Eva Granger	48
SHE WANTS TO DO HOMEWORK (Jane Powell).....	by Ida Zeitlin	50
MY PLANS FOR GABLE.....	by Clark Gable	52
TOO YOUNG TO DIE (Crosby, Hope, Sinatra).....	by Frank Sinatra and Bob Hope	54
HEY, LOOK! WE'RE DANCIN'! (Freeman, Ladd, Fleming, etc.).....	by Reba and Bonnie Churchill	56
MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.....	by Doris Day	59

features

THE INSIDE STORY.....	4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS.....	6
EDITORIAL: The True Beauty (Esther Williams).....	27
PICTURE OF THE MONTH: Battleground.....	61

departments

MOVIE REVIEWS.....	by Christopher Kane	16
ALSO SHOWING (Films Previously Reviewed).....		22
NEW FACES.....		25
FASHION.....		64
BEAUTY: Make A Pretty Face.....	by Carol Carter	80
THE FANS.....	by Gloria Lampert	92

ON THE COVER: Color Portrait of Jane Powell by Nickolas Muray
Other picture credits, page 23

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Spencer
TRACY

M·G·M

hands you
the biggest
laugh in
10 years!

Katharine
HEPBURN

It's the
hilarious
answer to
WHO WEARS
THE PANTS!



Adam's Rib

JUDY HOLLIDAY
TOM EWELL

DAVID WAYNE • JEAN HAGEN

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

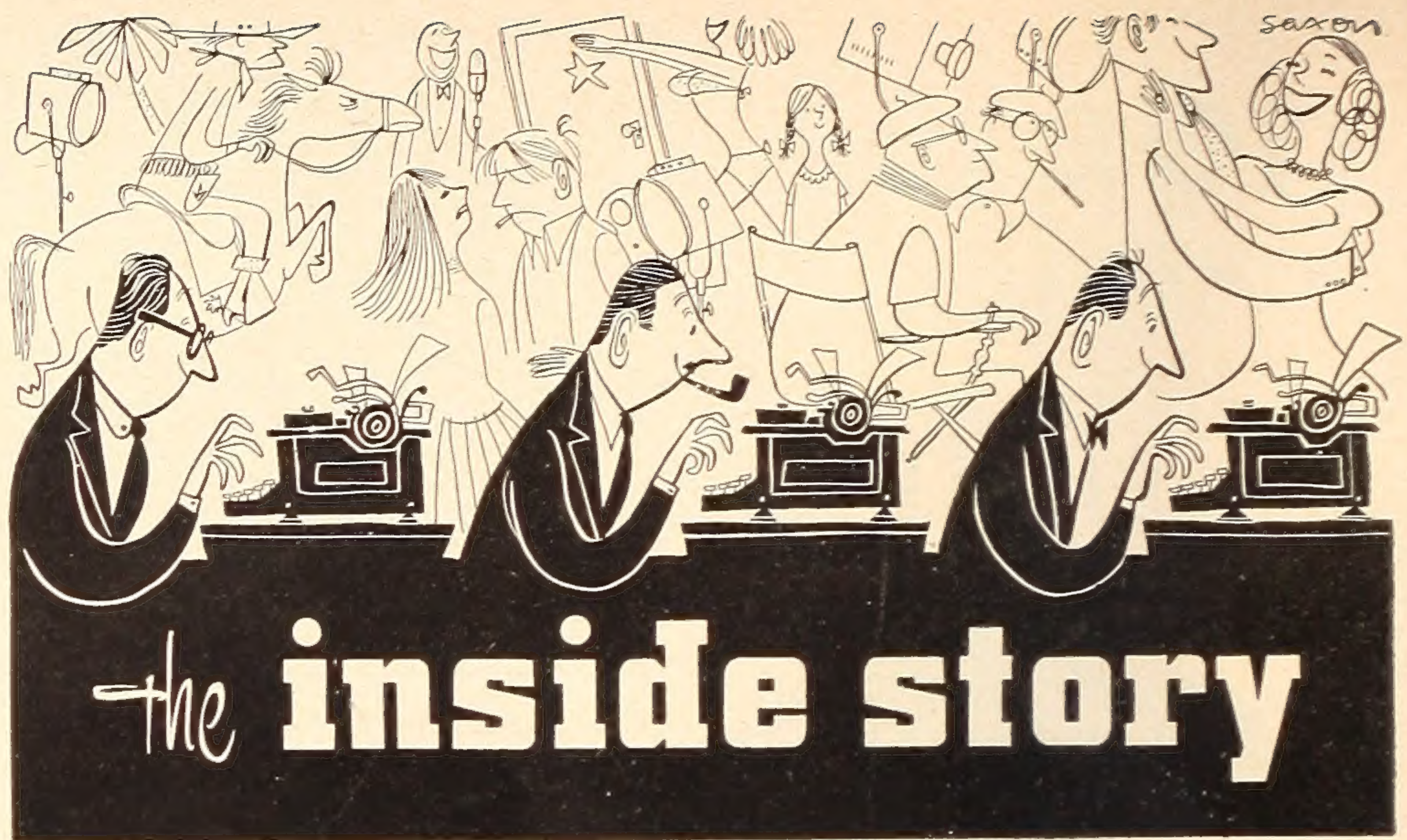


Because Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

**Veto lasts and lasts
from bath to bath!**



WE WERE VERY FORTUNATE in being allowed to publish in last month's issue, under the title "Baby Talk," a personal letter Linda Christian Power had written to her close friend, Maya Van Horn. It told of the hopes and plans she and Tyrone had for their coming baby. Then, too late to make any changes, we heard the tragic news that Linda had lost her unborn child. The story will never be more heartbreakingly told than in the telegram Tyrone sent Maya from Paris. It read: LINDA IN AMERICAN HOSPITAL STOP DOING WELL STOP BUT ONLY TWO OF US NOW.

ON MORNINGS when we're feeling well, we often feel like crushing the world to our bosom. Then we come into close contact with the world on the jammed busses as we rush to work. There, we invariably find the world in a snarling mood and we arrive at our desk pretty badly crushed ourselves. We don't enjoy it. Clark Gable, on the other hand, takes another view of the matter. It seems there's nothing he'd rather do than wander through crowded department stores or rub elbows with hordes of sightseers. We have the story in his own words on page 52. It's called "My Plans for Gable."

WHEN WE WERE younger, sometimes in a fit of pique, we'd tell our mother we were leaving home. This usually happened when, after insisting we finish *all* our darned oatmeal, and making us put on a giant muffler, she'd further insist we wear our rubbers. Clapping hand to brow, we'd shout, "This is too much, we're going." Our mother was helpful and would offer to aid us pack. Which is exactly what Farley Granger's mother did for him when he decided to leave home. She'll tell you, however, "He's Not My Baby Anymore" on page 48, and that he's practically a model boy. (Guess we weren't, come to think of it.) Doesn't complain about *her* cooking and even brings flowers when he comes to call. But she never mentions oatmeal.

"ROMANCE, PAH!" we said to Jane Powell not long ago. "You must learn to be practical in these matters!" "Pah, yourself," she replied. "Geary is very practical. Why, the other day he even bought a can opener for my hope chest." It seems Geary was insisting on supporting her in some style after they got married. He wanted a promising job that would allow him to give her not only a can opener, but a deep freeze. Meanwhile, Jane filled her hope chest and collected her trousseau. She was waiting impatiently because "She Wants to do Homework"—on page 50.

LIVING LIKE KINGS and hobnobbing with foreign potentates—that's what our Hollywood stars are doing in Europe. Hedda Hopper flew over there just recently to check on their activities and then told all in a story called "Stars on a Spree Abroad." You'll find late news on Joan Fontaine and Ingrid Bergman in it on page 30.

GHOST TOWNS seem to have a strange fascination for Gary Cooper. He's always finding them on movie lots. And recently he ran across a real one in Aspen, Colorado. But this one is very much alive nowadays—as a year round resort, mostly for skiing. It's the most beautiful place in America, Gary swears. So he's decided to live as much as possible of his home life there, from now on. You'll find "Gary Cooper's Mountain Hideaway" on page 42.

YOU WILL BE READING our January issue around Christmas time—and if we do say so ourselves, it makes a very handsome present—from us to you. There are all sorts of good things in store for you in the shape of Burt Lancaster, Barbara Stanwyck, June Allyson—and some nice Christmas surprises, as well.

A SAGA OF SCOUNDRELS IN A CENTURY OF INFAMY!



Three Years in the Making!
Filmed Amid the Splendor
of its Original Locale! A
Spectacular Cast of 50,000!

SEE!

The Seven Cinematic
Wonders of the World!

*King of Romantic
Epics... From
the pen of
the Greatest
Romance
writer of
our time!*

Samuel
Shellabarger's

PRINCE of FOXES

Starring
TYRONE ORSON WANDA
POWER · WELLES · HENDRIX

Marina Berti · Everett Sloane · Katina Paxinou · Felix Aylmer
Screen Play by Milton Krims · From the Novel by Samuel Shellabarger



Directed by
HENRY KING
Produced by
SOL C. SIEGEL

20th
CENTURY-FOX

HOLLYWOOD TURNED OUT IN GALA MOOD FOR THE OPENING OF THE "ICE FOLLIES."



Evie and Van Johnson arrived early, looking tanned, trim and high-spirited. Van had bravely dieted 15 pounds away.



Elizabeth Taylor's handsome escort at the *Ice Follies* bore a noticeable resemblance to her. He was her brother, Howard.



Ronald Reagan was overjoyed to find old pal Wayne Morris in front of him. Reagan still wore braces for his leg injury.



Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer were a twosome again at the ice-skating spectacle. They've been seen together constantly.



Shirley Temple seemed happier than John Agar as she took a flower from the skater-clown. The Agars are trying to live down rumors.



June Allyson and Dick Powell were hilarious as David Niven prepared to show how *he* skates. Irene Dunne and husband watched with alarm.

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

■ The "incident" that really broke up Elizabeth Taylor's engagement to William Pawley, Jr., is this:

Elizabeth, her mother and father and millionaire Howard Hughes were dining at the Beverly Hills Hotel and Elizabeth danced number after number with the tall Texan.

Suddenly, Hughes sent for the press agent of the hotel and said that absolutely nothing must be said about the fact that he and Elizabeth had been dancing together. In fact, he stated, nothing should be said about the dinner party at all.

But news travels fast, even when it has to go 3,000 miles to Florida—where young Pawley heard it almost the next day. He was terribly upset, not so much because Elizabeth and her parents had dined with Howard but because of the "big secrecy."

That date brought on the telephone call which resulted in Elizabeth and Bill calling everything off. Well, pardon my cynicism, but at no time would I have bet a wooden nickel that the 17-year-old Elizabeth and Pawley would ever make it "Mr. and Mrs."

A girl as young as the lovely Lizzie will be much happier if she takes her time about getting married. She is so beautiful that she will be courted by many attractive men. It would not be natural if she did not like attention and flattery from many beaux. What girl doesn't?

P.S. Several fans asked me, "How come the man announced the broken engagement [as young Pawley did]? We thought that was always done by the girl." I asked Mrs. Tay-

lor, Elizabeth's mother, the same question. She explained, "I think Bill was afraid people would think that the same thing happened to him as happened to Glenn Davis. Boys have their pride as well as girls."

P.P.S. And amazingly enough, Mrs. Taylor thinks Bill and Elizabeth are still in love and will one day marry—but it will be when they are both more mature!

* * *

Another example of young love having headaches—Audie Murphy and Wanda Hendrix. Audie, our most-decorated war hero, is nervous, restless, and highly strung. He and Wanda have announced that they're trying to work things out, but he seems to be holding little hope that they can save their marriage. "I love Wanda too much to see her unhappy and crying all the time because of me," he told a close friend.

But you have to hand it to that Wanda. She's got her chin up and she's fighting hard to keep her man and her marriage.

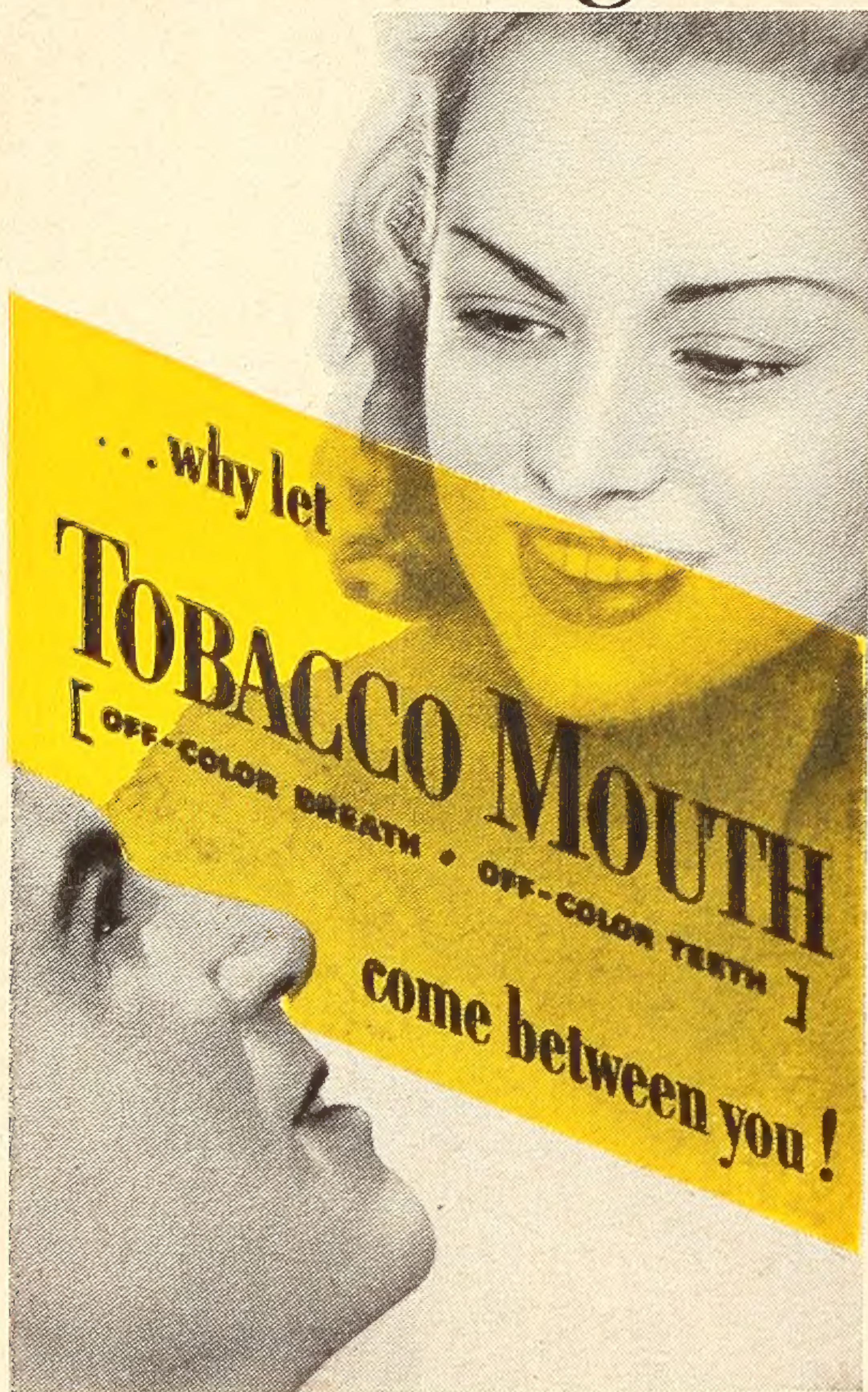
Both the kids were on the set of *Sierra*, the movie they are making together at Universal-International, when a newspaper came out with the story that they are separating as soon as they complete their picture.

Wanda read it, and stifled a little sob. She bit her lip hard to keep from crying.

Audie saw this—and suddenly, right out in front of the camera and the cast and crew, he picked up his tiny wife in his arms and gave her a big hug and a kiss!

"Take it easy, baby," he whispered in her ear. And a lot of people who had been

Date tonight?



GIVE IT THE BRUSH-OFF!

Listerine Tooth Paste attacks tobacco stain, off-color breath.

Perhaps it seems a petty *little* thing. Perhaps you think it *couldn't* make a difference.

Well, don't fool yourself! That tinge of yellow film can spoil the softest smile . . . that over-laden breath can sour the sweetest words. So why take chances? Why risk "Tobacco Mouth"?

It's so easy to make sure you're not offending. If you smoke a lot, just play safe and use the new Listerine Tooth Paste . . . especially before a date.

There's a reason: Listerine Tooth Paste is made with Lusterfoam—a wonderful new-type cleansing ingredient that literally *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over tooth surfaces. It removes yellow tobacco stain while it's still fresh . . . whisks away odor-producing bacteria and tobacco debris.

Use it regularly, and *know* they'll never say "Tobacco Mouth" about you! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"



Two Hollywood neighbors—Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Stack—run into each other at the Stork Club in New York and, naturally, talk of home.

watching, couldn't—because of that old misty feeling around the heart.

(For another viewpoint on the Hendrix-Murphy difficulties, see page 24.—Ed.)

Thinking Out Loud: I'm sorry I lost my temper at Betty Hutton at a party. But I boiled when I read that Betty said the press was responsible for the temporary break-up of her marriage to Ted Briskin. So I gave her a piece of my mind. Betty broke into tears and a rousing time was had by all. Later, she told me she never said anything so wrong, so we made up over the telephone the next morning.

I'm not sure I like the new raspberry color so many of our blonde belles are wearing. Supposed to be quite new and chic. I saw Lana Turner in a raspberry-red satin dress with lipstick the exact shade of her gown—all very startling, but I can think of more becoming colors for Lana.

Nora Flynn Haymes (Mrs. Dick Haymes) has lost eight pounds, but she is still a mite buxom. At one time, I thought she was the prettiest girl in Hollywood, but she should lose some of that poundage.

Larry Parks says he will drop dead before he makes another *Jolson* movie. "I've played Al up to the point where he's old enough to play himself," Larry told me.

Handsome enough to be a movie star is Prince Mahmoud Pahlavi, brother of the Shah of Persia. He gave many of our stars a flutter at Joan Crawford's party when he came in with the Jack Warners.

The amusing thing is that this darkly-hand-some young man has been living in town for some time, studying at the University of California at Los Angeles.

I must say he is a serious-minded young man with seemingly little interest in the flutter-brains. I noticed him at a party the very next night, in a corner, talking seriously to Irene Dunne. He speaks perfect English and his manners are of the Old World.

Joan's party might have been taken from the pages of one of the "Arabian Nights." A balmy night, unusually warm for California made it possible for Joan to seat her guests in a beautifully-decorated pavilion in front of the garden and the swimming pool.

Joan's two oldest children, Christina and Christopher, were allowed to stay up long enough to greet her friends—and the youngsters were so sweet and formal.

La Crawford's favorite boy friend at this writing (goodness knows who it will be when this reaches print) is William O'Connor,



Louella Parsons, while covering the town in her search for column material, drops in to see Clark Gable on the set of *Key to the City*.

handsome lawyer. That gal seems to go for lawyers—but the other lawyer in her life, Greg Bautzer, is now showering attentions on Ginger Rogers.

So, I was a bit surprised to see Jackie Briggs, Ginger's ex-husband, among Joan's guests in the stag line. In spite of all the gossip that Jackie is in love with Ann Miller, he was alone. I don't believe he has fallen for anyone. He is obviously torching for Ginger.

Speaking of stags—leave it to Joan to round up sixteen extra men! And most hostesses wail that they can't get a spare dancing-partner!

But looky who Joan corraled for extra dancing-partners—Mel Ferrer, John Hodiak (Anne Baxter was out of town and so was Mrs. Ferrer), Cesar Romero, Mel Dinelli, Clifton Webb and John Steinbeck!

Got a funny card from Greer Garson in Scotland. She and Buddy Fogelson were honeymooning in Scotland at the time and Greer wrote:

"Dear Louella: The tartan blood of the MacGregors is pulsing ardently through me veins as we visit the haunts of me ancestor (no kidding), Rob Roy. Buddy insists on regarding him as a sort of kilted Billy the Kid! But I notice he is wearing a tartan tie himself today. Loads of bonny wishes from—
the MacFogels."

I had the chance to see what a charming escort Farley Granger is when he brought Patricia Neal to my home to a cocktail party. This time I was entertaining two charming teen-agers from the East and their parents and I asked the girls whom they would particularly like to meet among the younger players.

"Farley Granger," both answered promptly. Later they told me he was everything they had expected—and more.

Farley certainly has delightful "date" manners. I noticed he seated the pretty blonde Pat at a cocktail table and then went to the buffet and made up a plate of hors d'oeuvres for her, himself. He never left her side and made sure that she met everyone—at least all the people he knew.

When I invited Shirley Temple to the same party, she said, "Gee, willigans! I don't know where we will get a baby sitter—we lost the good girl we had. But John and I will get there by some hook or crook!"

And they did—Shirley looking very chic and sophisticated in a black cocktail suit and cocktail hat and veil.

WE'VE GOT BERLE!

BERLE'S ON THE SCREEN!

THE NATION'S NO.1 FUNNY-MAN!

BERLE'S HERE!

HELL BERLE YOU OVER!

WARNER BROS.
FILL THE SCREEN
WITH ALL THE ROARS
AND GUFFAWS
HE'S FAMOUS FOR!

MILTON BERLE

GETS VERY FUNNY WITH VIRGINIA MAYO



"ALWAYS LEAVE THEM LAUGHING"

Oh what a story!

EVERYONE FALLS FOR HIS GAGS- HE FALLS FOR EVERYONE'S GAL!



*Stop laughing
-and listen!*

**8 NEW HIT
SONGS TOO!**



WITH

RUTH ROMAN · BERT LAHR



DIRECTED BY

ROY DEL RUTH

PRODUCED BY

JERRY WALD

SCREEN PLAY BY MELVILLE SHAVELSON AND JACK ROSE

FROM A STORY BY MAX SHULMAN AND RICHARD MEALAND

MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF

Enjoy the **FREEDOM** of **Gossar-DEB**



The Gossar-DEB pantie will give your figure plenty of freedom.

Take it in your hands . . . feel how light, how soft, how pliable it is. Just 3 ounces of supple, soothing tissuednet! Now, slip it on . . . instantly you'll feel its caressing action . . . its smooth, subtle control—molding your figure without boning.

Gossar-DEB gives you all the extra features of Gossard quality. Ask for "730". Detachable garters, dainty ruffle edge, white.

At all good stores and shops

Gossar-DEB Girdles, Panties, \$3.50 to \$10.00. Brassieres, \$1.25 to \$3.50.

Gossard—the most complete line for all ages and figure types.

the **Gossard**
line of beauty

My young guests of honor were also mightily impressed with Louis Jourdan and his beautiful wife. Her Paris clothes were much admired. This same party was also the first cocktail appearance of Stewart Granger, the British Jimmy Stewart.

Stewart must have quite a sense of humor because I spotted him in a corner telling stories to Bob Hope and Danny Kaye and he had these two top comedians in stitches. Takes a bit of doing, you must admit.

* * *

Princess Margaret Rose is coming to Hollywood next year and she has obtained the King's permission to be the house guest of the Douglas Fairbanks.

Douglas was recently knighted, as you know, and even before that, he has been host to British royalty in Hollywood. He entertained the Earl of Mountbatten when he was here two years ago.

But, me oh my!—what a hassle will go on behind the scenes to get on the coveted invitation list to meet the merry, madcap Princess. There will be plenty of heartaches.

* * *

I stopped by to pick up Ronald Reagan to take him to a party at the beach. Ronnie has been living in Jane Wyman's lovely house in Holmby Hills ever since his accident. (Janie has been in England, of course). The children came to the door and called to me. "Take good care of Daddy."

I hadn't realized how serious was Ronnie's injury until I saw him on his steel braces and how hard it was for him to get into the car without bending his leg. He is encased in a steel brace from his hip to his ankle—and if he should accidentally make the least bend at the knee, the whole terrible thing might have to be reset.

Believe me, this has been an ordeal for Ronnie—but he is such a lamb, he never complains.

I wish to heaven I could think that he and Janie might get back together again. "But that isn't possible. It really isn't, Louella," he told me.

1949 was a year of much unhappiness in Ronnie's life. First, Jane filed for divorce and then he had his leg-bone shattered in a charity baseball game. But, I've got my fingers

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We don't know how you feel about it, but we're in the mood for Christmas presents. And we'd like to give them to you, too. So, to the first 500 people who fill out and return the questionnaire below, will go a free three-month subscription. All you have to do is tell us which stories you liked best in this issue and which ones you liked the least. If you have any favorite stars, tell us about that, too. We'll try and have stories on them in the near future. Remember—to the first 500, we'll be sending the January, February and March issues—absolutely free!!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories did you enjoy the most in our December issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT of your 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| So Proudly She Hails (Gregory Peck) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Annie, Get Your Guy (Ann Sheridan) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Rage In Heaven (Wanda Hendrix-Audie Murphy) | <input type="checkbox"/> | He's Not My Baby Anymore (Farley Granger) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Trouble Ahead For Mitchum? | <input type="checkbox"/> | She Wants To Do Homework (Jane Powell) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Stars On a Spree (Bergman, Fontaine, Cotten) by Hedda Hopper | <input type="checkbox"/> | My Plans for Gable | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Two Loves Have We (Roy Rogers-Dale Evans) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Too Young to Die (Frank Sinatra-Bing Crosby-Bob Hope) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| I Live on the Rim of Heaven (Jeanne Crain) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Hey, Look! We're Dancin'! (Alan Ladd, Mona Freeman) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| This Love of Ours (Dana Andrews) | <input type="checkbox"/> | My Prayer Was Answered (Doris Day) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| I Won't Go Steady (Janet Leigh) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Picture of the Month (Battle-ground) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| My Sneak Party (Diana Lynn, John Lund, Marie Wilson) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Louella Parsons' Good News | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Gary Cooper's Mountain Hideaway | <input type="checkbox"/> | | |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is.

My address is.

City. Zone. State. I am years old

.....

.....

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



Monty Clift pauses for a smoke between scenes at Templehof Airdrome in Berlin, while making *Two Corridors East*. It's about the airlift.

crossed for him that things will be brighter in 1950—and somehow I have a feeling that they will.

I told him and he laughed, "They couldn't get much worse."

* * *

I never saw Esther Williams, our brand-new mother, look as pretty as she did at the Charlie Feldman-Jerry Wald party at the Chanteclair. Feldman and Wald had taken over the Sunset Strip café to introduce the famous playwright, Tennessee Williams, and to announce officially that Gertrude Lawrence plays the mother role in their production of the *Glass Menagerie*.

But getting back to Esther—she was in a simple white dress trimmed with pearls and it was most becoming.

"You just have to see our baby," Esther said. "Everyone says he is the most beautiful child they've ever seen."

I thought Ben Gage, her husband, would catch the humor of that remark, but he just nodded in assent. "That's right," he said seriously, "he's a very unusual baby."

"We are going to make a swimmer of him," said Esther. "Already he has two dozen bathing suits—some sent by fans and others made up specially by the best-known bathing suit manufacturers.

"But I can tell you he is not going to be an only child and be spoiled. We want to have four children. I plan to make one more picture and then have another baby."

So, I suppose there will be stork rumors about Esther before long!

* * *

Roddy McDowall's mother had hoped to keep plans for his 21st birthday party a surprise. But the guests, invited to the Dells café, added up to too big a list—and the surprise went a-glimmering. But Mrs. McDowall says she is glad because, "My boy was so sweet about the people with whom he wanted to share that most important birthday—people I would have forgotten."

For instance, Roddy wanted to have three of his public-school teachers and the first publicity man ever to get Roddy's name in print. And he wanted the "still" photographer who made up his first batch of pictures.

Ann Blyth was Ronnie's girl at the party and I would like to say that these two wonderful, good-looking young people are really becoming serious about each other. There aren't two nicer kids in our town. True, they

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



**Yes, "soaping" your hair
with even finest liquid or cream
shampoos hides its natural
lustre with dulling soap film**

✓ Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo Shampoo*! At any drug or cosmetic counter.

✓ Not a soap,
not a cream—
cannot leave
dulling film!

✓ Quickly,
effectively removes
dandruff from both
hair and scalp!

✓ Gives fragrant,
soft-water lather
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✓ Leaves hair
lustrously soft, easy
to manage—with
colorful natural
highlights!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

Does your nail polish CHIP? PEEL? FLAKE OFF?

**New miracle-wear
ingredient discovered!**

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN who've put up with polish which chips soon after manicuring are making a thrilling discovery . . .

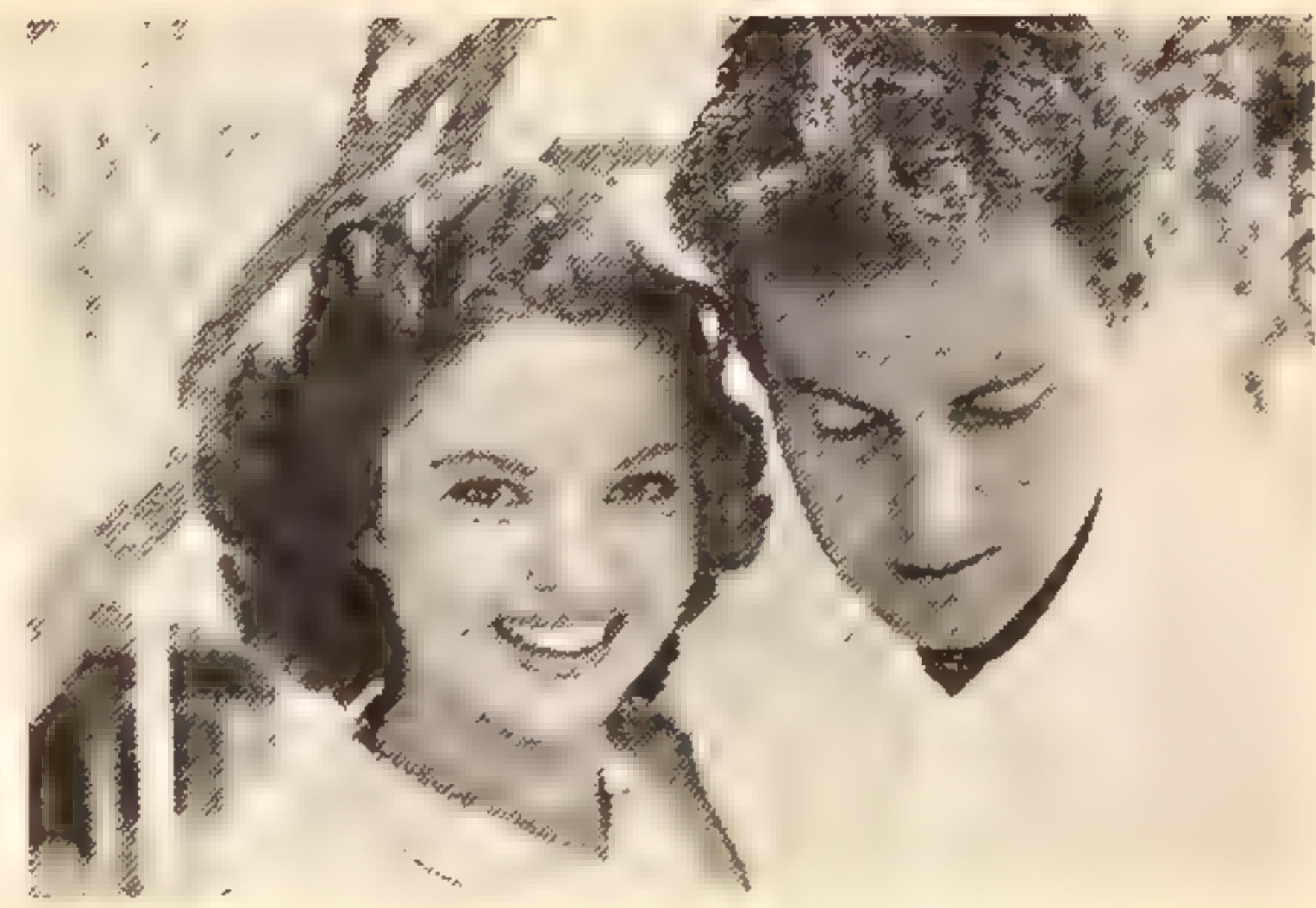
It's the *new* Cutex polish . . . the new *miracle-wear* polish! Now it contains Enamelon, a Cutex-exclusive ingredient designed to give incredible wear!

Cutex with Enamelon stays lovely day after day after day! Resists chipping, flaking, peeling as no polish ever did before!

Today, try this new, *miracle-wear* Cutex! So pure . . . even women with skins so sensitive they cannot use other polishes state that they can use new Cutex with perfect safety!

Many fashion-styled colors. Get new Cutex today . . . at your favorite cosmetic counter.

If you don't find that New Cutex wears longer than you ever dreamed possible, send the bottle to Northam Warren, Box 1355, Stamford, Conn., and your money will be refunded.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S SHATTERED LOVE

WHEN Shirley Temple announced on October 13 that she and John Agar had separated and that she was filing suit for divorce, charging "mental cruelty," it came as no surprise to Hollywood insiders. For weeks there had been reports of a domestic rift.

A week after her fourth wedding anniversary, Shirley went to Palm Springs with baby Linda Susan to be with her parents and "to decide what to do about the future." A week later she announced the divorce plans. "There's no use going on this way," she said. "For two and a half years we have been trying to make this marriage work. We have both tried hard—we really have. . . . If, as I'm told, millions of people are disturbed about this divorce, they're not as disturbed as I am. . . . I start to cry every time I think about raising the baby without her father. Susie's just crazy about Jack." Shirley will ask for custody of the child.

John stated that he still loved Shirley—"the only girl in my heart since we first met"—but would not contest the divorce suit.

Though Shirley denied that "career trouble" was the cause of this tragic break-up, most observers believe it was a large factor. Friends say that John, now well launched on his own screen career, was bitter over being still in the position of "Mr. Temple." It is also said that there were times when he and Shirley quarreled over his drinking. And there was gossip, heatedly denied by the Agars and crooner Johnnie Johnston, that Johnston and Shirley were romantically interested in each other. Several months ago, when Johnston and his wife, Kathryn Grayson, had a quarrel, Johnston stayed with the Agars for three days, occupying the chauffeur's quarters. But, said Shirley, her husband was present the entire time that Johnston was with them. Johnston blamed his friend Joe Kirkwood, Jr.—who recently married Cathy Downs—for spreading gossip about the situation. Kirkwood, for his part, defended himself by saying, "I was just trying to be a good fellow and straighten things out for certain people."—Jack Wade

For complete details, read "Why Shirley's Marriage Failed" in the January Modern Screen.

are young to be thinking about marriage but if they ever decide to take the step, I think they would be very happy. They have the same religious faith, and the same high standard of conduct.

Among the movie star guests were Elizabeth Taylor with Arthur Loew, Jr.—and they seemed very interested in each other. (It was Lizzie's first social appearance since she and Bill Pawley broke their engagement. Liz seemed very poised and unruffled and if she was upset, she certainly did not show it.)

Maureen O'Hara was there with Will Price and little Janie Powell was with her fiancé, Geary Steffen. All in all, Roddy got off to a rousing 22d year of life!

* * *
What goes with Robert Stack and Irene Wrightsman McAvoy? Are they going to marry? Or aren't they?

Here is the way I figure out this romance that has equally puzzled the "soxers" who adore Bob and the gossip-writers. I believe this is a case of "can't get along without each other."

Several times they have made an attempt to break up because they do not think marriage is right for them. But each time they make up and certainly no one else comes along to take the place of Bob with Irene or Irene with Bob.

I personally believe they are far more in

love than they realize. "Puppy," as Irene is called by Bob and their pals, is almost as good an athlete as Bob—and that's saying something. As a team, they have won skeet-shooting national contests, amateur tennis tournaments, ditto golf. And Puppy shoots and hunts and swims like a champ.

Their social backgrounds are similar. Puppy comes from the enormously wealthy Wrightsman family; Bob comes from one of the oldest California families—and he, too, has a fortune.

Puppy was once married to playboy Freddie McAvoy and is the mother of a little girl who lives with her father in France. Bob has never married.

They are sensationally attractive and attracted to each other. But I guess we will just have to wait to see what happens with these long-term romancers.

* * *

In this month's Mail Box:

John Derek leads the list with more queries and comments than any other actor! It isn't all praise for young Derek—but he has certainly stirred up interest.

Elizabeth Taylor hits her third month straight as the most talked-about girl in my mail. Well, I've had plenty to say about Lizzie in this issue.

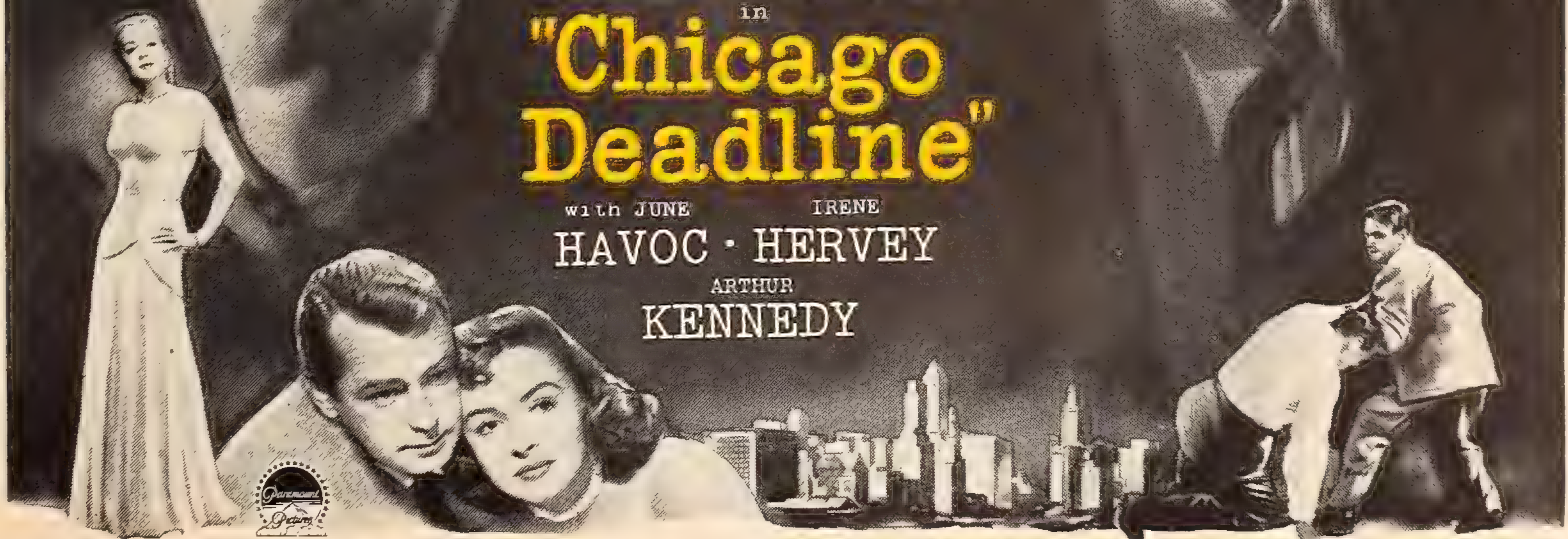
Thanks for your letters and tips. Keep them rolling.

See you next month.

LADD

pays off for a wronged girl who was a 'right guy'!

Paramount Presents
ALAN LADD
DONNA REED
in
"Chicago Deadline"
with JUNE IRENE
HAVOC · HERVEY
ARTHUR
KENNEDY



Produced by ROBERT FELLOWS · Directed by LEWIS ALLEN · Screenplay by Warren Duff · Based on a Story by Tiffany Thayer

SO

PROUDLY

SHE

HAILS

Greta Peck knows
all about it now—
the terror of
having your freedom
endangered, and the
blessings of
being an American

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

At a time when millions of U. S. citizens have recently cast their votes in free elections, the following heartwarming and inspiring story is of unusual appropriateness. By showing what the achievement of American citizenship has meant to one woman—Mrs. Gregory Peck—it may serve as a reminder of just how precious are those hard-won rights and privileges which we, as Americans, so often tend to take for granted.—THE EDITORS.

■ Back in 1941, a small attractive blonde named Greta Rice was among the applicants interviewed in New York for the job of hairdresser to Katharine Cornell on a road tour of *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Miss Cornell liked the friendly, cheerful Finnish-American girl at once—and she was hired.

Before the company left New York, Greta caught sight once of a lean young actor at a rehearsal—and wondered a bit about him. . . . It was only when the play opened in Philadelphia and she read the actor list on the bulletin board backstage that she learned his name was Gregory Peck.

A nodding acquaintance began then, but not until they played St. Louis did any real conversation pass between them. It was a very interesting, if brief, one.

"Would you go to lunch with me?" asked Gregory one day, after a morning rehearsal.

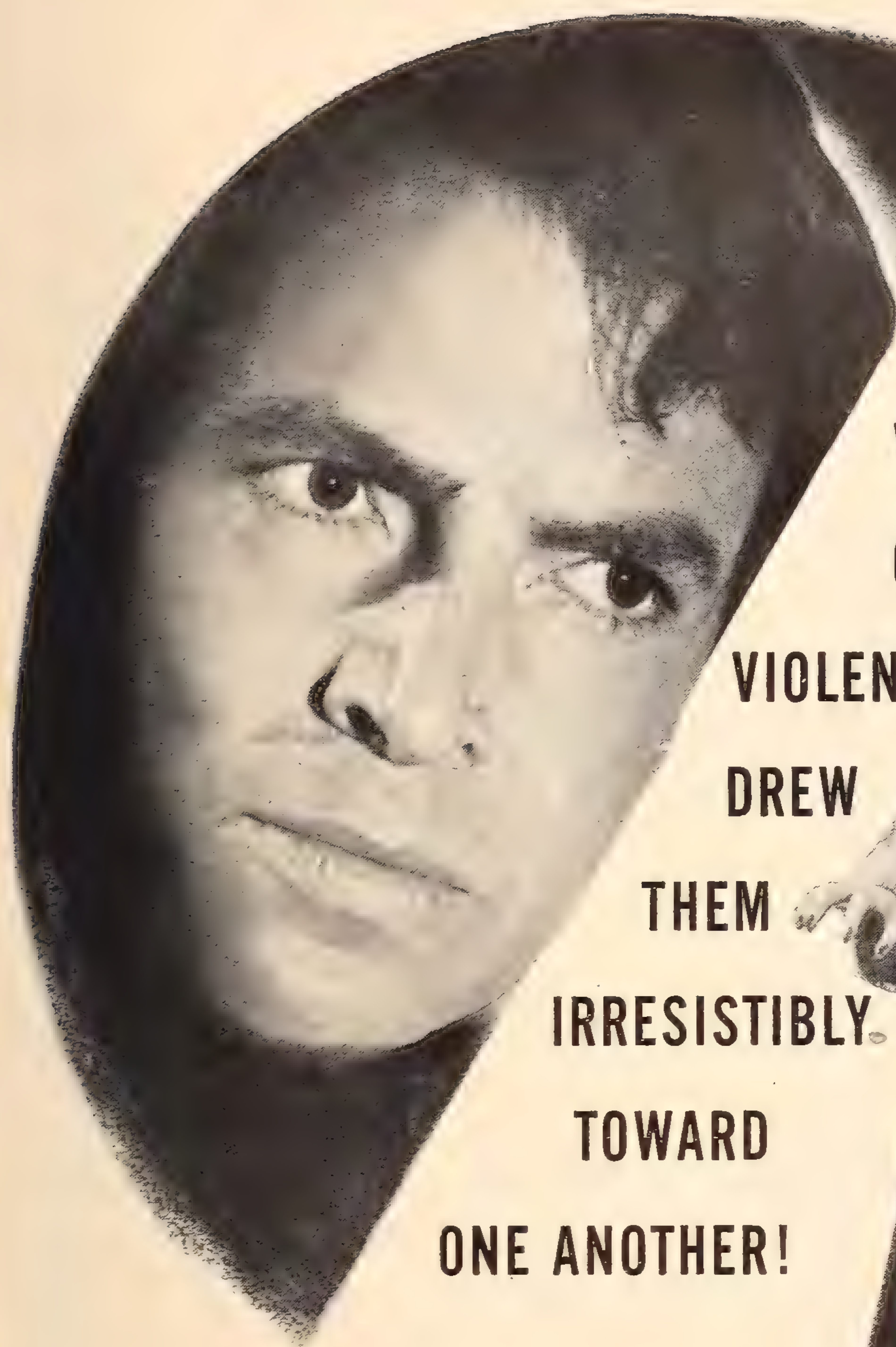
"I'd love to," said Greta.

After lunch Gregory said, "What would you like to do now?"

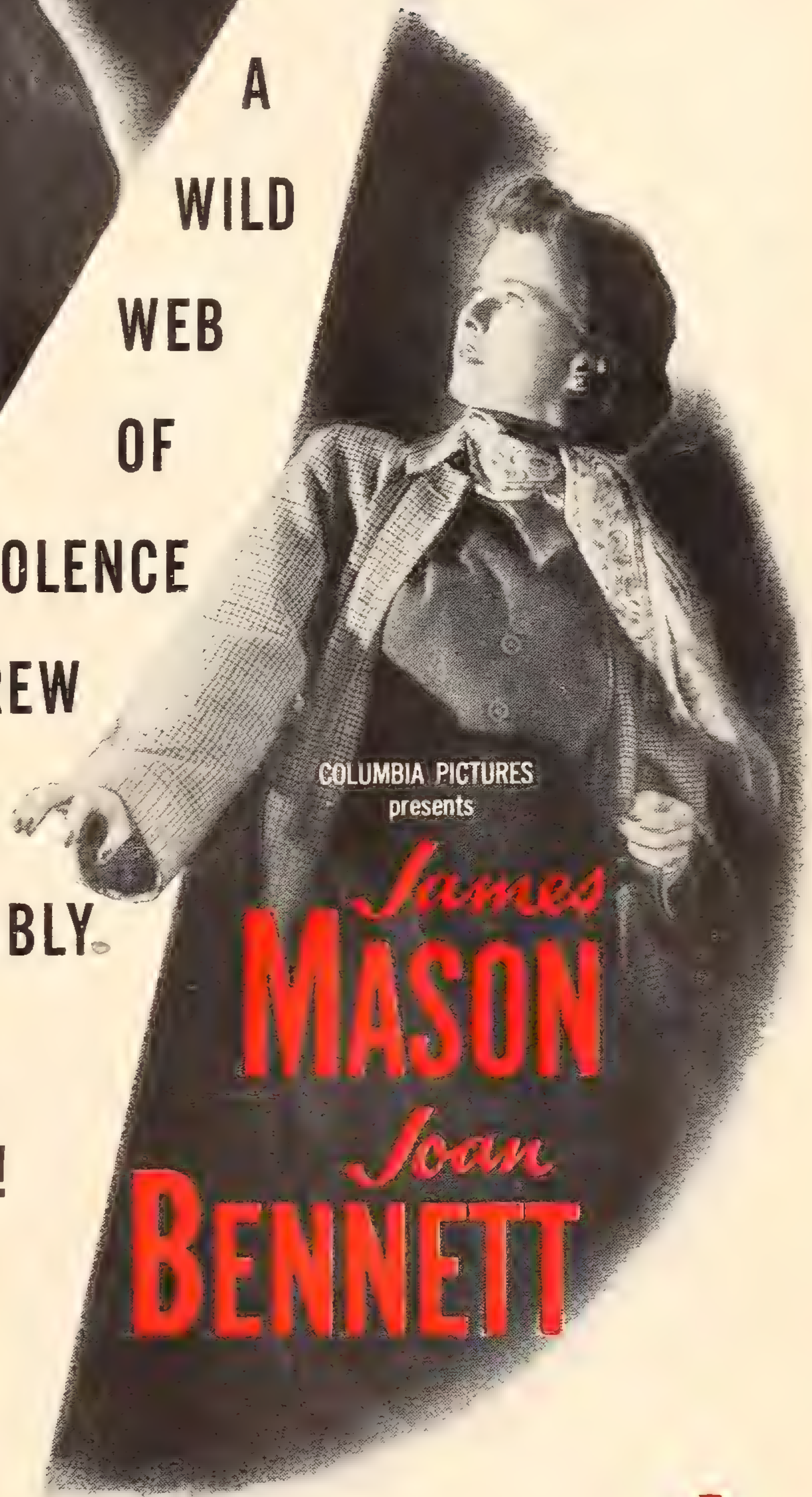
Greta remembered a talk she had had with her (Continued on page 83)



The Gregory Pecks. They ran into trouble outside the U. S. before she was a citizen.



A
WILD
WEB
OF
VIOLENCE
DREW
THEM
IRRESISTIBLY
TOWARD
ONE ANOTHER!



COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

James
MASON
Joan
BENNETT

In so many married
women's lives
there's ...

The Reckless Moment

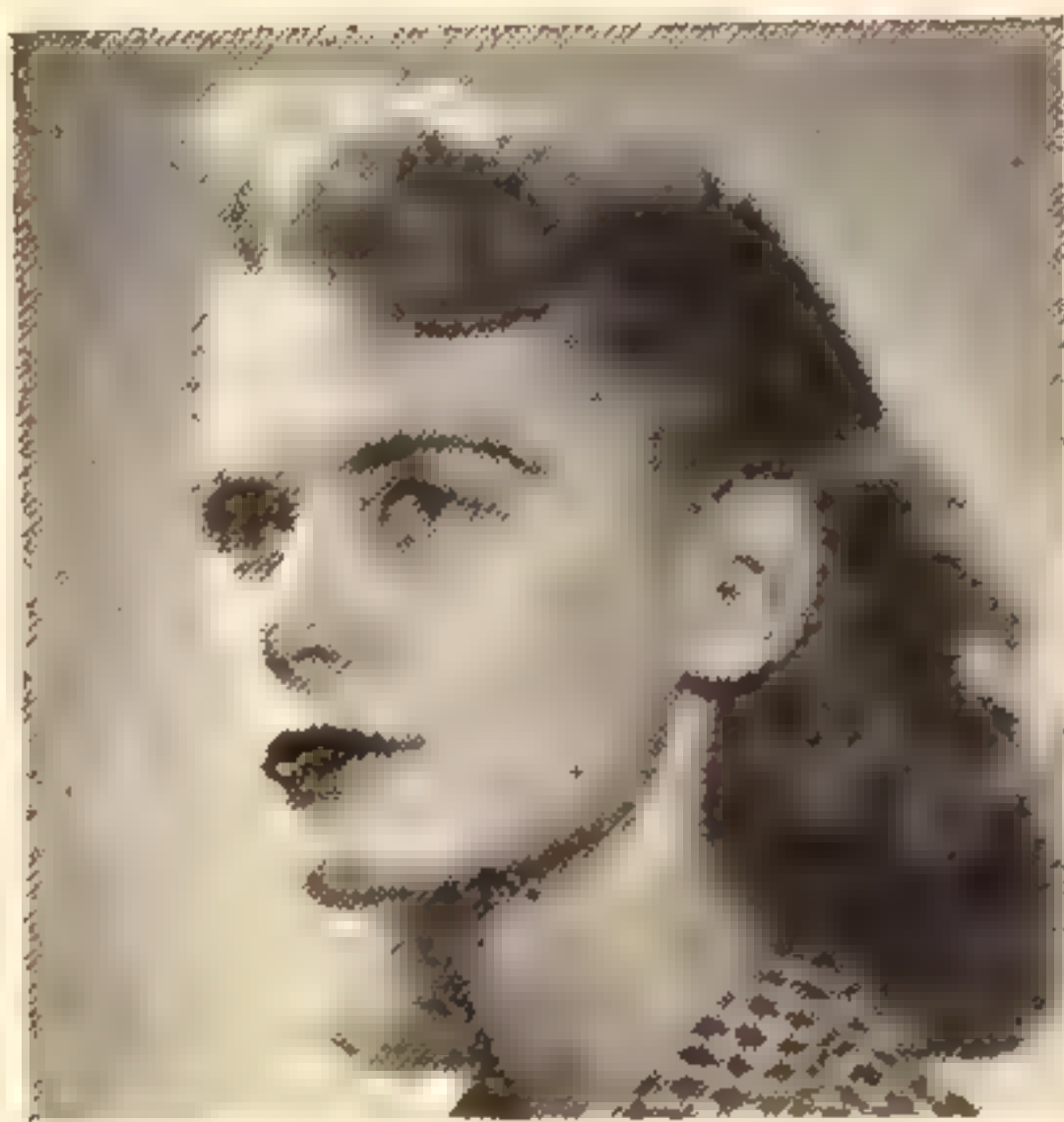
with **GERALDINE BROOKS**

Screen Play by Henry Garson and Robert W. Soderberg • Based upon a Ladies' Home Journal story by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

Directed by MAX OPULS • Produced by **WALTER WANGER**

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



Farley Granger, one of the jail-breaking trio in *They Live By Night*, discovers Cathy O'Donnell at their hideout.



After robbing a bank for funds to fight the life term he was unjustly serving, Farley, pledging a new life, weds Cathy.



Trapped by circumstances and hunted by the police, he realizes there's no escape—and bids her a poignant farewell.

THEY LIVE BY NIGHT

Cast: Cathy O'Donnell, Farley Granger, Howard Da Silva, Jay C. Flippen.

RKO

Great is a word reserved chiefly for out-size movies. Big productions. The ones like *Joan of Arc*, with a thousand extras, the ones like *Hamlet* and *Henry the Fifth*, by William Shakespeare. But when Shakespeare's good, it's nothing you couldn't have expected of him. For me, it's the occasional picture that takes you unawares, the unballyhooed treasure you stumble over in the dark, that really puts the thrill into movie-going. *They Live By Night* is an example. It's the story of a boy and a girl who never had a chance, but whose love was a very remarkable thing, for all that. The boy, Bowie (Farley Granger), serving a life term in prison for an accidental killing, breaks jail with two older men, Chicamaw (Howard Da Silva) and T-Dub (Jay C. Flippen). The trio's planning a series of bank robberies (the boy wants his share of the money so he can get himself a lawyer and clear up the old murder case). They hole up at a gas station run by Chicamaw's drunken brother, and the brother's daughter, a thin, neglected little girl called Keechie (Cathy O'Donnell). Neither Bowie nor Keechie has ever had any human affection; they're shy, lonely kids, strange with each other, yet clinging together. Keechie is frightened for Bowie. She knows he's playing with killers. He promises her everything will be all right. The first robbery's successful, Chicamaw, T-Dub and Bowie divide the money and split up, to lie low for a while. Keechie and Bowie go away together, get married in a sordid open-all-night kind of wedding parlor, have a honeymoon at a tourist cabin. Bowie plans to get a lawyer, go straight, make a new life for himself and Keechie, but he knows too much about his two old partners, and they need him; he can't escape. Keechie's going to have a baby; Bowie goes to the man who'd married them, a man who'll do anything for money. "Fix it for us to get to Mexico," Bowie begs. The man can't help him. "Then there's no place we can go?" Bowie says. "No place for her and me?" And that's the answer. Bowie is betrayed to the police, and killed, finally, but you know he's lost, long before that. . . . The calibre of the acting in *They Live By Night* is enough to make your breath catch in your throat. Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell as the lovers who have to crowd their whole pitiful lives into a couple of enchanted weeks; Da Silva and Flippen as the two seasoned crooks—they're incredibly good, and so is everybody else, too. This is a picture so honest and real and unphony it's hard to find words that are simple and honest enough to describe it. Those big Technicolor adjectives—terrific, gigantic, stupendous—they just won't do.

THE DOCTOR AND THE GIRL

Cast: Glenn Ford, Charles Coburn, Gloria De Haven, Janet Leigh.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

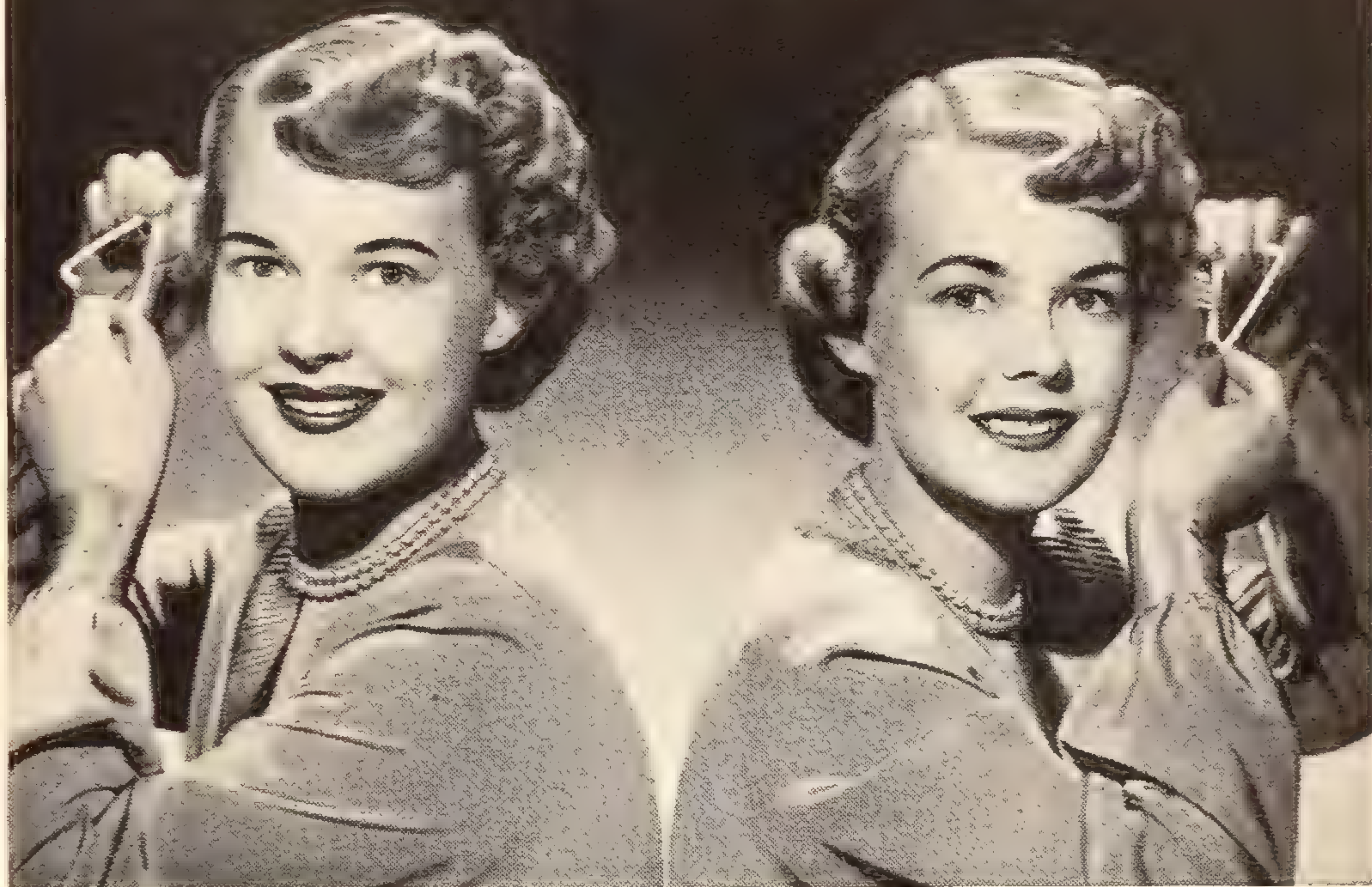
The credits for *The Doctor and the Girl* state that the screen play was "based on a literary work." The literary work may have been a novel or a short story, but I'm betting on a soap opera until I learn different. In fact, I'm betting on five or six soap operas. Call one "Young Doctor Corday." That's Glenn Ford. Papa Corday (Charles Coburn) is a famous doctor. Rich, respected, etc. Glenn's following in his footsteps (believes in a clinical approach to patients; no human feelings toward them). Glenn's clinical toward a girl (Janet Leigh) who's dying of tuberculosis, until she makes him feel like a dog, and then he marries her. This necessitates his cutting himself off from his old man (or vice versa), going to share Janet's slum life, and building up a practice among the underprivileged. Next chapter: "Fabienne Faces Life." Fabienne's Gloria De Haven, another of Coburn's children. She's tired of papa's running her life, wants an apartment for herself. She finds one in Greenwich Village, complete with skylight, and there she paints (and sings and dances the nights away, most likely). She comes to the family home for dinner once a week (so she can pick up her allowance, I presume) and whenever Papa asks what she's been doing with herself, she gives him a piece of her lip, as the saying goes. He continues to support her, despite her haughty airs, and she finally jogs off on a cruise with a married man, only to return home pregnant. Afraid to tell anybody, she attempts a self-inflicted abortion, and dies in agony. Chapter Three: "Backstage Daughter." Coburn has still another child, a jellyfish named Mariette (Nancy Davis). She's the one who keeps his home running smoothly, marries the man he tells her to marry, and is always right there behind the scenes with a glass of milk and a kiss for the old duffer. Now, I'm not knocking milk, but with the kind of troubles that man has, he could have used something stronger under his belt. *The Doctor and the Girl* has a few nice moments, and these are largely due to the taste and skill of Glenn Ford and Janet Leigh, whose love story is far superior to the rest of the picture. (There's a diphtheria operation somewhere in there too, if you like that sort of thing.)

I MARRIED A COMMUNIST

Cast: Laraine Day, Robert Ryan, John Agar, Thomas Gomez, Janis Carter.
RKO

According to RKO, the Communists are running around San Francisco like a bunch of Al Capone's boys. Bang bang bang, and another loyal American chews the pavement. Since the party hasn't even taken a shot at Whittaker Chambers yet, RKO's case is undoubtedly somewhat overstated, but they believe in being prepared. Still, if the Communists are as incautious and generally goofy as the comrades in this picture, the country has nothing to worry about. Hero Robert Ryan was a Communist for a while, back in the Depression. He saw the light, rose from stevedore to vice-president of a shipping company, married Laraine Day. He now gets

*Now! Toni Home Permanent
twice as easy—twice as fast*



Which Twin has the Toni? (See answer below)

new SPIN curler cuts winding time in half—makes it double-easy!

New exclusive Toni SPIN Curler grips . . . spins . . . locks with a flick of the finger. *No rubber bands!* All plastic, patented! Nothing to tangle up in your hair! *Tiny teeth firmly grip* hair-tips so even the shortest ends become easy to manage! *Easy-spin action*—built right in—rolls each curl up in one quick motion! *Snaps shut!* Assures a better, longer-lasting curl. Winds more hair on each curler. Makes winding twice as easy—twice as fast! Now it's easier than ever before for any woman to wind perfect curls.

gentle TONI lotion gives you the most natural-looking wave ever!

It's the same gentle creme lotion that has given more than 67 million lovely permanents. So gentle—so fast. No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so soft and lustrous, so easy to set and style. Try this exciting Toni with new SPIN Curlers and see how quickly . . . how easily . . . you give yourself the most natural-looking wave you've ever had!

SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER



\$300 VALUE

ONLY \$2²⁹

Toni Refill Kit. Guaranteed to give the most natural-looking wave ever—or money back! **\$1⁰⁰**

Complete Set of new Toni SPIN Curlers. No more rubber bands! Makes every wave from now on twice as easy! Reg. Value. **\$2⁰⁰**

Included in this offer—Toni Creme Rinse to give your Toni wave romantic softness!

"Now we're both Toni Twins," says lovely Lila Wigren at the left. "When I saw how easy it was for Ella to give herself a Toni with the new SPIN Curlers I decided on a Toni Home Permanent, too!"

RIGHT? WRONG?



Unmarried girls can use tampons

RIGHT! Any normal woman can use tampons as soon as she is fully grown. And why not? Meds, the Modess tampons, were designed by a doctor, and are worn by thousands of nurses who are in a position to know.

No swimming on "those days."

WRONG! It's safe to swim, shower, bathe any day of the month if you wear Meds. Meds are worn internally... no need for pads, pins, belts.

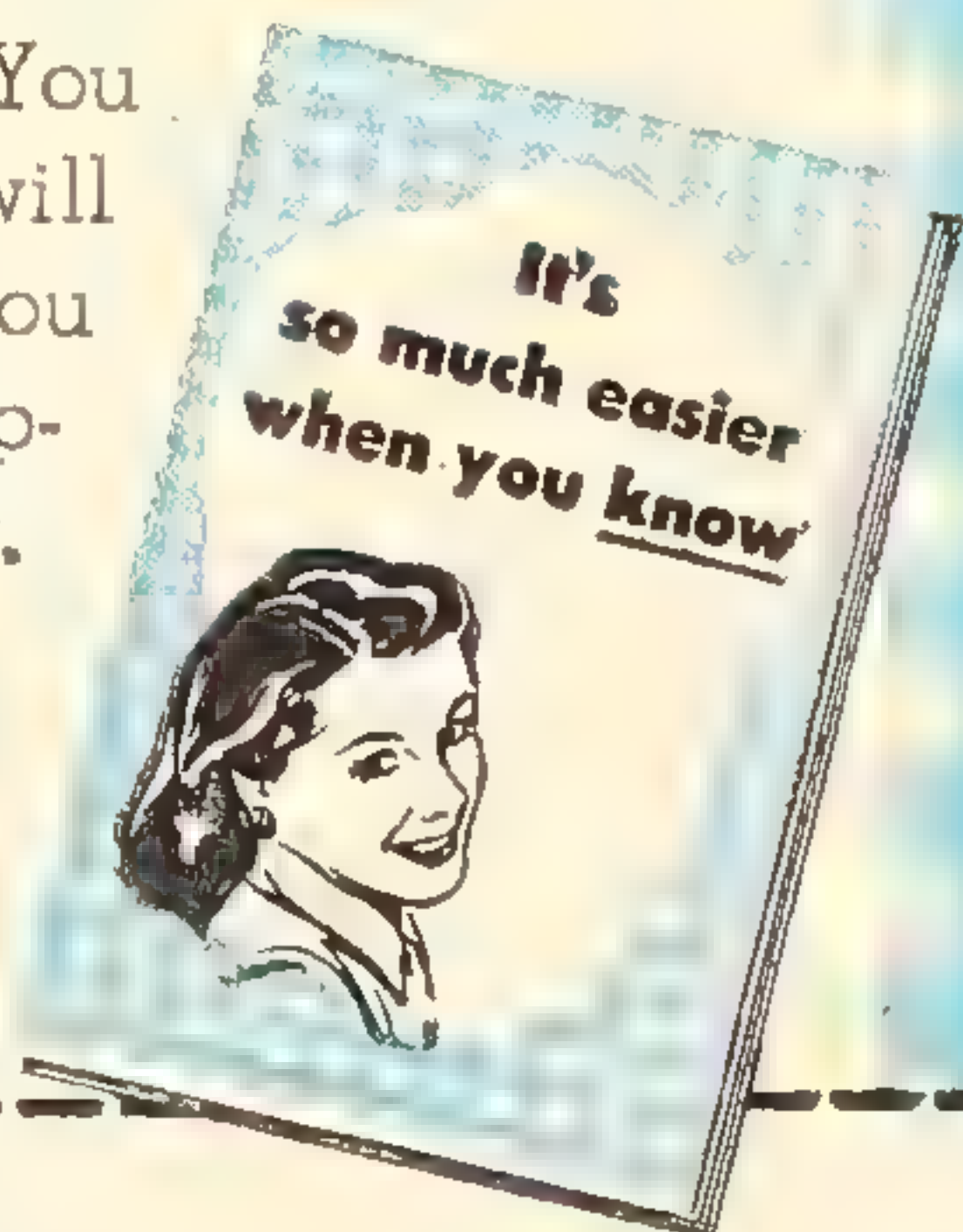
Tampons are so comfortable you'll forget you are wearing them.

RIGHT! Meds put an end to chafing, odor...to bulging, uncomfortable external protection.

There's a book that tells more.

RIGHT! Send for your free copy of "It's so Much Easier When You Know." It will be mailed to you in a plain wrapper. Read it. Then...

Go Meds...
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Please send me a FREE copy of your new Meds booklet, "It's So Much Easier When You Know." (U.S.A. only)

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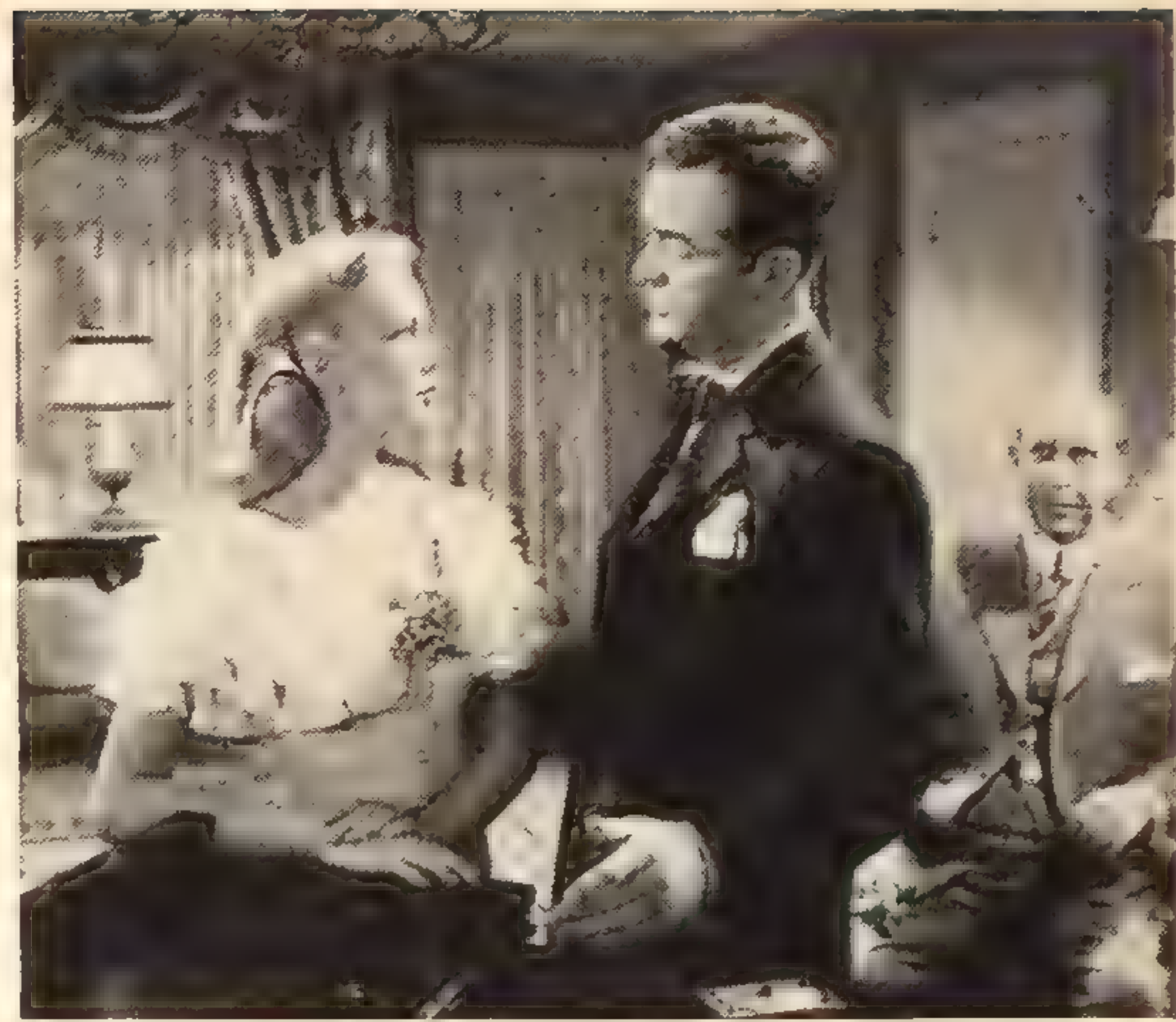
I Married A Communist: John Agar swallows alluring Janis Carter's Marxist sweet-talk. Robert Ryan and Laraine Day are also involved.

along fine with the laboring classes, and appears to be in clover. But the party never forgets. It sends Christine Norman (Janis Carter), Ryan's old flame, to tell Ryan he can still be useful. "Don't come to terms with the union," the party orders. "We want San Francisco shipping tied up for a couple of months." Ryan says nuts. The Communists obligingly bump off a traitor before his very eyes. See? "I'm going to the police," Ryan says, "and make a clean confession of my past." The party reminds him that his past includes murdering a shop steward during a strike some years back, and the electric chair looms in front of him. He's licked. He'll foment the strike. Now Christine goes to work on Laraine's young brother (John Agar). Soon brother's standing up and spouting Communist philosophy. The party kills him, spout or no spout (he finds Christine made a fool of him) and then the party kills Christine because she appears to be going soft (she really loved Agar). And then the party kills Ryan (but first he kills the party, or at least Thomas Gomez and William Bailey, the party representatives in San Francisco). You should see the three of them all dying on the warehouse floor! Before he expires, Ryan leaves Laraine in the loving protection of labor leader Richard Rober, who's always wanted her. "You were meant for each other," Ryan says, or some such thing. And the shipping strike in San Francisco is over. Amen.

FATHER WAS A FULLBACK

Cast: Fred MacMurray, Maureen O'Hara, Betty Lynn, Natalie Wood.
20th Century-Fox

There was never a man so plagued as Fred MacMurray. He's the coach of a college football team which can't win a game. They're willing; they're just not able. He's the father of two daughters, Betty Lynn and Natalie Wood, and one of them (Betty) has a fixation about her own ugliness. Thinks she's poison to the boys. Asks for dinner on a tray in her room, because she wants to be alone with her great sorrow. Even the maid (Thelma Ritter) bets against Fred's football team, and the only comfort in his life is his wife, Maureen O'Hara. Rudy Vallee, the head of the alumni association, keeps making threatening noises about Fred's job, the U. S. government sends pamphlets to Fred's house



Oh, You Beautiful Doll: June Haver fancies song-plugger Mark Stevens, who's helped to make hit songs from her father's serious music.

about the care and feeding of babies (this leads Fred and Maureen to think Betty's an unmarried mother) and to complete Fred's misery, he gets hold of a confessions magazine in which there appears a story by-lined by Betty. (Since she can't get a man, she's decided to be a career woman.) "I Was a Child Bubble Dancer," the article is called. Besides being a child bubble dancer, Betty has other talents. She saves her father's job, anyway, and in a most unusual fashion. This picture's good-natured fun.

OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL

Cast: June Haver, Mark Stevens, S. Z. Sakall, Charlotte Greenwood.
20th Century-Fox

Fade in to a self-conscious beginning. Bartender J. C. Flippen is looking nostalgically through his pictures of old-time song writers. "So-and-so and so-and-so and so-and-so," he says. "And then there was Fred Fisher. Ah, yes, a guy named Breitenbach wrote all his music." "Whaaat?" cries a nearby blonde. "Shut up," snarls an earnest reporter to the blonde. "I wanta hear this." You wanta hear it too? Okay. Seems this Breitenbach (S. Z. Sakall) is a great composer. Opera. Long hair. His wife takes in sewing. His daughter (June Haver) studies violin and piano. And they're starving to death. (The family, not the violin and piano.) Breitenbach meets a song-plugger named Larry Kelly (Mark Stevens) who explains the facts of life. Take the good melodies out of your fusty old opera, jazz up the rhythms, collect royalties. The melodies he takes from Breitenbach's opera are transformed into songs called "Peg O' My Heart," "Come, Josephine, in My Flying Machine," "I Want You To Want Me," etc., and published under the made-up name of Fred Fisher. (Breitenbach-Fisher didn't write "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," the title tune. Some other great composer must have beat him to it.) Well, soon Fisher-Breitenbach is rich, but unhappy. He wants to be known as a serious artist. Daughter Junie is unhappy too. She loves song-plugger Kelly, who appears to love singer Gale Robbins. Kelly doesn't really love Robbins, though. He's just waiting for Haver to grow up so he can marry her. Breitenbach-Fisher finally runs away from home to escape from popular music, but famous conductor Eduard Franz helps the family get him back. Franz announces all



Chicago Deadline: Alan Ladd finds himself up to his self-reliant neck in murders as he tries to find out about a dead woman's life.

over town that he's conducting a program of Bach, Beethoven and Breitenbach at Aeolian Hall. This flushes the fugitive out, only it's a dirty trick. The conductor doesn't play Breitenbach's opera score at all; instead he leads an orchestra and chorus in a bunch of Fisher's popular songs. Instead of driving Fisher-Breitenbach to suicide, this puts him on top of the world. Geniuses are unpredictable, and especially in Technicolor.

CHICAGO DEADLINE

Cast: Alan Ladd, Donna Reed, June Havoc, Irene Hervey, Arthur Kennedy.
Paramount

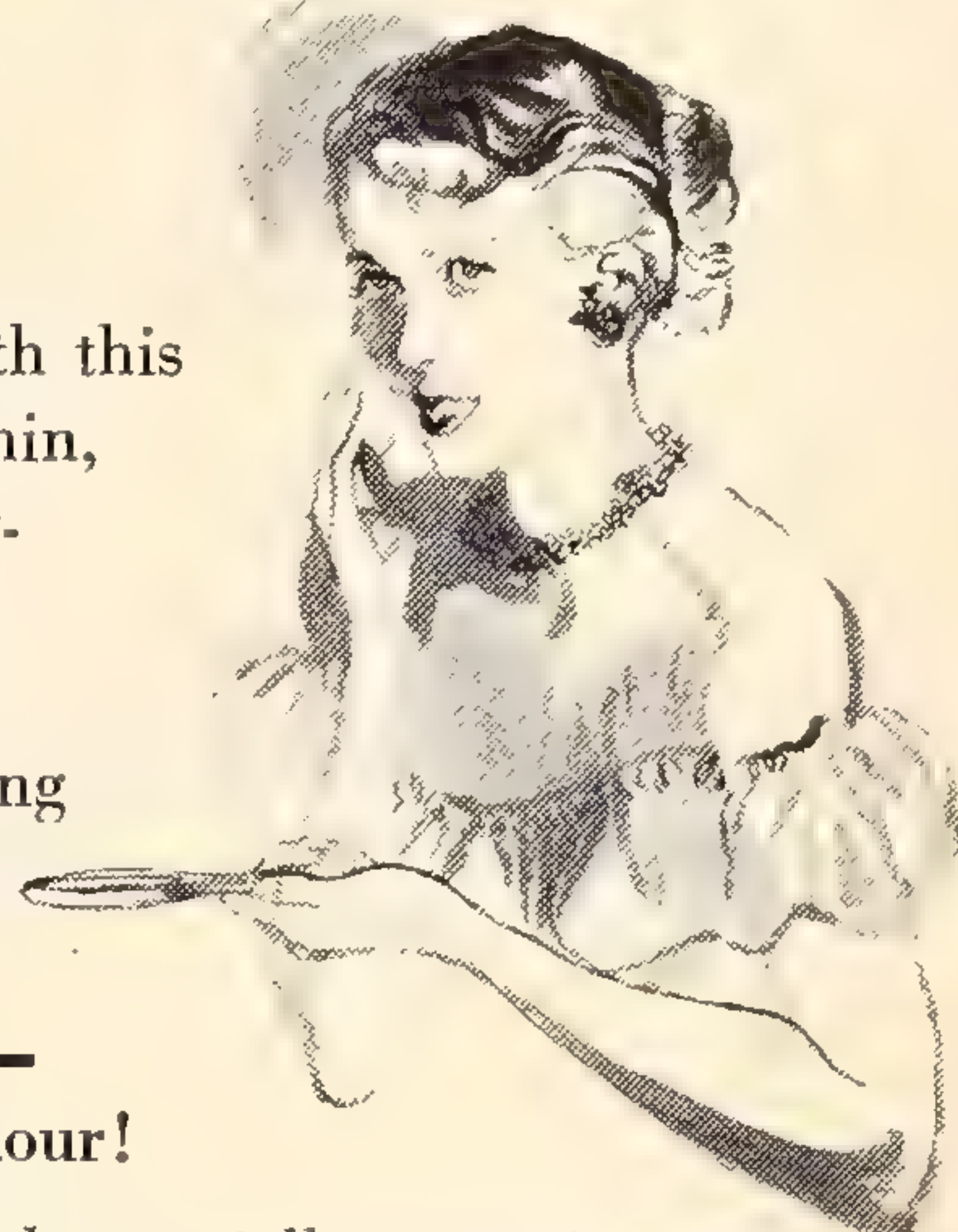
Reporter Alan Ladd finds a girl dead of tuberculosis in a cheap hotel room, and her once-lovely young face stirs his pity. He filches her address book before the police arrive, and goes off to get himself a human-interest story. He gets more than he bargains for. There are 54 names in the address book, but no two of the people Ladd contacts seem to agree about the dead girl. As Ladd's investigation progresses, so does his curiosity. There's the girl's brother (Arthur Kennedy) who loved her, and who tells of her early marriage, and its failure. There's a blonde (June Havoc) who was once the dead girl's roommate, and who saw her through an ill-fated love affair with a handsome gambler. There's the big-shot head of the Iroquois Trust Company, who threatens to sue if his name is connected in any way with that of the dead girl's. "She was a cheap, grasping little thing who tried to blackmail me," he says. There's a man named Spingler who owns a bar and who offers to pay for the girl's funeral—"If you keep it quiet." So many clues to what must have been her story, yet the big chunks are still missing, and suddenly Ladd finds himself in the midst of a rash of murders, all involving people connected with the dead girl, and this story becomes more important to him than eating or sleeping or remembering to be cautious when his life is threatened. *Chicago Deadline* is quite a fascinating picture, but unbelievably complicated.

For the skin that doesn't like heavy foundation

New loveliness for the skin that doesn't like a "made-up" look. Here is a lighter, *greaseless* foundation cream, that takes powder *beautifully*—without coating your face!

A sheerer powder base—more natural!
No "smothered" feeling—it's greaseless!

Make-up looks more natural, lasts hours *longer* with this *greaseless* base! Before powder, just smooth on a thin, protective film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Snowy-white in the jar, translucent on your skin, it suits every complexion. Can't streak or discolor. Leaves no oily shine, no "stified" feeling. Pond's Vanishing Cream gives a smooth finish that *holds* make-up.



"Before make-up" facial —
1-Minute Mask for instant glamour!



Whenever it's important to look especially attractive—"re-style" your complexion with Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed on for a 1-Minute Mask. So *quick!* Just slip Pond's Vanishing Cream lavishly over whole face, except eyes. After one minute, tissue off clean. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and *dissolves off* stubborn dirt and dead skin particles. Your skin looks clearer, silkier right away! Make-up stays fresh all evening!



Mrs. John A. Roosevelt ... "I like my make-up to look very soft...very casual...but perfect," says charming Mrs. Roosevelt.
"After a Pond's 1-Minute Mask I can count on make-up going on *perfectly*."

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

WHAT'S COOKING?

This time I don't pose this culinary question carelessly, because the slightly staggering sum of \$153,985 is being whipped into this beautiful batch of batter. Our philosopher friend GALEN DRAKE is awarding this luscious loot to lucky housewives skilled and (if you're like me) unskilled with the skillet. It's all part of Pillsbury's "Grand National Recipe and Baking Contest" with 109 cash prizes. There's certainly nothing skimpy about the Pillsbury measure being dished out in this super contest. First prize can reach \$50,000 (what a windfall!!!) and 100 other winners will demonstrate their kitchen concoctions at New York's Waldorf Astoria Hotel during a 2-day, all-expense trip. Rig up those recipes you're always complimented upon (it can be for pies, cakes, breads, cookies, entrees or desserts) and maybe get in on this frankly fabulous fiesta. There's gold in that dough, ma'am! GALEN DRAKE, the mellifluous man who makes 4:00 PM (EST) on your local ABC station such good listening every weekday afternoon, adds more contest "happy talk" to his usual delivery of home-fed philosophy.

****O.K., Lucy, drop the phone, time to listen to TED MALONE!** It may not be good poetry, but I want you to know-etry that the terrific Ted, sponsored by Westinghouse, makes 3:55 PM (EST) a high spot on the American Broadcasting Company day-time dial for me.

MORE FOOD-FOR-THOUGHT-DEPT. . . . How to look lovely and live lively is the duty of a real expert, Serutan's VICTOR H. LINDLAHR. With his diet tips and food advice, Victor has beautified more women than the combined efforts of the great Ziegfeld and Earl Carroll . . . and makes it easy as ABC—which just happens to be the network bringing you Lindlahr Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10:45 AM (EST), Sunday at 11:00 AM (EST). Anyway you spell it Serutan's VHL leads the ladies to loveliness.

****SOCIAL NOTES:** Think I'll accept ART LINKLETTER's hep and happy "House Party" invitation to join him weekdays at 12:00 noon (EST). He's such good company . . . and he's presented by Pillsbury.

****LATE NEWS:** It runs in the family! Mother's "mad about him," my 15-year old sister, Sue, finds him "divine" and I'm faintly a-flutter myself after a session with handsome, versatile CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS. The "Dream Boy" is back . . . and ABC's got him as M.C. on the new program sensation "Pick A Date," 11:30 AM (EST) daily.

Joan Lansing



Song of Surrender: Wanda Hendrix, lovely wife of puritanical Claude Rains, finds solace in music and the arms of young Macdonald Carey.

SONG OF SURRENDER

Cast: Wanda Hendrix, Claude Rains, Macdonald Carey, Andrea King.
Paramount

New England, in 1905, is awful puritanical. So is Claude Rains (a New England gentleman, scholar and curator of a small war museum) who is wed to a young lady (Wanda Hendrix) one-third his age. She's the daughter of a local farmer, and she admires Claude's culture. She works like a team of oxen, and Claude finds her a very obedient wife—until the day she goes to an auction and returns home with a phonograph and a collection of Caruso records. Claude contends the noise is sinful and frivolous. Furthermore, if Wanda sits mooning over that machine, who'll do the chores? Worse still, a bunch of city slickers has come to spend a while at a nearby colonial mansion Claude's family used to own. Among the city folk is Macdonald Carey, handsome young man-about-town, and fiancé of the big colonial mansion's present owner. Wanda takes to sneaking off to a cave in the hills to listen to Caruso, Carey takes to following Wanda, and whoosh! you got young love. Wanda, being a New Englander, fights valiantly for her respectability, but Claude's a suspicious fellow. He turns her away from his bed and board. ("If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," he says sternly.) Quite a bit more happens, all moderately interesting. The acting of the major roles is excellent. Wanda Hendrix here shows promise of real dramatic fire, Macdonald Carey blends authority with intelligence, Claude Rains is as elegantly expert as ever.

THIEVES' HIGHWAY

Cast: Richard Conte, Valentina Cortesa, Lee J. Cobb, Barbara Lawrence.
20th Century-Fox

Another story from the author of *They Drive By Night* about the men who jockey the big trucks cross-country, hauling produce to the great markets. Veteran Richard Conte comes home from the service, discovers his father (Morris Carnovsky), a trucker, has



Thieves' Highway: Valentina Cortesa has been hired by a gang of trucking thieves to divert Richard Conte, who plans to avenge his father.

lost both legs. He's sold a load of tomatoes to a crooked San Francisco marketeer named Figlia (Lee J. Cobb). Supposedly, Figlia'd paid him off, they'd had several drinks, and the old man had started home. That was all he remembered until he woke up in a ditch—with no money. Probability is that Figlia's men were responsible for the tragedy. Conte swears revenge, hooks up with another trucker, Ed (Millard Mitchell) who knows where the first crop of golden delicious apples in the state can be found. They buy a load (Conte's driving a surplus Army truck, Mitchell's got Conte's father's wreck, held together with chewing gum) and start for San Francisco. Conte arrives first, goes to see Figlia. Figlia hires a girl (Valentina Cortesa) to lure Conte up to her room, and then Figlia proceeds to steal and sell Conte's apples. Conte gets out of the girl's room in time to see what's going on, and he forces Figlia to pay him for his crop. Figlia pays, but later, his henchmen roll Conte, and that's that. Conte's been paid off in front of witnesses. If he can't hang on to his money, that's his business. He's lucky they don't release his brake and send him into a ditch, the way they did his old man. Now tragedy is piled on tragedy. Partner Ed's truck falls apart, and he burns up with it, never reaching San Francisco. Conte's fiancée (Barbara Lawrence) gives him the air when she finds he's been rolled. You know there's going to be a walloping climax, and there is. This is a thriller—the way only Fox seems to make 'em—and the acting is superb. Conte, Mitchell, Cobb, Carnovsky—none's better than the other. About the Italian star, Valentina Cortesa, in her first American role, it's harder to be sure. I thought her vamping was a trifle corny, but then it was a ludicrous part she had to play. Sort of the Mata Hari of the Fulton Fish Market. Aside from one or two over-theatrical moments, she was certainly worth watching. She has a communicable warmth (a virtue not shared by many American actresses), and you don't forget her easily.



Everybody Does It: Linda Darnell is the opera star who, with hilarious results, encourages Paul Douglas to embrace an operatic career.

EVERYBODY DOES IT

Cast: Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell,
Celeste Holm, Charles Coburn.
20th Century-Fox

Here's one of the funniest movies of the year. Celeste Holm is a socialite who's always wanted an opera career. Her mother (Lucille Watson) encourages her, her father (Charles Coburn) goes and hides in the liquor closet the minute she lets out a mi-mi-mi, and her husband, Paul Douglas (a man from the other side of the tracks), is confused but gallant. He simply hires a concert hall for \$3,000 for an afternoon, and then he and his business partner (Millard Mitchell) force all their friends and customers to take tickets, so that Celeste will have a good debut. Paul thinks Celeste will get the whole thing out of her system, and settle down. But the friends clap so loudly at the debut that Celeste decides to go on a concert tour. Paul's desolate. He wouldn't mind if she were a good singer, but she's lousy. He's told this by a real opera star (Linda Darnell) who takes a fancy to him. Linda's intentions are anything but honorable, yet he likes her. She's a straightforward sort of girl. Linda discovers, furthermore, that Paul himself has a remarkable baritone voice, and coaxes him to go on a concert tour with her. ("If you develop into a better singer than she is, she'll have to give up singing.") Paul tells Celeste he's off on a business trip, takes an assumed name, and departs with Linda. He does marvelously well on the concert stage, but in his absence, Celeste has come a cropper. Got the bird, from a Saturday afternoon movie crowd. ("Real high-class vaudeville," her agent had assured her. "Bill you as a 'society thrush.'") There's a bust-up between Celeste and Paul, there's Paul's ultimate appearance in opera, hilarious and horrible; the whole picture's a delight. Millard Mitchell pleased me more than anybody, though. Take the time Linda's talking to Paul over the phone. Mitchell leans back in his chair and sighs. "I made one of them blind dates once," he says. "In walked a girl who looked like an old third-baseman."



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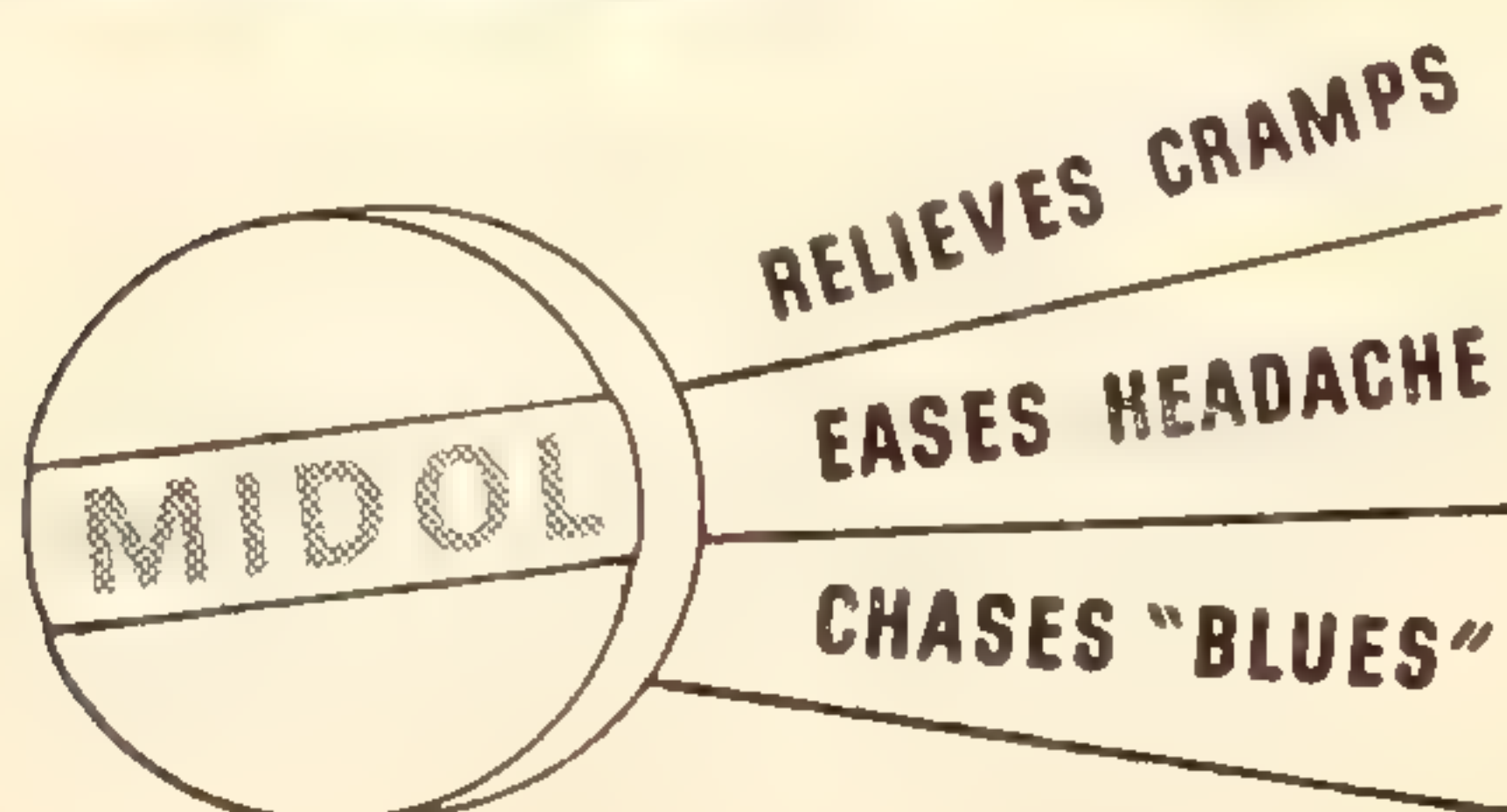


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"What a difference
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makes"



The Red Danube: Soviet dancer Janet Leigh hates Russia. Peter Lawford, British officer in Vienna, doesn't want her to be sent back.

THE RED DANUBE

Cast: Walter Pidgeon, Ethel Barrymore, Peter Lawford, Angela Lansbury, Janet Leigh, Louis Calhern.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The movies certainly aren't treating the Russians diplomatically anymore. Here we have MGM joining enthusiastically in the "cold war" with the Soviets. Story takes place in the British sector of Vienna, after the war. Forcible repatriation of Russian nationals is in full swing, and British cooperation has been asked. A whole lot of Russians don't want to go home. Janet Leigh is one of them. Once a prima ballerina in Russia, she's now a political refugee. British officer Walter Pidgeon turns her over to the Russian authorities; he's a soldier, and knows his duty. Other British officer Peter Lawford hates him for it; he (Peter) loves little Janet. The Mother Superior (Ethel Barrymore) of the convent where Pidgeon and Lawford are billeted discusses the godlessness of Communists at great length. Janet escapes from the Russians; by this time Pidgeon's convinced that repatriation is wicked, and he helps the Mother Superior and Lawford hide Janet out. The repatriation question is coming up before the UN in a few days; maybe the entire matter will be settled in favor of the refugees. Which is, of course, what happens, only Janet has leaped out of a window before then. There are many things wrong with this picture. Janet Leigh's accent is neither consistent enough nor good enough to warrant using it at all, and the same applies to her ballet dancing. And while the picture's indignation is justifiable (that forcible repatriation was pretty horrible), some of the cracks at Russia are as childish as the pokes the Russians take at us—and we're supposed to be more civilized than that. At one point, for instance, Ethel Barrymore says Merry Christmas to a Russian soldier, and then smiles wryly. "Oh, I forgot," she says. "You Communists don't believe in Christmas." Since the Russians, whatever else their faults, celebrate Christmas for three days running, this remark is gratuitous and absurd. Louis Calhern does a remarkable job of acting as Colonel Piniev, the Russian officer, and the picture has more stars than you could shake a sturgeon at.

also showing...

capsule criticism of
films previously
reviewed

THE ADVENTURES OF ICHABOD AND MR. TOAD (RKO)—This wonderful Walt Disney cartoon consists of two separate stories—*Ichabod*, based on "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and *Mr. Toad*, based on Kenneth Grahame's classic, "The Wind in the Willows." Bing Crosby narrates for *Ichabod*, Basil Rathbone for *Mr. Toad*. *Ichabod* is a good, sound job; *Mr. Toad* is a pure, sparkling masterpiece.

COME TO THE STABLE (20th-Fox)—Loretta Young and Celeste Holm as French nuns who come to New England to establish a children's hospital and, sweeping all problems before them with faith and charm, do so. Some may find this one a mite sticky, but it does have its engaging moments. With Hugh Marlowe, Elsa Lanchester and Thomas Gomez.

THE HEIRESS (Para.)—As an abashed young heiress lacking in social grace, Olivia de Havilland gets rugged treatment from fortune-hunter Montgomery Clift and her sternly disapproving father, Ralph Richardson, before she has her bitter triumph. A magnificent drama, brilliantly performed—except perhaps by Montgomery Clift, about whose comparative showing in such fast company you may have doubts. With Miriam Hopkins.

I WAS A MALE WAR BRIDE (20th-Fox)—French Army captain Cary Grant and American Wac Ann Sheridan battle each other through assorted hilarities in postwar Germany before they wed and try to get to the States together through a web of red tape. Finally, Cary impersonates a Wac, complete with a horsetail wig. It's not subtle, but who cares? You'll laugh yourself silly.

IT'S A GREAT FEELING (Warners)—Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson, playing a pair of Warners actors named Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson, in a movie concerned with their baffled efforts to make a serious movie. Doris Day, singing like a lark, is involved in the proceedings as a waitress they try to "discover." It's all bright and gay.

JOLSON SINGS AGAIN (Col.)—Further Technicolor adventures of Al Jolson, resuming from the point at which we left our hero in *The Jolson Story*. Larry Parks again plays Al, and very well, too, while Al sings all the wonderful songs offscreen. Barbara Hale is excellent as Al's wife. Great entertainment.

LOVE HAPPY (U. A.)—The Marx Brothers having their usual field day, assisted by Ilona Massey, who doesn't sing here, Marion Hutton, who does, and Vera-Ellen, who dances with vast skill. A fine and dandy show.

MADAME BOVARY (MGM)—Jennifer Jones is highly effective as the unhappy heroine of Flaubert's classic novel, restlessly seeking the impossible romance of her youthful daydreams. Van Heflin and Louis Jourdan, the main men in her life, are superb. James Mason does well as novelist Flaubert in a prologue and an epilogue. All in all, a beautiful job.

MY FRIEND IRMA (Para.)—Marie Wilson plays the nitwit character of her celebrated radio program in a very funny movie. John Lund is her beau, Diana Lynn her roommate, Don DeFore her boss. Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin, the well-known night-club and radio team, make a successful film debut in this.

ROPE OF SAND (Para.)—Rough stuff in an African diamond field, with Burt Lancaster taking a fearful beating before being declared the winner over villains Paul Henreid and Claude Rains. French newcomer Corinne Calvet, flinging her tresses and torso, supplies the female lure and Peter Lorre, looking as if he'd been slept in, operates shadily. Well, it's diverting.

ROSEANNA McCOY (Goldwyn)—Farley Granger and Joan Evans prove love to be more potent than family hatred in a strange and beautiful drama of the Hatfield-McCoy mountain-country feud. With Charles Bickford, Raymond Massey and Richard Basehart.

THE SECRET GARDEN (MGM)—A fine version, partly in Technicolor, of the famous novel. Margaret O'Brien and Brian Roper are the children who bring an overgrown garden back to flourishing activity and also manage to do much the same for its melancholy owner, Herbert Marshall, and his invalid son, Dean Stockwell.

SLATTERY'S HURRICANE (20th-Fox)—A good cast—Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell, Veronica Lake and John Russell—in a not-so-good drama, the leading feature of which is the work of Navy flyers in keeping tabs on hurricanes off Florida.

SWORD IN THE DESERT (Univ.-Int.)—An exciting and moving story, splendidly performed, of British-Jewish warfare in Palestine. With Dana Andrews, Marta Toren and Stephen McNally.

TASK FORCE (Warners)—The history of U. S. naval aviation, as told through the story of a Navy flyer (Gary Cooper). While parts of the scenario seem written by a 12-year-old boy, there are many terrific scenes of actual Pacific aerial-naval combat, in Technicolor, taken from official Navy files, that make this well worth seeing. With Walter Brennan, Wayne Morris and Jane Wyatt.

THAT MIDNIGHT KISS (MGM)—Kathryn Grayson and Mario Lanza in a comedy with a grand-opera background. The situations and lines are bright, the singing excellent—especially that of newcomer Mario Lanza, who combines a first-rate tenor with a very engaging personality. With Ethel Barrymore and José Iturbi.

TOP O' THE MORNING (Para.)—Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald. Bing's an American insurance company investigator who goes to Ireland to help find the culprit who stole the Blarney Stone, Barry's an all-thumbs village constable. Ann Blyth is the girl. A delightful picture.

UNDER CAPRICORN (Warners)—Ingrid Bergman suffers through alcoholism, domestic unhappiness and social ostracism in 19th Century Australia. A lurid, absorbing drama, smoothly directed by Alfred Hitchcock. With Joseph Cotten and Michael Wilding. Technicolor.

WHITE HEAT (Warners)—James Cagney in one of the most brutal and exciting gangster films ever made. With Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien and Steve Cochran.

YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY (Univ.-Int.)—A mildish little Technicolor musical—something about the difficulties a college football team runs into when the wives of the GI students decide not to let them play. With Donald O'Connor, Gloria DeHaven and Charles Coburn.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below are page by page credits for photographs appearing in this issue.

6, 7 Bob Beerman—8 T. Lt., Stork Club News Service, T. Rt., M. S. Staff—11 Ted Weisbarth—12 T. Lt., Stork Club, T. Rt., Marty Crail, Bot. Lt., Bert Parry, Bot. Rt., Acme—14 Bert Parry—24 Bob Beerman—27 M.G.M.—28 Bert Parry—29 M. S. Staff—30 Lt. and Cen., Wide World, Rt., Keystone—31 Keystone—32, 33 Bob Beerman—34 Bert Parry—35 T., Bert Parry, Cen. and Bot., 20th Century-Fox—36 20th Century-Fox—37 Bob Beerman—38, 39 Bert Parry—40, 41 Bob Beerman—42-45 Bob Beerman—46 T. Lt., Wide World, T. Cen., M. S. Staff, T. Rt., Globe, Bot. Lt. and Bot. Cen., Globe, Bot. Rt., M. S. Staff—47 T. Lt., M. S. Staff, Bot. Lt., Bob Beerman, Rt., M. S. Staff—48, 49 Bob Beerman—50 Globe—51 Bob Beerman—53 M. S. Staff—56-58 Bob Beerman and Bert Parry—59 Warner Bros.

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

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This torn picture of Audie and Wanda symbolizes their current unhappiness.

Wanda Hendrix
and Audie Murphy
now face the
desperate question:
Must conflicts between
them tear their
bright dreams apart?

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

Page in Heaven

■ A little wisp of a girl, Wanda came into the room, looking as crisp and cool as if she had slept on a bed of mint leaves.

Audie, on the other hand, seemed wan and melancholy as he sat on the sofa watching his young wife make an entrance. It seemed apparent that the marriage of Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy had changed from poetry to pose.

But Wanda, every inch the actress, didn't show it. She let a smile flit across her lips, and her green eyes sparkled brilliantly, and she played the picture of divine domestic bliss to the hilt. She had been married only 10 months but, magazine deadlines being what they are, she and Audie were posing in advance for first anniversary photographs—and Wanda was determined to show the world that her marriage to the most-decorated U. S. infantryman of World War II was a tremendous success.

However, you could look in Audie's eyes—eyes incapable of deception or (Continued on page 93)

new faces



JEFF CHANDLER had been at work in Universal-International's *Sword in the Desert* for exactly one day, when studio execs signed him to a long term contract. He'd been signed for the role chiefly because of his vibrant voice (he's Michael Shayne of radio fame) but his 6' 4", 210 lb. frame was also a distinct asset. Jeff was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. on December 15, 1918 and tried out for little theater work directly after graduating from high school. Progressing slowly from bit parts to star billing, Jeff later formed his own stock company. He's married to Marjorie Hoshelle; there are two kids.



VALENTINA CORTESA may be a new face to Hollywood, but she's already an outstanding actress in Italy. She was born in Milan, Italy, January 1, 1925, and spent most of her childhood in a small fishing village on Lake Maggiore. During a village feast, she took part in the dramatic offering and was promptly discovered by two critics. Valentina became the toast of Italy and was re-discovered by Zanuck. She's made *Black Magic* in Rome with Orson Welles and you will see her soon in *Thieves' Highway* with Dick Conte.



CHRISTOPHER KENT tried out for Sweden's Royal Dramatic Theater when he was 17 but the directors thought he was a little young. So Chris (who was born Alf Kjellin) tried out for a movie contract instead. He worked at the studio three days a week and at the theater three days a week. Appearing in 26 movies in ten years, Chris first came to the attention of the American public and David Selznick, in the Swedish movie, *Torment*. He's 6 feet tall, weighs 170 lbs. and has blond hair and blue eyes. His latest is *Madame Bovary* for MGM.



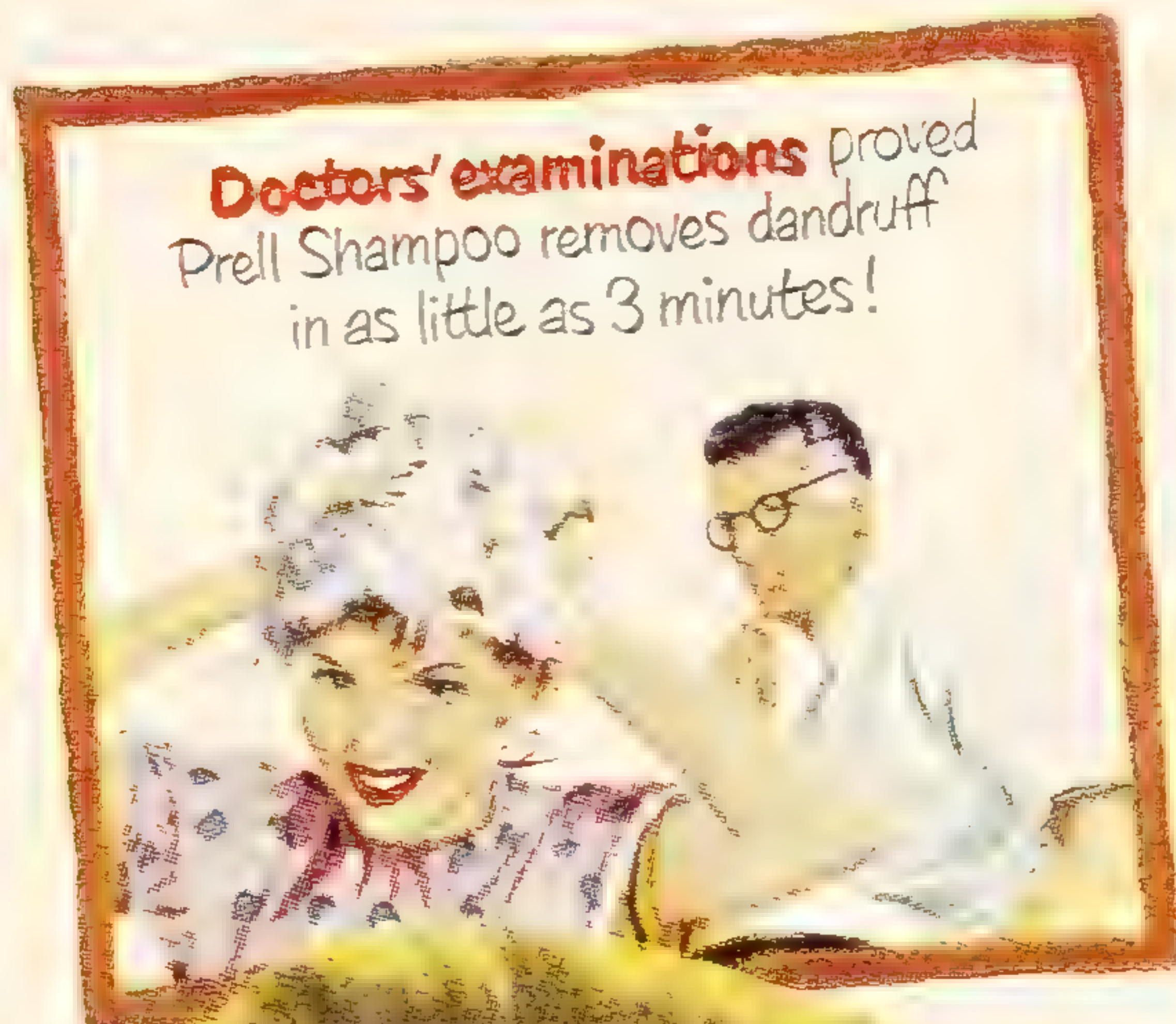
SUSAN DOUGLAS' real name used to be Zuska Zenta, but she changed it because she felt people would think she was a character actress. She was born in Vienna in 1926 and studied ballet and singing in Prague and Switzerland. Her family fled from Nazi rule in 1939 and Susan came here, quickly learned the language and went into summer stock in Connecticut. She's done lots of radio work (Theater Guild, Mr. District Attorney) and made her movie debut in *The Private Affairs of Bel Ami*. You've recently seen her as Shelley in *Lost Boundaries*. Susan's got grey eyes, ash-blond hair and is 5' 2" tall.

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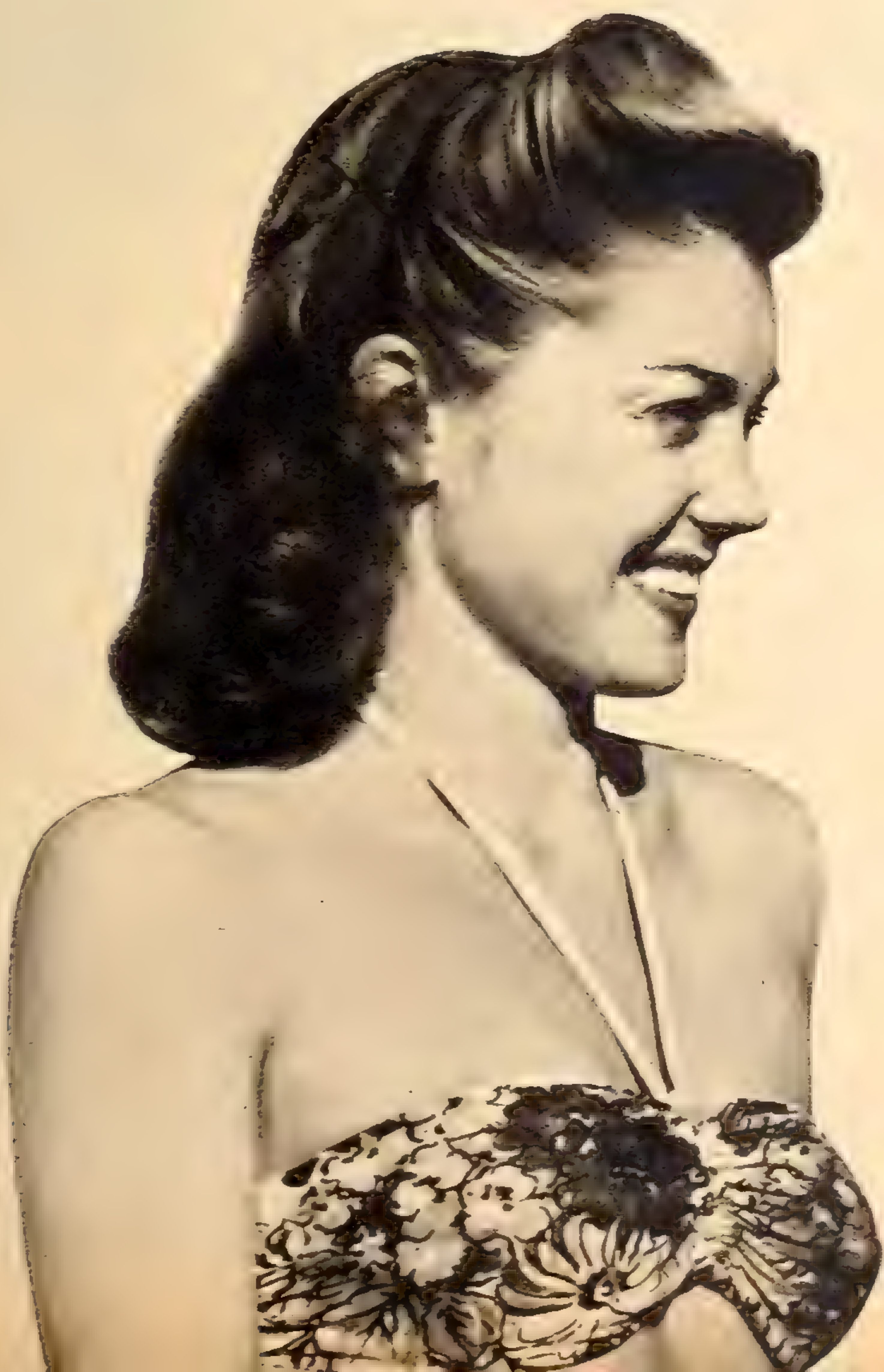
VITA · FLUFF

"THE WORLD'S FINEST SHAMPOO"

by Duon

the true beauty

an open letter to esther williams



Dear Miss Williams:

When you recently donated your time to appear at a benefit for the blind children of Hollywood, you were simply doing what so many in your profession do week in and week out. Motion picture people are among the most generous of American citizens in their support of charitable causes.

But in this case, you have gone beyond making a reasonable financial donation and promising to give a little more of your time again when you could. For as you saw those youngsters groping sadly in their fumbling attempts at play, it struck you, as a mother-to-be, with an especially tragic impact—and you decided to do something far-reaching about it.

As a result, those who care for blind children now have a new concept in training their little charges to adapt themselves to future life. Before, for lack of sight, these youngsters never knew the joy and confidence that comes with energetic, violent play. You, Miss Williams, had the imagination to realize that swimming could be a tremendous aid as therapy to help them toward normal living. So you brought as many of them as possible to your swimming pool, and taught them to splash in abandon without fear.

And as soon as you had proved its value, you began a campaign to spread the use of this new type of physical education for blind children everywhere. There are now indications that it will be adopted widely.

Thus, in addition to having accomplished the good in life of bringing wholesome entertainment to millions of people through your work in pictures, you have now been the moving force in an achievement that can mean the difference between dark despair and happy, useful living for thousands of unfortunates.

Obviously, you have physical beauty, Miss Williams. And you've proved you also have beauty of another sort—the only sort that, after all, is really important.

And that, of course, is beauty of the spirit.

William B. Hartley
EDITOR



Six-year-old Chris and eight-year-old Josh match muscles with their parents. At home, the friendly, humorous side of Mitchum shows clearly.

■ It was Christmas Eve, 1935. It would be nice to paint a picture of snow and jingle-bells and fat fellows with white beards and good-will-on-earth—but it wasn't like that at all. It was hot. Very hot. The place was the California-Arizona border, not far from Yuma, and the scene was nightfall, a rambling border patrol station with a dozen uniformed guards.

Out of the dusk, down the dusty road, three men appeared, walking toward the bright star in the distance that was the floodlight above the patrol station. One of them was tall and white-haired, a distinguished-looking gentleman, if you didn't take into account his well-worn clothes and scuffed shoes. The second was a leather-skinned man in his middle fifties in overalls and a broad-brimmed hat. He had the walk of a man following a plow. The third was a youngster, tall, lean and hard. He was wearing a cowhide jacket and levis. His name was Robert Mitchum.

This was in the days of the Depression, and the guards were there to keep the derelict wanderers of the country from over-running California.

Each of the three men had a story and a reason for wanting to enter the state. The elder man was a banker, temporarily without a bank. The plowman was a Texan, recently ousted from his hog ranch near Fort Worth. Mitchum was a boy who wanted to see the land and meet its people.

The banker said he wanted to enter California for the climate. The Texan, to look over the pig situation. And when they asked Bob Mitchum his reason, he squinted up his eyes into cold slits.

"I live in this country," he said, "and I want to get a look at my Pacific Ocean."

The cops thought he was just another smart guy. At any rate, the three were turned back, and they walked a mile off into the desert and built a fire against the chill the night was to bring, and bedded down among the dunes. It was there that Christmas found them. Three men alone, unwanted while the world rejoiced, an open fire of mesquite their hearth and a spindly Yucca their tree.

As Robert Mitchum lay there and watched the Great Dipper

trouble ahead for Mitchum?

Molded by bitter
experience, scornful of sham
and double dealing,
this strange
and violent man
will always go his
own proud way.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

traverse the sky, his thoughts were violent and his anger sure. He knew that night that a man must have rage and strength and money to get his own heritage, and he vowed he'd never be without them.

Time has flavored the personality of Robert Mitchum since that night, but he is still a violent man. You don't have to look very closely at Robert Mitchum's face today to know that he still thinks much the way he did that Christmas years ago. It is evident in the contour of his features—the way they set during his formative years. There is evidence, too, in the belligerence that tinges his soft drawl, and in the quick temper which can flare in the midst of his hearty laugh.

Yet there is one thing you must understand: Robert Mitchum is not a hard man. A hard man has no heart. For instance, in Bob's roving days, pre-marriage and pre-Hollywood, there was a girl he'd just met who, after a few nips from a community bottle, thought he was in a fair condition to rob. Bob caught her in the act. He grasped her wrist. Wide-eyed, she waited for his angry reaction. He held her (Continued on page 97)



Bob Mitchum did lots of dishwashing in the days when any job looked good. But don't let that apron he's got on fool you—he very definitely wears the trousers in the Mitchum household.

EUROPE TODAY HAS BECOME THE SCENE OF ANOTHER AMERICAN INVASION—THIS TIME BY THE HOLLYWOOD STARS.

stars on a spree abroad

by Hedda Hopper

■ The good-looking pilot flashed me a wide American grin. "Hello there, Miss Hopper," he said. "This is a little different from our last trip together, hey?"

We were roaring high over the Alps on the way to Italy, and below in the frosty moonlight the mountains looked like huge, unreal peaks of vanilla ice-cream. Inside, the plane was packed with a cosmopolitan crew. A big blond Swede, a chilly Briton, swarthy Armenian merchants, animated Italians and three silent, brown Arabians wrapped in white turbans and burnouses—millionaire oil kings from the Near East, for this fast plane to Rome would continue on to Cairo.

"I'll say it's different," I answered as I recognized the skipper. "The last time I saw you was when you flew some movie stars and me out of Hollywood on a big ballyhoo junket, wasn't it?"

He nodded. "Yeah, but now, all roads lead to Rome. Everybody's got something crazy to do over here—or if they haven't," he laughed, "they're hoping like anything to find it!"

I couldn't have tagged it better myself—the rainbow-chasing rush to Europe that's seized the Hollywood movie world. For personal proof, here was I, deserting my desk, hopping across America and the Atlantic and hundreds of miles more to hunt up Hollywood stories and track down straying screen stars caught in the Continental craze. Chasing pots of gold, all of them, of one kind or another—fun, excitement, escape, new romances, new glamor, new careers. And finding—what? The gleaming precious stuff of their dreams—or just fool's gold? (Continued on page 90)



Greta Garbo, unable to escape an alert Parisian photographer despite her mannish disguise, adds her amused friend's hat to it.



Myrna Loy, wearing a plunging-neck Dior evening gown, sits in London for Cathleen Mann. Like other stars, Myrna stocked up on new Parisian finery.

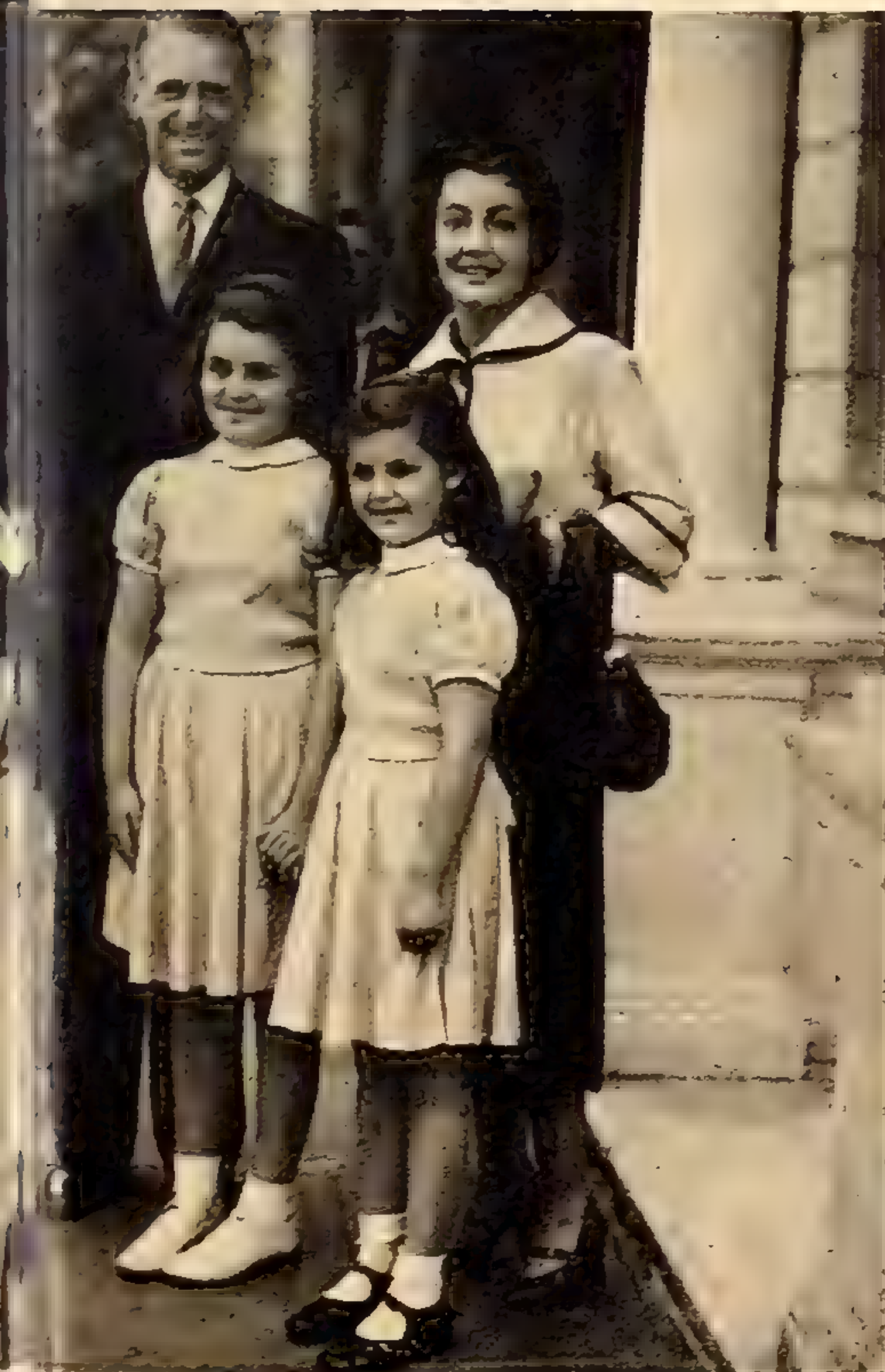


Mrs. Edward G. Robinson outfits Ed with a gag number at a party in San Remo. He took the family to Italy where he's been making a movie.

WHO HAVE BEEN FINDING IT A PERFECTLY WONDERFUL PLACE FOR HARD WORK AND JUST PLAIN FOOLISHNESS.



Sheik Sadec of French Morocco entertained the Tyrone Powers lavishly. Linda, unfortunately, has lost her expected baby.



Douglas Fairbanks, with his wife and daughters, is out for Buckingham Palace to be made Knight of the British Empire by the King.



Joan Fontaine and Joseph Cotten see the sights of Florence, Italy, where they made scenes for *September*. In Rome, Joan was squired by a new beau.



Orson Welles catches up on the latest Italian gossip. While having his financial ups and downs, he's still Orson the Grèat.



On the set, they're Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, carrying on an open romance for the camera, but keeping their own attachment under cover.

Two Loves Have We

by Dale Evans

Dale and Roy Rogers are both involved in a secret romance—with each other.

■ Roy Rogers and I both lead “double lives.” We both have another love outside our home.

We get up in the morning, kiss each other goodbye (we leave at different times because it takes a woman hours to get ready for the camera, and a man—or Roy, anyway—only minutes) and then, at the studio, we meet other loves.

His other love is Dale Evans—not his wife. My other love is Roy Rogers—not my husband.

Of course, this romance at the studio can't be carried on openly. In the best tradition of such affairs it is clandestine. It lives only in the “little things” that go on, and no one without an eye for these would ever suspect there was anything between us.

The little things . . .

When it is still quite early in the morning and I am under the hairdresser's hands on the set, Roy may drop by and—what do you know!—he'll just happen to be carrying two

nice, steaming cups of coffee. Would I like to have one?

Or if he is getting nowhere studying a lyric in Spanish (he manages to sing at least one Spanish chorus in each picture) I can “feel” his puzzlement no matter where I am and I'll chance along to help him in his problem of pronouncing the words so they'll have a reasonably accurate Latin ring to them. Not that I'm a language scholar or anything—but I was brought up near many Spanish people in Texas and grew familiar long ago with their accents.

If I am making some scenes in which he does not appear, I may not see him for hours, perhaps—unless the scenes require that I do anything that might be even remotely hazardous. Then, without fail, Roy will show up, talk to the director, study the planned action and, I know, estimate whether there might be any overlooked element of danger involved for me.

At times like that he gets a wary (*Continued on page 87*)

At home, they're Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, a very domestic couple who enjoy roughhousing with Roy's children—Cheryl, Linda Lou and Dusty.





Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman, on a rise near their house, look toward the hill from where they chose the beautiful site.

I live on the rim of heaven

BY JEANNE CRAIN

We live on a hill where the clouds drift, but our home has roots—like our love.

■ "Let's go on a picnic," Paul said and, because he was my brand-new husband, he kissed me on the tip of my nose.

"Not me," I retorted. "*You* go on the picnic. I may be a bride, but *I* have to be at the studio tomorrow for a test. I don't want to show up all sunburned and ant-bitten."

Paul snorted. "My dear Mrs. Brinkman," he scolded, "what's more important to you—one little test or our dream house?"

"Well," I said, "the dream house, naturally. But what's that got to do with a picnic?"

Paul smiled secretively. "You'll see," he assured me. And I did.

I'd forgotten all about the ants and the sunburn by the time we sat down to our picnic luncheon of fried chicken amid the brush and wild flowers of the Hollywood hills. We looked out across the panorama of those hills and Paul said, "Darling, see those six knolls overlooking the city? They're ours—I own them. Seven acres of heaven's rim. Now, I want you to tell me—where shall we put our house?"

It was a difficult decision. There were five more picnics before we agreed on the exact knoll on which to build. We knew one thing—our dream house was to be a streamlined structure of redwood, fieldstone and lots of sparkling glass. No old-fashioned castles for us. None of that wedding-cake stuff in vivid pink stucco. All we wanted was a simple, solid, low-lying structure, something beautifully permanent.

So we had picnics with a purpose on those golden sunny days, those high windy days, those misty days when clouds drift (Continued on next page)



The living room, with the dining alcove and the foyer set off by a vine-covered glass partition, is given a cool, rustic effect by the natural-wood walls and the green-stained ceiling.



Paul and Jeanne have lunch in the dining alcove, with the swimming pool in view outside. Below: The living-room bookshelves feature an assortment of art books, ceramics and old magazines.



I live on the rim of heaven

continued



Jeanne Crain and family at their favorite picnic spot—their swimming pool at home. Paul Brinkman, Jr., riding his dad, is becoming a skilled merman. Michael loves splashing, too.



Jeanne and Paul take the balmy autumn California sun near their curving, flagstone pool. The built-in barbecue hearth makes it an ideal place for their outdoor entertaining.

around the throats of the mountains. Then, one day when it was so wet that we had to eat our lunch in the car, we saw a glowing rainbow spin against the sky. Below, where the scrub and oaks jutted on a sort of rounded shelf, we saw our house—just the way it would be, just as it is.

We love our house because it's not a showplace. It's a house in which every corner has that lived-in feeling. Our two-year-old, Paul, has the run of the place. Visitors sometimes are startled to see him staggering through the living room with a set of light aluminum steps in his small arms. With great determination he heads for the bookshelves or the kitchen to get what he wants. He's a self-reliant youngster who, instead of tugging at my skirts when he wants a set of jungle books or a glass of water, just gets his steps and lives his life.

Our way of living is very informal. In our orchard we now have 70 young trees, just beginning to bear fruit—oranges, lemons, limes, loquots, sapotes and Tangolas—and when friends drop in they are more than likely going to find me bending over a stove ladelling a sweet-smelling mass of marmalade. And if they're properly respectful of my art, I'll give them some to take home!

Painting I love. And so does Paul. Skeet-shooting he loves. And so do I. I find myself out on the shooting range with Paul at least one afternoon a week. The next afternoon, he'll be daubing away on an oil portrait of little Michael. It's really funny how two people can grow alike in their interests. Every now and then I discover Paul loaded with an armful of my art books, carrying them off to study at his corner of our bedroom desk. Perhaps he was inspired by the portrait Henry Clive did of me—the one we have hanging in our entrance hall. Whatever it was that started him painting, we'll probably soon be adding an extra wing for a painting workshop.

I'm not *sure* about that, though. We always manage to center our activities in our living room and it always seems to have room enough for our expanding ideas. I'm mad about clipping recipes and home furnishing ideas out of women's magazines. Even after I get the magazines chopped to ribbons I still refuse to throw them away. I'm so afraid that I may have missed something, they all find a place in the book shelves for possible future reference—along with Baby Paul's animal books, ceramic pixies and no one knows what else.

The other day I said to Paul, "Let's go on a picnic."

"Sorry, not me," he answered. "I've got work to do. You go on a picnic."

So, out by the swimming pool, little Paul, tiny Michael and I sat down to our picnic lunch. You can guess what happened. In a little while that husband of mine joined us, grinning.

I caught him looking out over the hills from which we once searched for just this spot. "Hmmm," he mused. "Who would have thought it would all turn out as wonderfully as this?"

"Who?" I repeated, indignantly. "Why, *we* did, that's who!"

Paul smiled—then put his big arms around all three of us.

THE END

This love of ours

by Mary Andrews



Dana and I have shared everything—struggle, success, and much happy living.

■ In just a few days, Dana and I will be celebrating our 10th wedding anniversary. Dancing at Ciro's? . . . Sipping champagne at the Mocambo? . . .

Hardly!

See that sun-baked, wind-blown couple in faded dungarees, snoozing peacefully on the deck of that beautiful boat anchored off Catalina? Oops! Simultaneously they spring to life, just in time to retrieve a small boy dangling head-down over the starboard side.

That will be Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, heading into their second decade of married life—and having a wonderful time.

Our first 10 years have been smooth sailing, with only the usual minor squalls encountered by any normal family. And I'm proud to say that we are a normal family—as normal as mumps, mortgages, (Continued on page 88)



sixth
in a
series



by Janet Leigh

There'll be only
one man in my life
who really matters—
and I know my heart
will tell me when
it finds that lasting love.
But until it does . . .

I WON'T GO STEADY



Janet Leigh's favorite Hollywood escort these days is Arthur Loew, Jr. He's a bright young MGM executive and rapidly rising.

■ There's an expression that I wish they wouldn't apply to me. It's "going steady." The way I look at it, the term should be used about a girl only when she's so serious about a man that she's seeing him exclusively.

Yet, since I've been free, there have been only two boys I've dated constantly. This may sound like a contradiction, but I'll try to explain, as I go along, why it isn't.

At 18, I married a boy in my home town of Stockton. We were divorced a year or so ago, and it's just been made final. Hollywood had nothing to do with our separation. I'd like to make a point of that, because Hollywood's been blamed for so many things. We were simply both too young for marriage. We hadn't taken time to learn enough about each other. What broke us up was incompatibility—which, trite though it may be to say so, I still think is responsible for nine out of 10 unhappy marriages. The point is, we'd have found ourselves just as incompatible in Stockton as in Hollywood.

Since then, as I said, there are just two boys I've dated constantly—Barry Nelson and Arthur Loew, Jr. But constantly isn't the same as exclusively. I've never tied myself down to any pattern. I've always left myself free to date as I choose. And I'm the kind of person who *enjoys* going out a lot with one boy. I find it less confusing. You don't have to keep adjusting yourself to new personalities. When you know someone well, you build up a common background of jokes and fun, you fall into an easy, comfortable routine, you can be more natural. (Continued on page 75)

MY SNEAK PARTY

by Diana Lynn

Entertaining our
guests is no problem
now—we invite
them to sit in the dark,
make them stay
quiet and watch their
own movies. It
keeps them happy!



Marie Wilson reacts modestly after the preview of *My Friend Irma*, as Diana Lynn's party accuses her of having stolen the show.

■ Somehow, I know in my heart I'll never be the perfect hostess. I try, but things just never seem to come off the way I've planned.

For example, recently John and I wanted to give a dinner party. We set the date—and then, what with one thing or another, I had to call our guests and invite them *not* to come.

Well, postponing things once wasn't *too* bad. But I was forced to do it three *more* times!

Finally I was determined not to suffer this embarrassment any longer. I called the studio and said very firmly that under no circumstances would I work on Friday evening. (Luckily, they had no such plans anyhow!). I called my agent and told him that I positively refused to take this particular Friday to read a script, even if it meant losing a role I'd give half my life for.

At three o'clock I telephoned John at his office and said gleefully, "We've finally done it! All the guests are coming. The dinner will be wonderful, and don't forget to come home real early."

At 5:30 I called John again, breathlessly. "John, our plans are changed—the dinner at home is off and I'll pick you up in a half-hour."

This husband of mine is an amazing man. "Well, okay," he calmly agreed. "But just as a matter of curiosity—what happened *this* time? Did the house burn down? Did you fight with all our friends? Or are you flying to Timbuctu on location?"

"No, but something really important has come up—a sneak preview of *My Friend Irma*!"

"Wonderful," said John. "But—what about our guests?"

"The guests? Oh, don't worry about *them*," I said lightly. "They're all coming *with* us. We're just putting the party on wheels, that's all!"

And that's just what we did. Perhaps I should explain that movie players are very rarely admitted to sneak previews. These events are usually so secret that only a few people in the entire studio know beforehand at what theater a picture will be shown for its first test reaction before a regular audience. The actors are not invited, not only because they get underfoot, but also because they're likely to begin calling up in the morning and complaining about having had their favorite (Continued on page 93)

RARE INFRA-RED PICTURES CATCH DIANA LYNN UNAWARES AS, WITH HUSBAND JOHN LINDSAY, SHE WATCHES HERSELF PERFORM IN "MY FRIEND IRMA."



"Can that be me . . . ?"



"What a delirious scene!"



"I guess I wasn't *too* bad, there."



"You really like me, John?"

John Lund whispers furtively to Marie Wilson, "You're a hit, honey!" In so doing, he awakens a less enthusiastic movie-goer—Marie's dog, Hobbs.



gary cooper's mountain hideaway



The three Coopers watch the skiing from the Sundeck, a glass-enclosed building at the summit of the ski slope at Aspen, Colorado.

**The scenery
takes their breath
away . . . the
skiing goes to their
heads. The
Coopers have found
the place where
they belong.**

BY TOM CARLILE

■ While attending the press preview of *The Fountainhead* in Hollywood last Summer, I ran into Gary Cooper. That night he looked about 15 years younger than the character he plays in the film; he's one actor who always looks younger in person than on the screen. After greetings were exchanged, I asked him how he does it.

"Well," he said with a grin, "maybe it's the healthy life I lead. I've just been up to Aspen, Colorado. Caught some of the biggest trout you ever saw. Prettiest place in western America."

My information about Aspen was limited, but Gary told me more about it. Surrounded by 14,000-foot mountains, Aspen was, in the 1880's and early 1890's, one of the world's greatest silver-mining centers, with a population of 15,000. But in 1893, when the price of silver collapsed, it became virtually a ghost town.

About three years ago, however, Chicago industrialist Walter Paepcke, struck by the majestic beauty of the place, determined to establish it as a year-round resort. He formed the Aspen

(Continued on page 44)



Twelve-year-old Maria Cooper skeptically looks over the selection of gay stocking-caps at the Aspen Country Store, as her father waits patiently. Maria agreed on one only when her mother said she'd buy a cap to match it.



Back in town after a day on the ski slopes, Gary and Rocky pause to greet a friend on their way to the historic old hotel (background, left) where they stayed until their house was finished.



Gary and Rocky have a cigarette before going their separate ways. Gary is left to his own devices much of the day, while his wife and daughter take special instruction. They're the real skiers of the family, he says.



Gary picks up his mail at the Jerome Hotel. Built in 1889 when Aspen was a silver-mining center, the hotel was restored three years ago when the ghost town was revived as a year-round resort.

mountain hideaway cont.



After shopping, Gary Cooper with his wife, Rocky, and daughter, Maria, head out for more skiing on the beautiful slopes which have drawn them to Aspen.



Gary and Rocky confer with Horace Hendricks, the Aspen contractor who built their lakeside home, which looks across the full sweep of the celebrated ski runs.



By 5 o'clock, the Coopers are ready to join other skiers at the hotel for tea, dancing and, of course, much enthusiastic talk about the day's skiing.

Company and got to work building ski runs, and bringing in small businesses and cultural facilities. Today, Aspen is a skier's paradise in winter and a fisherman's heaven in the spring and summer—there are 1,000 well-stocked streams in the vicinity.

"It's a great place," said Gary. "From now on Mrs. Cooper and I are going to spend as much time in Aspen as we possibly can, winter and summer. We're building a house there, you know. We bought 15 acres. The house won't be too fancy, but comfortable enough. It'll be right by a lake, a frame house with an aluminum roof. Five bedrooms, four baths, kitchen, an 18-by-38 living room."

We talked some more about the house, and fishing, and the Colorado scenery. And before we said goodbye, he'd invited me to come up to Aspen for a weekend.

Thus it was that, a few weeks later, your correspondent and photographer Bob Beerman pulled up in a bus before the Jerome Hotel in Aspen. It was 10 degrees below zero, but the Aspen inhabitants didn't seem to mind a bit as, skis over shoulders, they plodded along in the deep, crusty snow, happily blowing up clouds of warm breath as if they had lots of it to waste.

The Jerome Hotel is a big rambling structure that was built during the town's mining boom days. Now restored, it still looks exactly like those false-fronted Victorian buildings you see in every Western movie, and is the sort of place you'd expect to find Gary Cooper. And that's where we did find him—lounging against a weathered column on the veranda, in his shirt-sleeves.

As we shivered out of the bus, Cooper ambled over with a warm smile on his face. "Glad you boys could make it," he said pleasantly. "It snowed last night. And the weather is just perfect for skiing."

"How can you stand to walk around in just that shirt?" I had to ask, pulling my overcoat collar tighter.

"Oh, I've been up on a ski run all afternoon," he said. "Got overheated."

We followed him into the hotel and sat down in the cocktail lounge, in front of a big window which offered a view of the whole snow-covered mountain across the valley. It seemed busier than an excited ant-hill. Dozens of skiers were plummeting down its slopes, and I suppose I shivered again rather noticeably.

"Cold?" Cooper asked. "They have a fine cure for that here in Aspen." He called over the waitress and said something to her. When she came back, she had three milk-shakes on her tray.

"Aspen Specials" explained Cooper. "Drink them and I'll show you around." We did, and the cold disappeared almost magically. It must have been the stout portion of rum in the drinks. It was still working fine five minutes later when we found ourselves pacing eagerly through the snow at Cooper's side.

Walking around Aspen with Cooper, you feel that the history of the colorful town has a deep meaning for him. When we came to the 58-year-old Wheeler Opera House, Cooper stopped before the three-story brick structure and said, "An amazing building. In the old days, Lillian (Continued on page 98)



▲ Rocky and Maria join Gary for a downhill run. They usually do it together at least once a day.

➤ Gary investigates some skis at the shop, run by one of the new Aspen's very earliest settlers.

▼ Cooper relaxes at Aspen. He and his family plan to spend all of their free time at the place.



The men in Ann Sheridan's life come and go. Does she realize that laughs aren't enough to



DISK-JOCKEY JOHNNY GRANT and Ann Sheridan made the rounds together last summer, but Ann soon insisted it was only a casual friendship.



RADIO ANNOUNCER JOHN CONTE shared a lot of laughs with Ann once. They did the night spots, were hailed the "town's newest romance."



MAN-ABOUT-TOWN PAT DI CICCO is one of Ann's frequent escorts in Hollywood. They have the same happy-go-lucky attitude on dating.



BILL CAGNEY, who works with brother Jimmy as a producer, has been Ann's partner-in-fun recently. Irish wit has always intrigued her.



SERIOUS-MINDED FRANCHOT TONE is the exception to the rule about the men Ann Sheridan sees. Their current dates have people puzzled.



PLAYBOY BRUCE CABOT goes on the town with Ann often. The two have picked up their merry-making where they left off pre-Steve Hannagan.

Annie, get your guy

by sheilah graham

■ All the boys love Annie Sheridan. All of them will always tell you, "Annie's a great girl." And she is a great girl. That's why it seems so strange that the boys love her—and leave her.

So I went to work to find out why men meander in and out of the Sheridan life. And I came up with some very surprising explanations. One: Ann is, emotionally, just about the laziest gal in town. Two: All she wants from a man is that he make her laugh.

I remember when Jimmy Stewart, talking of Myrna Dell, said, "We go together for laughs." Myrna was reportedly furious. She knew, it was said, that if Jimmy went with her for laughs only, his intentions were strictly boffo—that she was a bust

make a romance last, that in order to hold a guy you have to work at it?



DIRECTOR JEAN NEGULESCO, like the other men who have interested Ann, rated high in her chief requirement—a good sense of humor.



CESAR ROMERO has long found Ann the ideal party companion. Both love to dance and ask nothing from each other but a gay evening.



PUBLICITY MAN STEVE HANNAGAN was Ann Sheridan's steady beau for five years. They never married, however, and Ann broke off the romance when she felt he had become too possessive—he wanted her to live in Connecticut, safely away from the rival males of New York.

romantically. Could it be that Annie's love-life is jinxed by the jokes, too?

One of Ann's current loves is Jacques Mapes, the set designer. She adores Jacques because he's always thinking up gags to amuse her. Ann still roars over the stunt he pulled when she left for Europe to star with Cary Grant in *I Was A Male War Bride*. Jacques called a group of the boys together, put mourning bands on their sleeves, and that's how they went to the station to see Ann off. She couldn't have appreciated Jacques more if he had given her a million roses. And she called him from Germany twice a week sometimes, just to yak all over again at the joke.

You can imagine what a delight Ann's free-and-easiness is for a man like Clark

Gable. Clark hates "problem" girls—that is, girls who want to fall in love with him or get married. Ann wants neither. She merely wants a good time with him. They've known each other for years and when Ann and Steve Hannagan broke up after five years of close companionship, Clark called her, they had a few dates, a few laughs and started a few rumors.

I wonder if Ann was really in love with Steve Hannagan. Even after they called it quits, they were still good friends. (When he came to Hollywood "on business," as he said, she dined with him nearly every night—out of habit?) When you have loved someone madly, you usually hate them just as intensely—for a period, anyway—when it's all over. I think Annie

kept going with Stevie all that time because she just didn't want to bother breaking things up.

Ann had been grateful to Steve, of course, when he unofficially took over the management of her career. He fought with her studio for two years while Annie waited complacently in New York for him to win her career battles. It was only when he finally became too possessive and insisted on where she should live (he wanted her to live in Connecticut and not in New York because, I'm told, he was jealous of the New York playboys), that Annie finally found the necessary energy to come back to Hollywood and lead her own happy-go-lucky, carefree, easygoing life here.

And no one was (Continued on page 74)



Mrs. Eva Granger and her son, Farley. He now has his own apartment, but still brings friends to the old homestead for dinner.

He's not my baby anymore!

by Mrs. Eva Granger

Seen through his
mother's eyes, Farley
Granger's a boy who
finds joy in a
rainstorm, who brings
her flowers—and his
socks to darn.

■ Anything written about Farley Granger, I'm likely to read. Sometimes I love the stories—but sometimes they puzzle me, and I hand the magazine to my husband.

"That's Farley?" I ask unbelievably.

He reads it. Then he says, "Hmmm. . . . Well, I suppose all of us look different to different people. Question of viewpoint. Whoever wrote this—well, that's Farley to him."

"Fair enough. I've got a viewpoint too. Why don't they ask *me* about Farley?"

But when MODERN SCREEN asked me, I didn't feel quite so brash. It's one thing to babble about your child in private, and another to make sense about him in print. "Where'll I *start*?" I asked Dad, slightly panicky.

"Just dive in," he grinned. "You'll come up with something."

I'm taking his advice. If this is a hodgepodge, blame it on both of us. . . .

To me, what makes Farley tick more than anything else is his tremendous zest for life. There's no limit to his enjoyment of the world and its magic. For instance, I remember when he came home from New York where they went to make *Side Street*. He'd seen all the shows. Well, everyone sees the shows, though maybe they don't get as excited as Farley. But that was the least of it. What really steamed him up were the things, a lot of us take for granted.

"I walked around town in the rain and saw those fantastic buildings under lightning and thunder. Boy, what a beautiful sight!" He talks quietly enough, but his eyes blaze and he's like a high-tension wire, giving off sparks. "I got a horse and rode in Central Park. I stood on Brooklyn Bridge, and looked down at the water. I talked to cops. In New York, even the cops are wonderful."

There's another story I'd like to stick in here, for no reason except that it's just as characteristic. You can imagine how he felt—how we all felt—the day Joan Evans' arm was badly burned when Farley accidentally discharged a blank cartridge while on location for *Roseanna McCoy*. It was 8:30 before the doctors said Joan's arm would be all right. After the first burst of relief, Farley thought, "Flowers. She can't wake up in that bare hospital room tomorrow, and not have any flowers!"

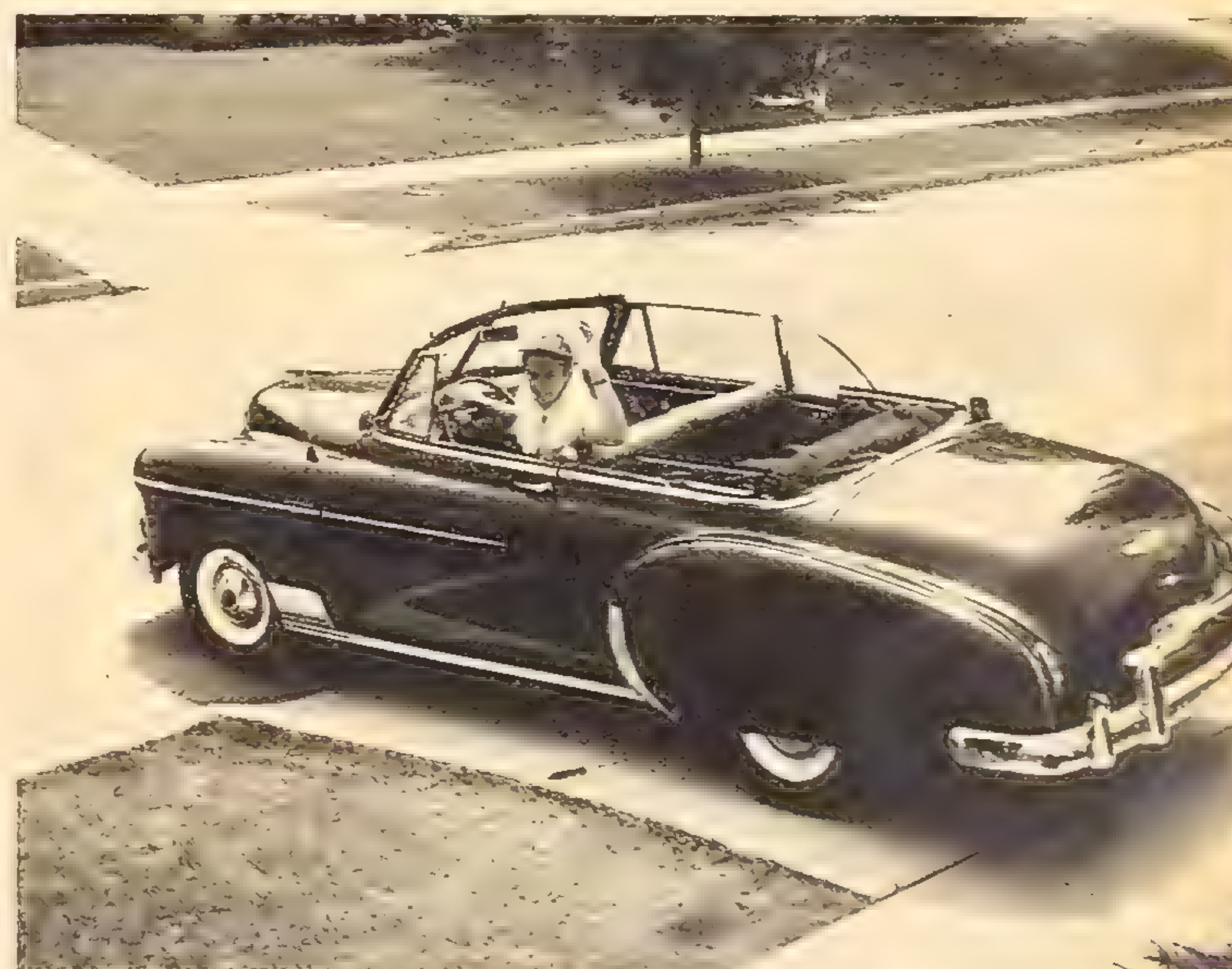
(Continued on page 96)



When Farley Granger makes the bed in his bachelor quarters it may not be thorough, but it's fast. His rooms are filled with books—one of his major passions.



Even before he could afford it, Farley was an avid record-collector—he began with modern music and is now gathering classics. He still sings off key, though.



His shiny black Chevy is one of the joys of Farley's life. He's a few minutes away from his parents' home, no time at all from dates with—say—Shelley Winters.



The hope chest
was filling up and
the piggy bank
was getting heavy.
So Jane Powell and
Geary Steffen thought
it was about time.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

She wants to do

Homework

■ By the time you read this—unless something completely unforeseen happens—Jane Powell will have become Mrs. Geary Steffen. When I saw her, the wedding date—November 5—had been set, she had a rapidly-filling hope chest, a honeymoon piggy bank and there was a shower coming up. She and Geary didn't yet have a house to live in, but that was a mere detail.

"Fields have suddenly opened," said Janie, and her eyes gave off stars.

The fields are for Geary, naturally. She and he have been engaged since January 5th, and he's the one who's held up the wedding. As Sonja Henie's skating partner, he was doing fine. But in Geary's book, you don't get married and leave your wife for weeks while you're on the road. In any case, he'd never intended to make a career of skating.

"You can't," he says. "Ten years from now, your legs won't be so good, and you'll be left with a bunch of nothing."

Strictly speaking, Jane's been ready for marriage almost any time since January 5th. Not Geary. "I won't marry you until I can take care of you."

"But I hate long engagements."

"So do I, honey. Only that's how it's got to be."

It was their one bone of contention. Not that Jane didn't understand his (Continued on page 85)



Jane Powell's wedding presents have really piled up. One of the most thoroughly used will be a cook-book—she loves cooking and plans to do it all herself as Mrs. Geary Steffen.

my plans for

GABLE

by clark gable

This remarkable self-portrait is one of the very few stories ever to be published, in any magazine, under Clark Gable's own by-line. Modern Screen considers it an honor to be able to present such intimate revelations of a great star—by the one who knows him best.

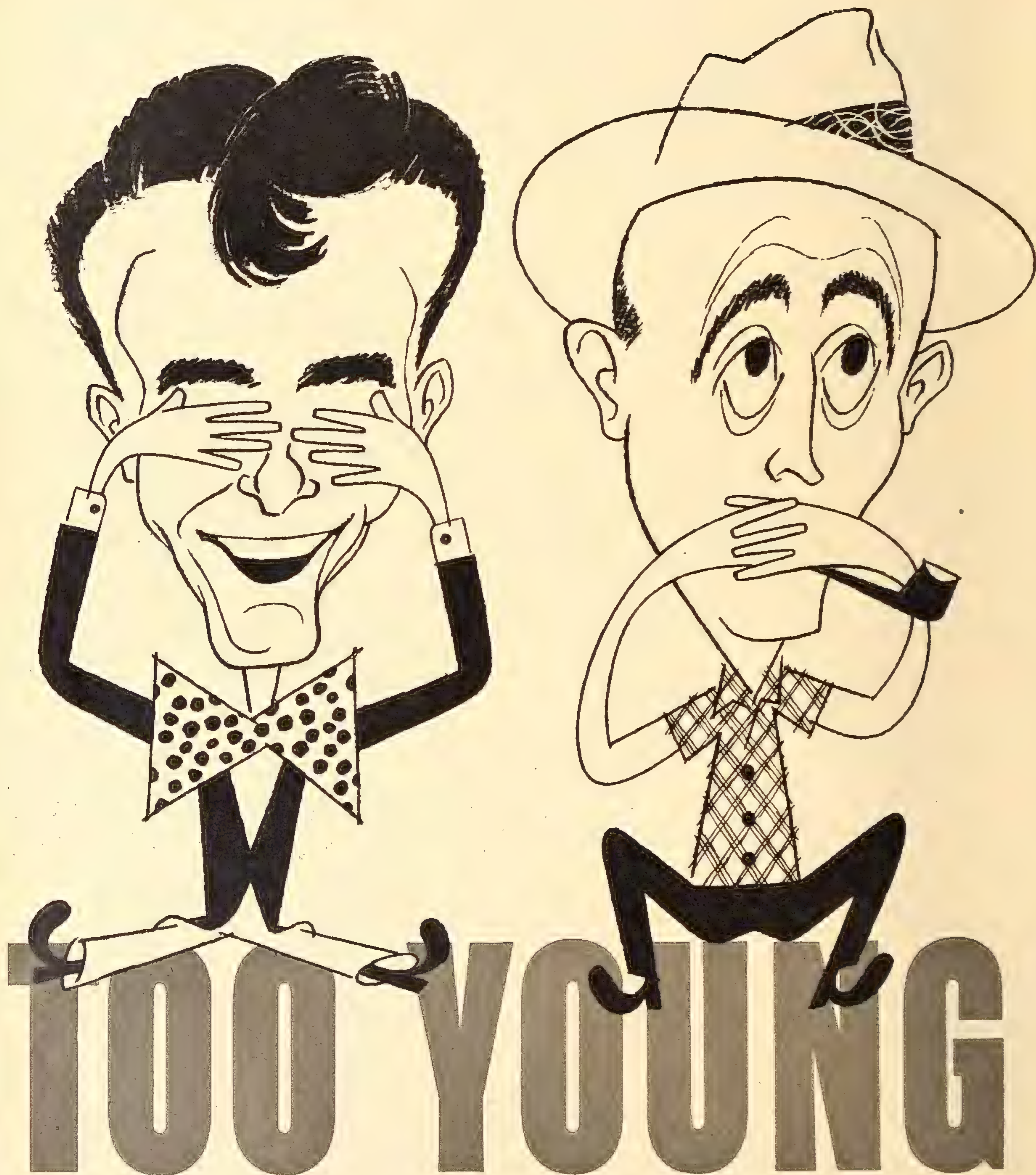
■ There is an extra-sized mountain lion which roams pretty generally through the Sierra Madres in Mexico and is called "La Tigre" by the natives. Some years ago I went hunting for this cat along the border between the states of Sonora and Chihuahua. It is rough country and one evening, weary and hungry, but mostly weary, our party reached a little village that wasn't even named on our map.

It was dark, there was no inn and all the inhabitants had long since gone to bed in the few rude huts that make up the place. I was too tired to take another step and was standing there wondering what to do next when my sleeping bag slipped to the ground from my shoulder. That was all the hint I needed. Kicking the bag up against a adobe wall, I climbed inside and went to sleep right there and then on the street. I learned later that the rest of the group did the same after milling about a little and trying vainly to stir somebody up.

In the morning I was awakened by sharp, cuppy sounds. Barely peeking through my eyelashes in the bright sunlight, I saw that I was surrounded by a ring of Mexican children, all wide-eyed, but all perfectly still and respectful of my sleep. What had aroused me was the clippety-clop of heavily-loaded burros trotting past on the hard, cement-like dirt. Their owners, with hardly a glance for me, were already driving their burros out for the day's work. I looked back at the kids and smiled. Instantly they broke into smiles, like a team. (Continued on page 81)



Crosby and Sinatra, poor guys, are washed up. At least, that's what has been printed about



by Frank Sinatra and Bob Hope

m lately. Here, in their own dialogue, is how Sinatra and Bob Hope view the matter.



TIME: Winter of 1949.

PLACE: North Hollywood: the living room of Bob Hope's rambling Tudor residence. As the curtain rises, Bob is sitting on a sofa with Linda, nine, his oldest daughter. He is in his favorite position, counting money. There's a knock at the door. As Linda rises to answer it, Bob, unmindful of the disturbance, keeps arranging hundred dollar bills into nice, neat piles. Linda opens the door, and Frank Sinatra enters.

LINDA: (*Extending her hand*) Hi!

SINATRA: Hi, Linda! (*He picks the child up and kisses her cheek, then puts her down.*) Your old man around?

LINDA: He sure is. He got a rush call from the White House this morning.

SINATRA: You mean. . . ?

LINDA: Exactly. The Treasury is short on cash.

SINATRA: Do you think he can spare me a few minutes?

LINDA: I think so—if you don't want to borrow any money. . . . Do you?

SINATRA: Not today. You see, Linda, I want to talk to your daddy about Bing Crosby.

LINDA: Well, that's not exactly Daddy's favorite subject, you know.

SINATRA: Yeah, but I'm sort of involved, too.

LINDA: Then, why don't you just go in? I'm on my way out to play. (*She steps out the door.*) So long!

SINATRA: So long, Linda. (*Frank approaches Hope, whose face is barely visible behind three piles of greenbacks.*)

HOPE: (*Without looking up.*) Sounds like Sinatra.

SINATRA: It sure ain't Jane Russell. (*Hope rises, and they shake hands warmly.*)

HOPE: Glad you could drop in, Frank. Things must be slow for you.

SINATRA: Oh, not too slow. I'm up to my ears in radio work.

HOPE: Still in radio, eh?

SINATRA: You sound surprised.

HOPE: Frankly, thin-boy, I am.

SINATRA: On the level?

HOPE: Sure. After all, Frank, you've been around 10 years. That's a long time.

SINATRA: And you, I guess, are what they call a new-comer?

HOPE: Don't feel hurt. After all, I'm just quoting.

SINATRA: Quoting who, Crosby?

HOPE: No! Crosby and you are in the same boat.

SINATRA: What do you mean, same boat?

HOPE: Do you—do you read the magazines?

SINATRA: Sure, I read. (*Continued on page 77*)

hey, look! we're

by reba and bonnie churchill



Rhonda Fleming and Mona Freeman join dancers Marge and Gower Champion in a gag routine.

dancin'!

We all dropped
around just to watch
those sensational
Champions rehearse—
and before we knew
it we were making like
gazelles, ourselves.

THE FINE ART OF DANCING WITH A DUMMY



lady dummy helps Richard Haydn display
his ballroom skill. Mona Freeman tries it, too.

Haydn, with his dummy in the palm of his hand, is a
study in grace. Mona finds the maneuvering harder.

Mona ends up by sitting the whole thing out.
Richard, still going strong, is disdainful.

■ As we were scurrying about the Paramount lot gathering news items, we heard a sound of musical festivity coming from a dance-rehearsal hall. We went right over and looked in.

There in the center of the barn-like room lined with long mirrors and exercise bars, were Marge and Gower Champion, dancing spectacularly to the accompaniment of pianist Dick Pribor. The Champions, Mr. and Mrs. in private life, have recently become the newest dance-team sensation in night-club circles. And following their smash opening at the Mocambo, they had every studio in town pressing fountain pens on them. They signed with Paramount, and had just checked into the lot to start prepping for their appearance with Bing Crosby in *Mr. Music*.

Now they were being observed with awe by a small but select audience consisting of Mona Freeman, Billy De Wolfe, Don and Marion DeFore, Rhonda Fleming and Nancy Olson. All had been lured by the chance to watch this million-dollar entertainment for free.

Naturally, we joined them. Then, every spectator seemed seized with the same idea simultaneously. The Champions were making it seem so simple to swoop and dart with incredible grace about the polished floor that everyone else decided to get in the act.

(Continued on next page)



Bob Hope dreams while the
young lady . . . (Turn page.)



Marge and Gower Champion captivate (from extreme left of circle) Billy De Wolfe, Mona Freeman, Bonnie, Rhonda Fleming, Reba, Nancy Olson, Don and Marion DeFore.



Alan Ladd and Mona Freeman catch on quickly when the sparkling Champions take them in hand. Marge and Gower, who are Mr. and Mrs., will be with Crosby in *Mr. Music*.



Rhonda Fleming quietly reads as Bob years. (See preceding page.)

hey, look! we're dancin'! (continued)

Billy De Wolfe grabbed both of us for partners. "Can't leave one of you sitting while I waltz with the other," explained the gallant fellow, "so I'll just dance with the two of you."

The skill with which he managed to step on all four of our feet at once was remarkable. So we remarked on it. He modestly attributed this talent to the fact that he'd first learned to dance wearing snowshoes. We immediately looked down and were rather surprised to find he wasn't still wearing them.

At this point, in came Richard Haydn, the English comedian-character actor who achieved his ambition to be a director with *Miss Tatlock's Millions* and *Dear Wife*—and now is to direct *Mr. Music*. He looked distastefully about him at some of the unskilled contortions going on and his directorial genius started coming to the fore.

"No, no, no, no!" he admonished. "No! You're all much too stiff. Put your imaginations to work. Let your feet dramatize what your faces are saying, and vice versa."

He darted over to a corner where a pair of dummies, a lady and a gentleman, lay sprawled. Lifting the lady dummy, he embraced her and began to demonstrate. His facial expressions ran a hilarious gamut from super-sophisticated boredom to passionate *amour*, and his feet always seemed to be in the appropriate mood, though don't ask us to describe exactly how.

Mona Freeman then attempted the Haydn technique. She picked up the gentleman dummy and piloted him across the floor. She wound up by hurling him to the floor and sitting lovingly on his lap. "Splendid," said Haydn, "but do try to bear in mind you're not in a wrestling ring."

"My emotions just ran away with me," explained Mona—whose emotions, and those of Billy De Wolfe, will shortly be on view in *Dear Wife*.

Alan Ladd now popped in from the *United States Mail* set. He gazed keenly at Mona's dummy—then went over for a closer look. "I thought so!" he said triumphantly. "This is the fella I drilled in my last picture. See?" And he pointed to a bullet hole in the side of the wooden head.

"Eek!" cried Mona. "I've been dancing with a dead man!"

"That's what girls usually say to me," said Haydn bitterly.

Alan, a dreamy dancer, needed no coaching. While we really do love Billy De Wolfe, we did turn slightly green with envy when Alan twirled across the room in perfect step with Marge Champion.

Nancy Olson, after a mad samba with Gower Champion, decided to sit the next one out. Thanking Billy prettily for his attentions, we plopped down beside her.

(Continued on page 79)



Her world had
come to an end . . .
Then, out of pain
and anguish,
Doris Day found
a deeper happiness.

MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED

by Doris Day

■ It was a sunny spring afternoon about 10 years ago. I felt as frisky as a colt. My home in Cincinnati, Ohio, was filled with my chums.

My mother was visiting a friend in the nearby town of Hamilton. One of my gang suggested, "Why don't we drive over there, pick up your mother and drive her home?"

We started out very gaily—another girl, two boys and myself. It didn't take us long to get to the heart of Hamilton, where railroad tracks cross the main street. Buildings block a view of the tracks on both sides—and none of us saw the train coming.

Suddenly it loomed dead ahead—and our car crashed into it.

I was sitting in back. Instinctively I put out my legs to brace myself. As we struck, the front seat was thrown back and came down on my right shin-bone, smashing it.

My companions, none of whom, miraculously, had been badly hurt, carried me out. A policeman got in touch with my mother. She arrived on the scene just as the ambulance came. She got in beside me—then my consciousness was mercifully blotted out for about 12 hours.

I awoke in a hospital bed with my leg in a cast. (Continued on next page)

THIRD
in a series

MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED (continued)

And for the next few months, I was in a nightmare of pain. I was taken in and out of the hospital several times. One day the doctor said, "Come back on June 19th. We'll take some X-ray pictures to see how your leg is healing."

As the time for the X-ray verdict approached, everyone around me became more and more nervous. I was too young and too optimistic to understand their fears. And then the doctor said, "Doris—I might as well be frank. The leg is not healing properly. Of course, there's still hope that everything will be all right—but there's always the possibility that you'll never be able to walk again."

I looked at him aghast. For a moment, it seemed worse than a death sentence. All my life I had trained to be a professional dancer. At the time of the accident, having just finished a vaudeville tour, I seemed well on the way toward success.

My mother's hand was warm in mine. My mind formed a prayer: "Please, God—don't let me be a cripple."

Then, for more than a year, I was unable to walk. At first I felt bitter about it. But, as I continued my prayers, my mind was

flooded with a strange peace. Until this time I'd had only the most childish philosophy. Now groping for an answer to my problem, I came to have the feeling that there must be a deep purpose behind everything that happens.

Prayer has many facets. Without it, we are apt to think that we ourselves have to bear the entire burden of tragic events. Prayer is not only a reaching out toward a greater force than ourselves; it reminds us that what happens to us in life is planned by a greater Power, a Power that is able to help us bear our burdens.

So I continued to pray that I would be able to adjust myself to whatever happened. I realized that I must accept what had happened and find a way to make this experience mean something in my life.

One way was to do something useful with my time. I'd always sung, but never taken singing lessons. Someone told me of Grace Raine, who'd taught Jane Froman and other famous singers. Now I arranged to take lessons from her.

Fifteen months elapsed between the time of my accident and the day I took my first step. That was the day when my prayer

that I might be saved from becoming a cripple was answered. Meanwhile, those 15 months had seen a change in me from complete bewilderment to a calm acceptance of whatever God had in store for me.

But it was not until several months later that I understood the possible purpose behind what had happened. When I could walk again, I started to sing on a local radio station. One day Barney Rapp, the band leader, heard me and offered me a job with his band. I was on my way to Hollywood.

Out of pain and anguish came the career which has brought me so much happiness and which has, I hope, brought pleasure to others, too. I never would have thought of developing my voice if it had not been for that near-fatal crash.

It may sound Pollyannish to say everything happens for the best, but I believe that from each experience, however difficult and cruel it may seem, we gain something. Always, our fate is in greater hands than our own. In answering my prayer, God gave me not only the power to walk again, but the strength to face whatever might happen to me and a philosophy which has comforted me along the way. THE END

for him

"DIRECTOR" Billfold. Steerhide, hand-colored in Golden West.

\$5.00*

for her

"DIRECTRESS" Billfold, Morocco-grained Goatskin—red, green or black and red.

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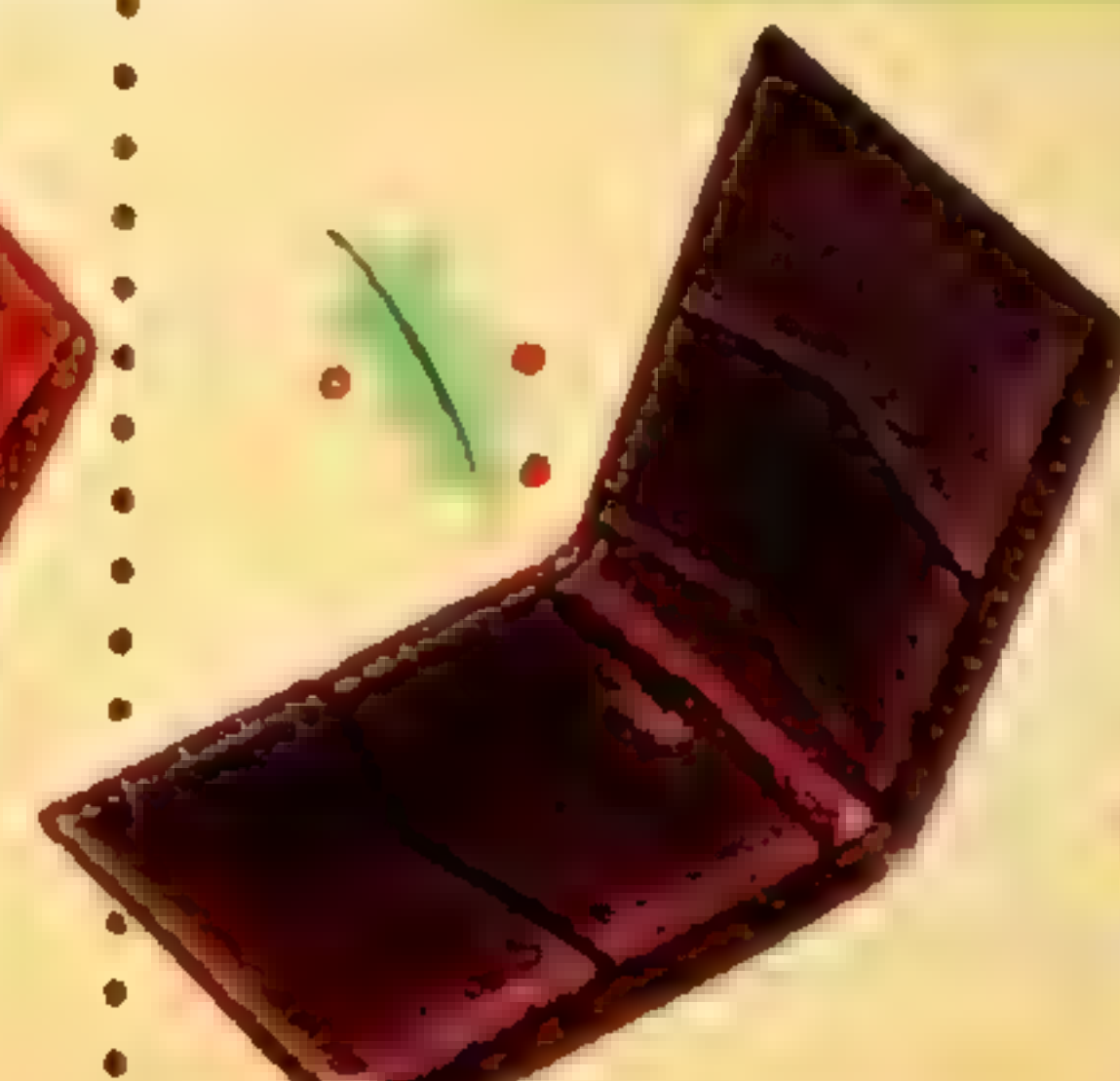
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MEN'S *Tow* fold. Spanish glazed pigskin



"BATTLEGROUND"

VAN JOHNSON STARS IN A GREAT FILM. FOR DETAILS, SEE NEXT PAGES. ►

Picture
of the
Month

BATTLEGROUND (continued)



Having hidden beneath a wrecked jeep when badly wounded in a skirmish, Rodriguez, the Mexican-American GI who loved snow, is found there by his buddies, frozen to death.

■ MGM'S *Battleground* is a film that should be of absorbing interest to every woman whose husband, fiancé, friend or son served in World War II. It is a deeply moving account of men in battle—grim, humorous, honest and inspiring.

The story of an outfit in the famous 101st Airborne Division during its defense of Bastogne, Belgium, *Battleground* succeeds in presenting a wide variety of combat GI types while keeping each one a credible individual. Prominent among the dozen-odd main characters are Holley (Van Johnson), wisecracking "wolf" whose irresponsible surface covers a hard competence; Jarvess (John Hodiak), former small-town newspaper columnist who now looks back cynically on the idealism that led him to enlist; Rodriguez (Ricardo Montalban), Mexican-American from California, cheerful but lonely; Pop (George Murphy), 35-year-old father of five, sweating out final headquarters approval of discharge papers to send him home to his seriously-ill wife; Kinnie (James Kenmore), tough,

Van Johnson, who has had his roving eye on the fulsome charms of Bastogne mademoiselle Denise Darcel, finds Marshall Thompson beating his time



art platoon sergeant; Abner (Jerome
Turtland), lanky young hill-billy, child-
ended, lovable, endlessly loquacious;
Tyton (Marshall Thompson), green re-
placement ignored by the close-knit unit
until he proves himself; Kippton (Douglas
Lawley), a wise guy with a weakness for
sedding his buddies; Hansan (Guy Ander-
son), quiet, bespectacled, analytical Middle-
Westerner, who keeps his thoughts on his
wife and baby.

Through its characters—portrayed by a
cast that is first-rate down to the smallest
role—*Battleground* manages to touch on a
wide, realistic range of Army experience—in-
cluding, of experience common to all branches
of the service.

Here we have the boredom; the hilarity;
the cynicism; the idealism; the fear; the
frustration; the constant griping; the laziness;
the dull, hard manual labor; the wild
rumors; the baffled ignorance of the overall
situation, of just what in Hell headquarters
it's doing; the deep companionship;
the loneliness; the terrible passion and the

cold anger of combat; the stereotyped
wisecracks; the inspired witticisms; the
colorful obscenities of speech—here, of
course, only indicated in half-phrases, but
unmistakably; the dark deals with quarter-
masters for unauthorized gear and chow;
the self-conscious posturing; the modest
self-deprecation; the bitterness; the good
humor—in brief, life in the service.

The siege of Bastogne, a vital Allied rail
center, was the turning point of the last
great enemy counter-offensive on the West-
ern front—the Battle of the Bulge—late in
1944. Reaching Bastogne, the Germans sent
a surrender ultimatum to General Mc-
Auliffe. His reply, which has become
immortal, was "Nuts!" Then, with supplies
almost gone, with even the wounded on
the firing lines, the 101st heroically held
out.

The story of *Battleground* begins when,
with German resistance supposedly crum-
bling on all fronts, "E" Company of the
101st is about to go on long-awaited leave
after months of hard fighting. Suddenly,

orders come to go forward again. Disgusted
and grumbling, they arrive after a long haul
in trucks ("Thought we were *Airborne!*") at
Bastogne. This doesn't look too bad at
first—the house where they're billeted be-
longs to a very good-looking and amiable
dame. But almost immediately they're
sent up to foxholes in the woods. Soon fog
settles down and it begins to snow. The
enemy starts to infiltrate. There are a
number of fierce fights and casualties. Suf-
fering from the cold grows intense. The
surrender demand is served and rejected.
The shelling grows heavier. As the de-
fenders dig in grimly, determined to delay
the German advance until the last possible
moment in a desperate, hopeless stand, there
are shadows on the snow. The fog has
lifted, the shadows are those of massed
C-47's, raining down supplies by parachute.
U. S. tanks and bombers are on the way,
and Bastogne and the 101st—what's left of
it—are saved.

They'll be saying *Battleground* is a film
every American should see. It is indeed.



Try Palmolive's Famous "Beauty Lather" For Something

Thrillingly New!

New Fragrance!
New Charm!
New Allure!

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And proper cleansing with Palmolive is so effective that *all types of skin*—young, old, oily—respond to it quickly. Dull, drab skin looks fresher and brighter—coarse-looking skin finer!

So just do as 36 doctors advised 1285 women, many with complexion problems. Wash your face with Palmolive Soap, massaging for one minute with Palmolive's wonderful "Beauty Lather." Rinse! Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. It's that simple.

Yes, doctors *proved* it could bring 2 out of 3 women lovelier complexions. Get Palmolive Soap and start today!

Get Bath Size Palmolive, too!

All that glitters is not the Christmas tree . . .
 some of the gleam should be you!



■ Most luxurious holiday look—you in brocade, belted in black velvet, punctuated with roses. Shawl collar, tiny-buttoned bodice, flared skirt. Rayon satin brocade. Black, pecan or green. Sizes 9-15.
 By Jerrell Junior . . . \$14.95



■ Most sophisticated holiday look—you in big satin polka dots, with jewel-buttoned black bodice. One piece dress with black tissue faille top; rayon satin skirt in rose, blue, green, amber, ruby, peacock. Sizes 9-15.
 By Jane Juniors . . . \$14.95.

*These Modern Screen Fashions
at The Hecht Company, Washington,
D. C. For how to order,
please turn to page 73.*



Jewelry by Coro. Gloves by Aris.

■ Most elegant holiday look—you in dreamy lace over contrasting rayon taffeta slip . . . romance in the portrait neckline. Brown over gold slip; navy over flesh; black over gold; teal over teal. Sizes 9-15. By Dorris Varnum for Jonathan Logan . . . \$19.95.

■ Most vivid holiday look—you in bright red wool jersey, edged and belted in gold. Very new because it is scoopnecked, has a fan of accordion pleats. Also navy, mauve pink, or winter white. Sizes 10-18. By Jerry Gilden . . . \$16.95.

All that is gift wrapped is not a present . . .
the prettiest package should be you



■ Four leisure lovelies, to wear yourself or to wrap up as gifts. Above, dramatic quilted cotton housecoat in bright purple lined with lilac. Also navy lined with red; or forest green with yellow. Sizes 12-20. A Leisure Life by Wirth-Gold . . . \$8.99

■ Cute trick cookie coat—perfect to give the girl who insists on looking her best, even around the house. It opens flat down the back, wraps around. Puffed cotton with rickrack, in blue, rose, aqua. Sizes 10-18. By Barbette . . . \$4.95.

*These Modern Screen Fashions
at The Hecht Company, Washington,
D. C. For how to order,
please turn to page 73.*



Jacques by Carré. Glasses by Aris.

■ Wraparound designed for smartness-in-the-house, but high fashion enough to go proudly down any street. Wing collar, jut pockets. Opens flat down back, wraps at waist. Black cotton overprinted in rust, green, or lavender; contrasting leaves. Sizes 10-20. By Swirl . . . \$8.95.

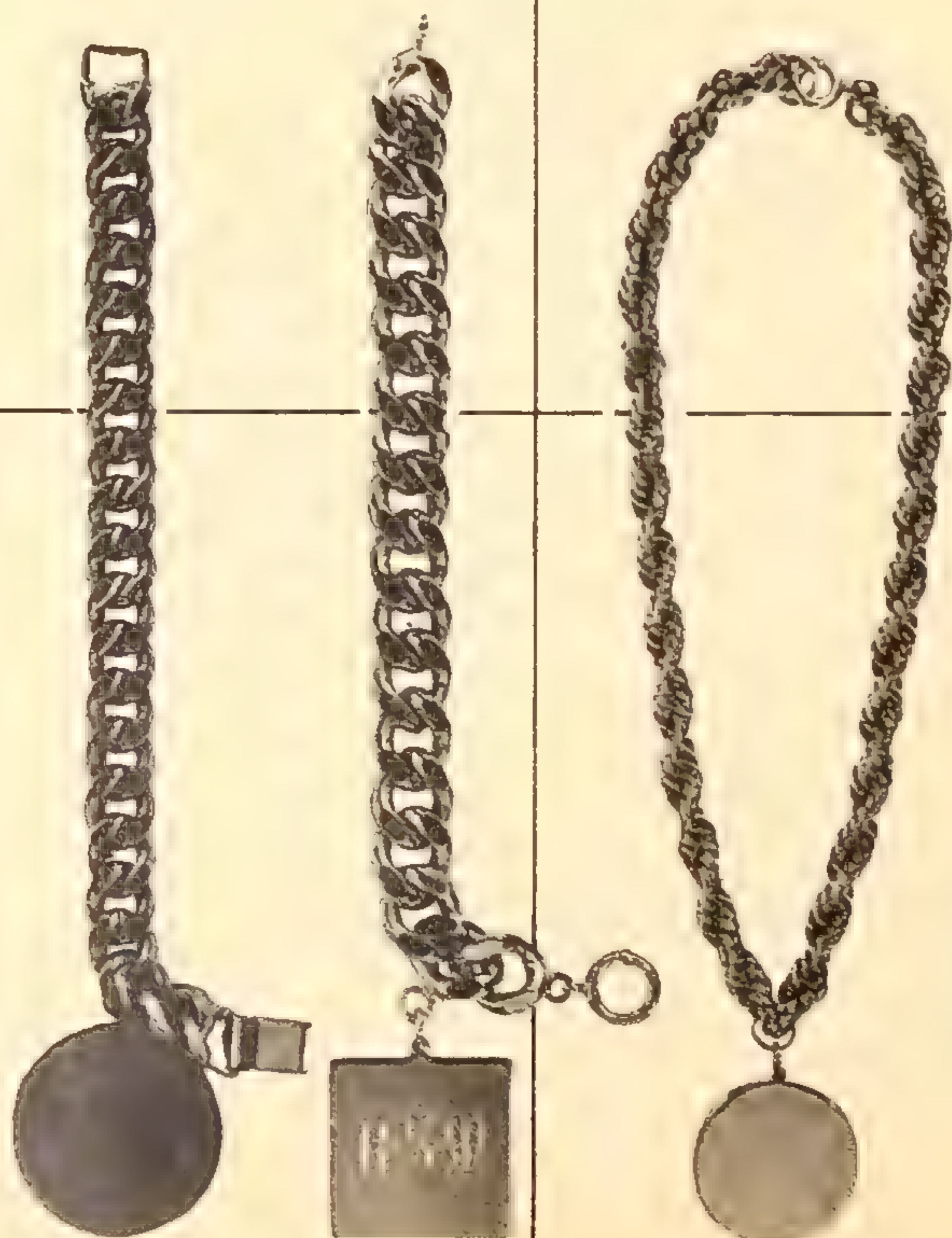
■ Holiday date dress in beige shot with gold metallic threads. Scoop necked, gold belted. Knitted wool jersey. Also in gray with gold. Sizes 10-18. By Henry Rosenfeld . . . \$17.95. Square black velvet bag by Graceline, \$4.95*.

**Plus tax.*

Gifts for her private life



Stocking case—four pockets with zipper compartment. Green, blue, grey, or orchid plastic with contrast lining. By Hush Purses. \$1.



Handsome gold or silver finished necklace, \$2.40. Bracelets: square disk, \$3.60; round disk, \$2.40. Monogrammed free. Tax included. By Coro.



A. Deep plunge bra, for the girl who loves low necklines. Swish white nylon taffeta, edged with nylon net, by Gossard, \$3.50.

B. Pink nylon "Friday" bra, which comes with black satin "Saturday" and white satin "Sunday" bras in Lovable's gift package, opposite page.

C. Mould-and-lift front closing adjustable bra. Rayon satin, \$2.50. Nylon taffeta, \$3. Cotton broadcloth, \$2.50. Reno bra, a Jessie Miller Creation.

D. Pretty plunge bra in nyralon, given a lift by elastic. Delicious shade of blue; plus nude, black, white. By Flexaire, \$2.50.

E. Sweet white nylon taffeta bra, with the famous sculptured cushion and round-and-round stitching. A Peter Pan Merry Go Round, \$3.50.

These Modern Screen fashion gifts
at The Hecht Company, Washington,
D.C. For how to order, please
turn to page 73.



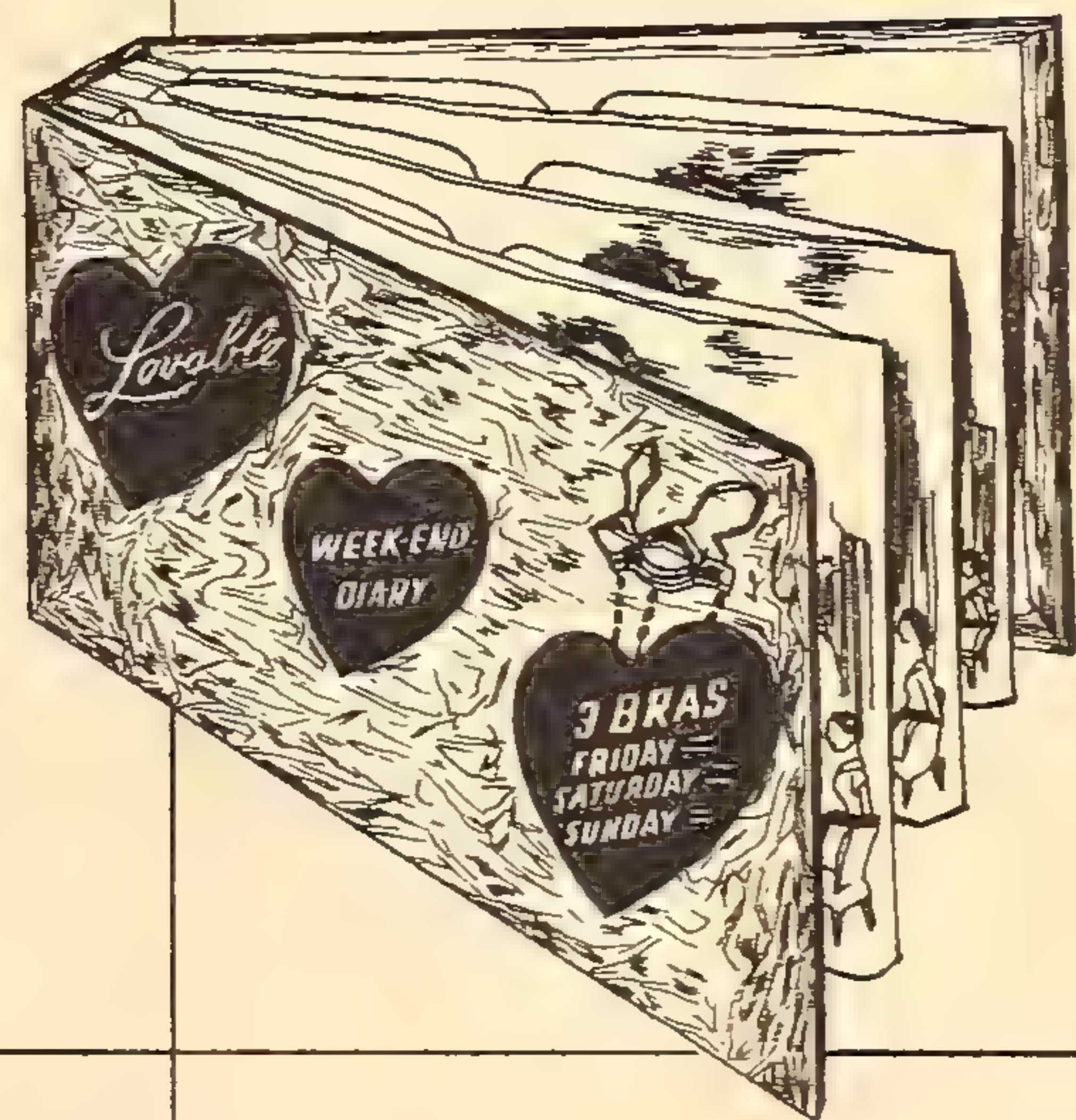
Leopard spotted sling
scuffs for a glamour girl.
Velvety printed fabric.
Sizes 4-10. By Honeybugs, \$2.99.



Black pearl harem half-slip,
knee deep in lace. Also alabaster white,
teak beige, veil pink, mocha or apricot
Rayon crepe. By Seamprufe, \$4.



Corduroy separates by Korday.
Green, rose, maize, powder, beige,
brown. Sizes 10-18. Jacket, \$8.95.
Slacks, \$8.95. Skirt, \$7.95.



Lovable's adorable gift package
of bras. It's a "diary" with 3 pockets
like those in a record album.
Contains 3 bras marked Friday,
Saturday, Sunday. \$3, complete.
(see B opposite page.)

Coats for the busy holidays

*These Modern Screen Fashions
at The Hecht Company, Washington,
D. C. For how to order,
please turn to page 73.*



Earrings by Coro.

■ Do your Christmas shopping early, and look nifty as you go. Tie yourself snugly into a butter-smooth casual coat—flared in back, buttoned at cuff and pocket, defined by a string belt. All wool, with a feel like doeskin. Gray, wine, green, black, beige. Sizes 8-18. By Donnybrook. \$39.95. At The Hecht Company, Washington. For how to order, see page 73.

■ Coat with a beautiful back. Triple-V at shoulder points up full fashionable flare; straight front has slash pockets, is thrice buttoned. All wool in forest green, jet black, wine, gray. Sizes 7-15. By Queenstown, \$29.95. Ostrich bag at left, by Kadin, \$7.95*. Appel bag at right, \$7.95*. At The Hecht Company, Washington. For how to order, see page 73.

**Plus tax.*

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

All the holiday fashions shown in this issue are currently featured at

The Hecht Company
7th & F Streets, N.W.
Washington 4, D. C.

SHINING FUCHSIA DATE DRESS
WORN BY KATHRYN GRAYSON
page 65

Junior Miss Shop, Third Floor

"Some of the Gleam Should be You"
pages 66 and 67

LUXURIOUS BROCADE DRESS

Junior Miss Shop, Third Floor

SOPHISTICATED POLKA DOT DRESS

Junior Miss Shop, Third Floor

ELEGANT LACE DRESS

Junior Miss Shop, Third Floor

VIVID WOOL JERSEY DRESS

Casual Dress Shop, Third Floor

"The Prettiest Package Should be You"
pages 68 and 69

DRAMATIC QUILTED HOUSECOAT

Negligee Department, Third Floor

CUTE TRICK COOKIE COAT

Daytime Dress Department, Third Floor

LEAF-PRINTED WRAPAROUND

Daytime Dress Department, Third Floor

BEIGE AND GOLD DATE DRESS

Casual Dress Shop, Third Floor

"Gifts for Her Private Life"
pages 70 and 71

GIFT BRAS A THROUGH E

Corset Department, Third Floor

STOCKING POCKETTE

Hosiery, Main Floor

MONOGRAMMED JEWELRY

Jewelry, Main Floor

LEOPARD SPOTTED SCUFF

Shoe Department, Third Floor

BLACK GLAMOUR HALF SLIP

Lingerie, Third Floor

CORDUROY SEPARATES

Sportswear Department, Third Floor

"Coats for the Busy Holidays"
page 72

BUTTER-SMOOTH CASUAL COAT

Coat Department, Third Floor

TRIPLE-V FLARED COAT

Coat Department, Third Floor

ALL JEWELRY ON PAGES 66-72

Jewelry Department, Main Floor

ALL GLOVES ON PAGES 66-67

Glove Department, Main Floor

ALL HANDBAGS ON PAGES 69 and 72

Handbag Department, Main Floor

To order by mail, write:

The Hecht Company
7th & F Streets, N.W.
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Seamprufe
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FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18

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Ever wear a

HALF-SIZE* DRESS



You're missing a thrill if you enjoy that average American Half-Size Figure (3 out of every 4 do) and haven't at least tried on a Rite-Fit Half-Size Dress. Five million buy Rite-Fit Half-Size Dresses every year. Why don't you?

At all fine stores or write for name of nearest dealer. Mail orders filled. About \$8

*If you are 5' 5 1/2" or under check your equivalent half-size:

14 1/2 = 16
16 1/2 = 18
18 1/2 = 20
20 1/2 = 22
22 1/2 = 24
24 1/2 = 26

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ANNIE, GET YOUR GUY

(Continued from page 47)

more pleased than her long-time dancing partner, Cesar Romero—who is sort of a male Sheridan inasmuch as he seems to demand nothing of his dates but fun.

It's been my painful experience that if you don't want too much from men, you usually get nothing. If you want to keep him all your own, you have to work hard, or some other female will trot off with him. All you get for sitting back complacently is a complacent pat on the head. That's what Ann gets—and I'm not counting the jewels given her by Hannagan.

And apart from a few genuine pieces, Ann's jewel-box contains mostly costume jewelry, anyway. That's the only phony obsession in Ann's make-up: she loves bright jewels, real or false. Otherwise, she has absolutely no chi-chi, none of the usual feminine coyness. The boys can call her at five minutes of eight in the evening and ask for dinner and she'll go, unless she actually has something else to do. Every other movie queen I know in Hollywood feels insulted—or pretends she is anyway—if called so obviously at the last minute. But not Annie.

always available . . .

That's why Ann is so popular with men-about-town like Bruce Cabot and Pat di Cicco. These boys hate to make dates in advance. They keep themselves wide open right up to the last minute, for the latest and most delicious feminine tidbit they can get. If she fails to materialize, they call Annie. Nine times out of 10 she's available. And they know they won't have to put on a big act for her. They can relax, too. All they have to give Ann are a few jokes. And that's all she gets.

It turns out that Ann didn't love disk-jockey Johnny Grant at all—only his disks. For awhile there, it looked like the beginning of a new big romance. But then Ann and Johnny decided to play their records separately, and she insisted, "we were just casual friends." So I guess Johnny failed in the chief Sheridan requisite—he didn't amuse her.

Her dates with Franchot Tone have me puzzled. Franchot is such an old sober-sides. He takes life very seriously. But perhaps he has a joke book.

When Ann and Cary Grant were in Europe making *I Was A Male War Bride*, there was a fantastic rumor that Cary was also making romantic whoop-de-do with Ann. Fantastic, because Cary is a strict believer in the theory that the girl must do all the chasing. Ann wouldn't even chase her own shadow. Besides, Cary had Betsy Drake with him most of the time. And one of the reasons why women like Ann, too, is because she never tries to offer competition—even conversationally.

I remember a party when Loretta Young was at the same dinner table with Ann and Clark Gable. Loretta talked brilliantly. Ann made no attempt to take the spotlight. In fact, she didn't speak more than half-a-dozen words. She offered nothing—just laughed loudly when Loretta or someone said something amusing.

Ann has never given a big party in her own home. She goes to other parties, but she prefers the more casual atmosphere of night clubs. When she does have people up to her house, it's usually a few of the comparatively small-income people who have worked for her in the studios—such as Martha Giddings, her hairdresser. But even at these soirees, Annie insists on being amused. She arranges for dancers or a Mexican orchestra to appear at midnight and perform until dawn.

Ann loves everything Mexican. She has real enthusiasm for bullfighting, the one sport she chases. Unlike Paulette Goddard who talks only to the famous matadors, Ann prefers the common, every-day bullfighters. She knows them all by their first names and travels all over Mexico to see them in action.

Such effort seems uncharacteristic of easygoing Ann. Her inertia goes way back to when she won a Search for Beauty competition that brought her to Hollywood in 1933. Ann, herself, didn't go to the trouble of sending in her own photograph. A pal did. And if she hadn't been practically carried to Hollywood by the Paramount representatives in Texas, Ann might still be in that great and glorious state, following her planned profession of school-teaching.

When she failed to make the grade in Hollywood in those early \$50-a-week years, Ann lacked the inner motor-power to leave and go home. She stayed on and she married Eddie Norris, a beginner like herself, with a serious-looking pull but with an Irish sense of humor.

Ann finds it hard to resist the Irish brand of humor. The only men who have held her for any time at all have been Irish-Americans—Norris, George Brent and Steve Hannagan.

George Brent likes his girl just to listen and laugh at his stories. So he fell hard for Ann and became her second husband. Then George discovered he had married the entire troupe of Annie's studio pal.

Ann likes these people around because she doesn't have to make any effort with them. Mr. Brent, who had happily believed that life with Ann would be a monologue twosome, found himself standing up as best man at the wedding of his wife's hairdresser. And he resented it bitterly. Ann was just as bitter when Brent finally gave her an ultimatum—she could choose between him and his patrician seclusion or her friends, without him.

Of course Ann will get another man, maybe another husband—but will she keep him? It's hard to imagine that the love parade could pass Annie Sheridan by. But it could—unless she changes her tactics and develops a bit of romantic guile.

You can be humorous and down-to-earth with some men some of the time. But not with all men all the time. And above all, you cannot be lazy in love.

THE END



I WON'T GO STEADY

(Continued from page 39)

I like that. I also like the idea that I can go out with someone else if I want to.

I met Barry Nelson at MGM, where we were both under contract. Lillian Burns, the dramatic coach, had a Friday afternoon group of young contract players. *The Romance of Rosy Ridge* had been my first picture. Before that, I'd never read so much as a line. So I joined the group as soon as I could, and for me it was the greatest thing in the world—the kind of expert training I never could have afforded myself. We'd do scenes from pictures and plays, which Miss Burns and the rest of the group would criticize or praise, as the case might be. It was also a showcase. If a scene was good, some producer would be asked to see it. That's how I got my parts in *Act of Violence* and *Words and Music*.

It happened that Miss Burns asked Barry to do a scene with me. He's a top-notch actor and director, and working with him was just a joy. Pretty soon we were doing scene after scene together. One afternoon we got so wrapped up in rehearsing, we hated to stop.

"Why don't you come to the house for dinner?" asked Barry. "My mother's a wonderful cook, and after dinner we can rehearse on my wire recorder."

From then on till he left for New York, I went out with hardly anyone but Barry—for the good and sufficient reasons that I liked his company, and felt at home with him. He's a quiet person, rather reserved till he gets to know you well, very honest and real, with a great deal of depth and poise and charm. He doesn't care for night-spots, so we didn't go to night-spots. There were plenty of other things to do, and I was happy just doing these things with Barry.

What he loved was taking me places I'd never been before. Which wasn't hard, because I'd practically never been anywhere or seen anything. Before coming to Hollywood, my life had been that of any small-town girl, so everything was new and exciting to me.

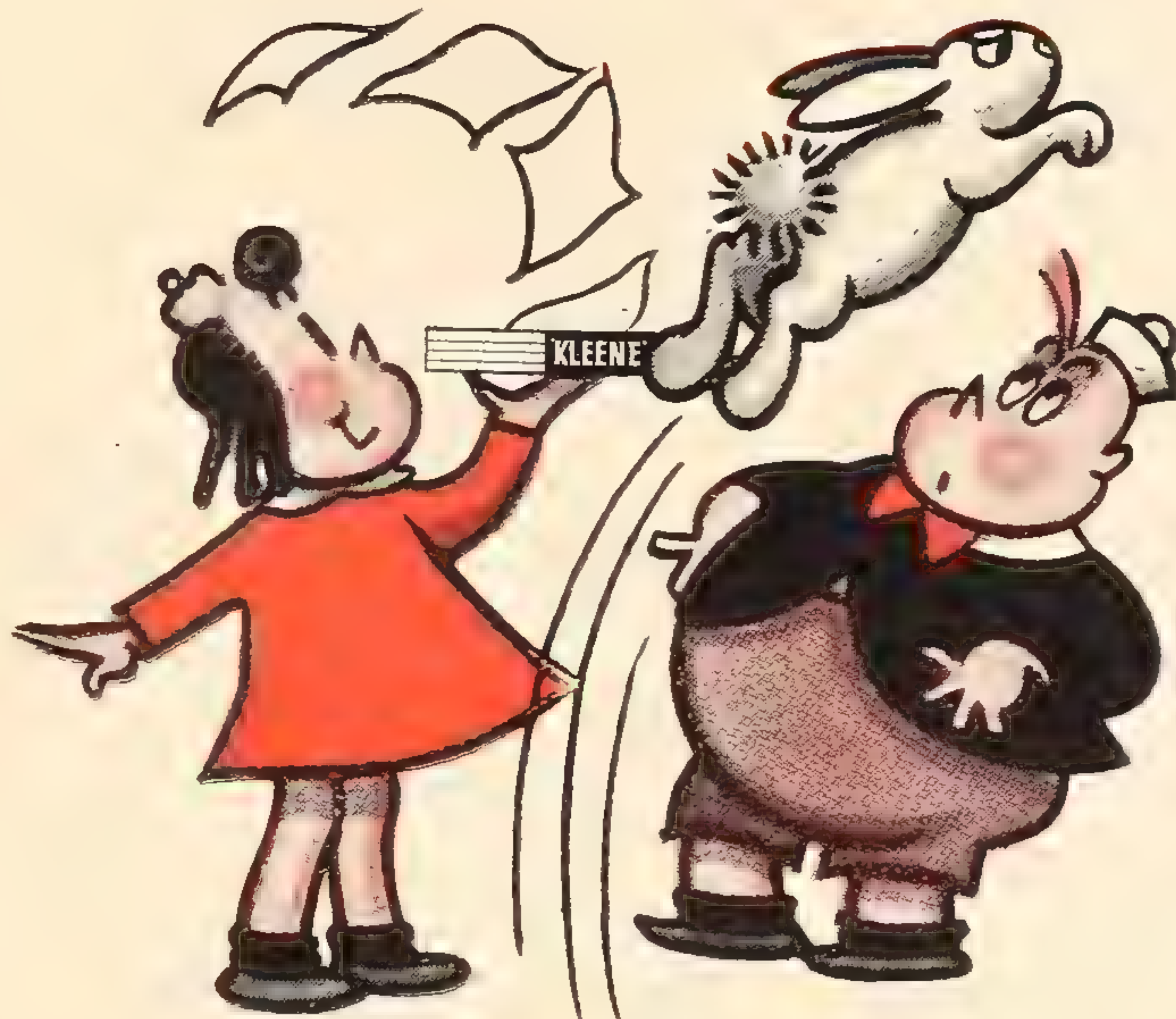
like alikes . . .

Barry's interests range from music to sports, and I shared them all—but one. I was a music student at school, so in that field we talk the same language. Except that he likes classical music a little more than I do, and I like good jazz better than he does. As for sports, I'd always been interested in football at high school and college on account of the kids I knew who played. But Barry introduced me to professional football, and taught me the fine points. Once we drove to Ventura to see an intra-squad game of the Los Angeles Dons. He knew every player on the team, and all their records from A to Z. On the way down he briefed me so thoroughly that I was really able to follow the plays, and know what was going on. Since then, the Dons have been something special with me. I even read the sports page to find out what they're doing.

Boxing, however, I didn't take to at all. When Barry suggested the fights, I was rather reluctant, but finally decided you ought to see anything once. Once turned out to be plenty. A boy got hurt, he was bleeding. I caught the look in his eyes, wild and pained and bewildered, and covered my face and wouldn't look any more. That was my first and last visit to the ring. . . .

All this time, while I was going out with Barry, I did have a few dates with others. As I said before, I dated Barry most be-

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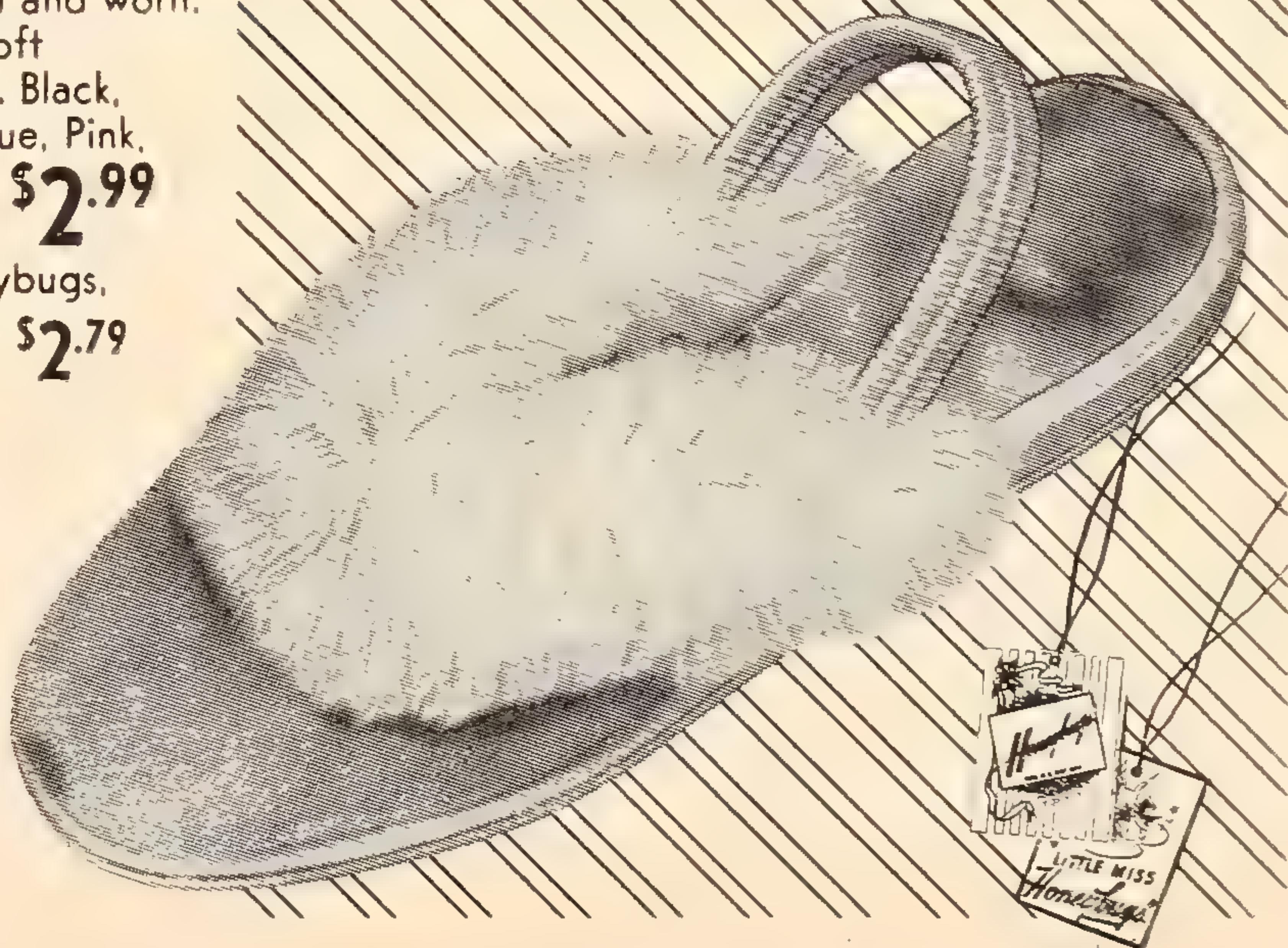
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cause I enjoyed him most—but we weren't going steady in the usual sense of the term. He never pried or questioned or felt that I ought to account to him for my time. I'd just tell him about these other dates as a matter of course, and it didn't change our relationship at all.

Then Moss Hart called him to come to New York for a part in *Light Up the Sky*. I happened to be working on my third picture in a row and, when it was finished, I got some time off. So Barry's mother and I flew East for the opening.

Just the name "New York" was enough to send me higher than a kite, and Barry showed the city to me as only Barry could. All the famous places I'd heard about all my life—now I was seeing them and could hardly believe it. Fifth Avenue and St. Patrick's Cathedral. Times Square. Radio City. Central Park. Maybe it sounds sentimental, but I can't help it—those two hours in Central Park were so beautiful it was sort of like being in church.

Our old friends, the Dons, were playing at Ebbets Field, so we went up there and took the subway back. I had no idea where we were coming out, but Barry had it all planned. We walked up the subway steps at a quarter of six—and there was Times Square, all lit up in the dusk and alive with people. Please try to imagine the effect on a girl from Stockton, because I can't describe it.

miss liberty . . .

But the biggest thrill was to come. "We'll take the Staten Island ferry," Barry said, "and see the skyline of New York." That was good enough for me. I didn't know what else he had up his sleeve till I heard a man say, "Oh look, there's the Statue of Liberty." Barry was so mad, I think he could have biffed the man. He'd been waiting for me to turn around and be rocked on my heels. He thought the surprise was spoiled for me. It wasn't, though. The statue was just beginning to loom into view, and if my heart had pounded any harder, I think it would have burst. . . .

I've told all this to show the kind of person Barry is, and why it's such fun to be with him, and why we're friends. But when you're in Hollywood, you can't go out with someone who's in New York. Like any girl, I wanted to go out. There was no understanding between Barry and me to prevent it, so I dated different boys. After a while, I started going out more with Arthur Loew, Jr.

Just as Barry had opened a whole new world to me, so did Arthur. A different world. Not better, not worse—just different. Basically, the two boys remind me of each other—they're both completely themselves, they both hate anything even slightly phony. In other ways, they differ. Arthur's more of a mixer, so with Arthur I've met more people, which I think has been good for me. I've always been shy, and rather backward about talking to people. But Arthur's so naturally warm and friendly, that he sort of carries you along, and before you know it, you're at ease with a roomful of strangers.

He's full of jokes and wit and the kind of craziness that's so wonderful because it's unself-conscious. At MGM, for instance, all the young players eat at one big table. When you come in, Arthur gives them the high sign, and they stand up and clap and bow you into your seat.

But with all that, Arthur has his very serious side. He's learning every phase of the industry, and he's wise in its ways. I'm naïve about certain things, and he's taught me a lot. His mind is so quick, that just sitting and talking to him is almost more fun than going out. As a matter of fact, all we usually do is have dinner and talk our heads off, since we've both been

working hard, and when I work, I've got to be in bed by 10. Sometimes we eat out, sometimes at his house or mine. Mother's a very good cook, and so's my Dad, who specializes in Chinese food.

He's as kind and thoughtful as he is fun-loving. Somehow he found out I'd never owned a charm bracelet, so he gave me one at the beginning of *The Red Danube*, with a charm representing that picture, which was my eighth. From time to time, he added a charm for each of my previous pictures, then two more for those I've done since. The one for *Christmas Gift*, which I've just finished at RKO, is a little gold Santa Claus.

He calls me Dearie—he calls everyone Dearie—and sends me white flowers for my hair when we step out. Whatever I wear, he says, "My, you look handsome tonight." That's his favorite compliment. It's only lately that I've been able to afford new clothes, so mostly I'd wear out-of-style dresses from my trousseau. This didn't bother me at all. I knew Arthur'd seen lots of people in Adrian creations, and wasn't dating me for the sake of my wardrobe. But I did face a problem when his mother and sister came from Tucson on a visit, and he threw a party for them in the Mocambo Champagne Room. Problem: no cocktail dress. Solution: a formal that went back to my freshman year at college. I'd grown so tired in high school of pinks and blues and yellows, that I simply decided I was going to have one black formal, no matter what. I designed it myself. The material cost \$12, which was a fantastic price for me then, and I had it made, which was also unheard-of in my family.

But if I'd never worn it before—and I'd worn it plenty—it certainly paid off now. I cut it to ankle-length, put horsehair round the bottom of the skirt to make it stick out, and presto! I had a cocktail dress. "My," said Arthur, "you look handsome tonight."

It was a perfect evening in every way. But I think the nicest part of it for me was getting to know his mother and sister Jane. They're such a swell family. . . .

I wouldn't have missed my friendships with Arthur and Barry for anything. Entirely apart from good times, I feel that they've both helped me to develop as a person. But if I'd been going steady with Barry, I'd have missed knowing Arthur. Or else I'd have had to break off with Barry. Either way, I'd have lost something valuable. As it is, they're both my friends. Everything's aboveboard. There's nothing secretive. When Barry's in New York, we write to each other. When he was here last summer, I saw a lot of him. I see other boys too. I do it on purpose in order to maintain that freedom of contact. Barry and Arthur go out with other girls. We all like it that way.

Any good companionship might lead in either direction—toward marriage or away. It depends on feelings and circumstances, which change. Lots of people who think they want to spend their lives together find out to their sorrow later that they were mistaken. You've got to be sure. So, right now—I won't go steady. THE END

The complete screen story of Janet Leigh's current film, *The Doctor and the Girl*, is one of the absorbing features to be found in the December issue of Dell's SCREEN STORIES magazine.

TOO YOUNG TO DIE

(Continued from page 55)

HOPE: I knew you could, no matter *what* they say! . . . Well, haven't you read that stuff about you and Crosby being washed up?

SINATRA: Who wrote it, you?

HOPE: Perish the thought! But only the other day, I picked up an August copy of *Cosmopolitan* magazine and there was an article that said, "Crosby and Sinatra are finished."

SINATRA: Hah! How much did you pay to have it published?

HOPE: No, honestly, it came as a big shock to me.

SINATRA: I can imagine.

HOPE: It so happens that by a strange coincidence I have a copy of the article with me.

SINATRA: Strange coincidence, my neck.

HOPE (*reaches into a back pocket and comes up with the clipping*): I really don't want to read it to you, but if you insist.

SINATRA: Okay, go ahead. Read it.

HOPE: Ah, I just haven't got the heart! After all, you're so thin and weak.

SINATRA: Don't let that worry you, Jumbo. I can take it.

HOPE: "Jumbo"? . . . Okay, it says: "More than two years have passed since it first became apparent that Bing Crosby was beginning to slip. . . ." But I can't go on, Frank.

SINATRA: Never mind, keep going.

HOPE: "Bing . . . the jaunty little man . . . simply does not have it any more."

SINATRA: Keep reading.

HOPE: "There is no one around at the moment who seems capable of taking his distinguished place. Sinatra, for example, has been sounding progressively more inept with each new recording."

enough is enough . . .

SINATRA: That's enough.

HOPE (*continuing*): "He is slipping, too."

SINATRA: Enough, Bob.

HOPE: "The color has gone from his voice."

SINATRA (*jerking the clipping away from Bob and tossing it out the window*): Enough is enough. (*Both men look at each other and then start roaring with laughter which gradually subsides.*)

SINATRA: You'd think Bing and I were public enemies, the way they write about us.

HOPE: It's nothing, Frank. You've got to take it in stride. They've been trying to kill Bing off in print for the past five years.

SINATRA: I wonder why.

HOPE: For the same reason they've been picking on you. You guys make good copy.

SINATRA: Maybe we do. But I'm in my early thirties and Bing is in his forties, and we're too young to die. Why don't they hop on someone older?

HOPE: Like, say, Al Jolson?

SINATRA: What, and put Larry Parks out of a job?

HOPE: Don't worry about Larry. He'll be okay. *He's got talent.*

SINATRA: You mean Betty Garrett?

HOPE: I mean more than that. Larry's not just a crooner like some guy who happened to be born in Hoboken.

SINATRA: I never realized you were a jealous man.

HOPE: Not jealous, kid—just honest.

SINATRA: Well, speaking of honesty—tell me on the level, what do you think of Bing's voice these days?

HOPE: Are you really interested in Crosby's voice?

SINATRA: Bob, I give you my word. If anything should happen to Bing's voice,

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and if people should then go around saying Sinatra had inherited his mantle, I'd . . . I'd . . .

HOPE: Just be heartbroken, wouldn't you?

SINATRA: That word doesn't do me justice.

HOPE: You can say that again. But just to put your mind at ease, scarecrow, let me tell you that Bing is now singing as well as he ever has in his whole life.

SINATRA: Then, why do these wise guys say he's lost some of his witchery?

HOPE: They have reference to his hair.

SINATRA: Maybe so, but it's his voice he sings with.

HOPE: Right. And a man's vocal chords last a long time. Jolson is one example. Ezio Pinza is a second. Crosby is a third. Bing's voice is still good for years and years. Now, what's happened, I think, is that people have gotten accustomed to it. That frog in his throat doesn't surprise them any more. The voice doesn't have the quality of newness it once had, but it's still there. If anything, it's developed. It's got more range and power. . . . I know you're tickled pink to hear all this.

SINATRA: I sure am, because all those things you said also happen to be true of my pipes.

HOPE: You don't say.

SINATRA: I do say.

HOPE: This is no time for modesty. Tell me everything.

SINATRA: Well, Bob, I think it's only human nature to point out small failings and neglect accomplishments.

HOPE: Your wisdom amazes me.

SINATRA: Let me miss one benefit dinner, just one, and the next thing you know, people are going around saying I'm as bad as Crosby. Let me make one bad record, and overnight, I sound like Bing. Same with pictures. One bad one, and they say I've pulled a Crosby.

voice of the people . . .

HOPE: You imply that Bing's name is synonymous with failure?

SINATRA: Your vocabulary amazes me.

HOPE: Well, get yourself de-amazed, thin-frame, and let me tell you a thing or two. One or two whacky critics can write Bing off in print, but (*putting one hand on his chest and pointing dramatically upward with his other*) they can't write him out of the hearts of the public.

SINATRA: Now I'm crying. . . . By "public," no doubt you mean Dixie and the four boys.

HOPE: I mean that one or two magazine writers can say anything they want to about Bing, but just so long as the people like him, that's all that counts.

SINATRA: Hmmm. . . . Speaking of what counts, what've you been doing these past few weeks, besides counting your money?

HOPE: Counting money? Listen, son, I've been keeping the airlines in business this past year. In addition to radio and pictures, I've been playing dates all over the country.

SINATRA: A little rough for a man of your years, isn't it?

HOPE: Ridiculous! Why, I chinned myself this morning. Almost.

SINATRA: Let's face it. There's probably some truth to the rumor.

HOPE: What rumor?

SINATRA: That you plan to retire in a few years.

HOPE: Who started that, you?

SINATRA: You're mistaking me for Crosby. I believe in live and let live.

HOPE: Yeah? For how long?

SINATRA: Well, at least until your kids get big enough to support you.

HOPE: The trouble with you and Bing is that you're scared silly. Ever since I sang "Buttons and Bows" in *Paleface*, you two guys are afraid you'll have some serious

singing competition. And wait'll you hear me in my duet with Rhonda Fleming in *The Great Lover*. Matter of fact, I intend to sing more and more in my pictures. That's a hint, Frankie-boy.

SINATRA: Meaning what?

HOPE: Meaning that maybe you'd better retire while the retiring is good.

SINATRA: Me retire? I'm too young. My whole life lies before me.

HOPE: Well, I guess you *could* struggle along in pictures for a few more years.

SINATRA: It's no struggle. You see, Bob, I'm not like you. I have youth and energy and spirit on my side. Wait until you see *On the Town*.

HOPE: You mean Gene Kelly's picture?

SINATRA: I'm in it, too.

HOPE: A bit, no doubt.

SINATRA: I'm the co-star.

HOPE: They must be desperate at Metro these days. . . . Look, thin-man, what brings you to the Casa Hope, anyway? You want a job or something?

SINATRA: No, Bob, I don't want a job—but I do want some advice. You've been around in the entertainment business a long time and you know most of the angles. If you were Bing or me, what would you do about these articles that keep asking: Is Crosby Finished? and Is Sinatra Finished? You know, this attempt to kill us off in print?

HOPE (*putting on a long white beard*): Son, you and Bing can do one of two things—ignore the stuff altogether, because it's obviously not true and only written to entice the readers; or you can sit down and write an answer to those guys who insist you're finished. "Listen, fellas," you can say, "no one knows better than a singer when his voice is beginning to go. It's the kind of thing you, yourself, feel first, like a headache. You don't need anyone to tell you about it. When it does go," you can say, "I'm retiring. No one has to give me the gong or reel me in with a hook and line. I'm not the kind of guy who deludes himself. When my time is up, I'll accept it graciously. But that time hasn't come yet." That's what you and Bing can say, my boy.

SINATRA: Gee, that sounds great. Why don't we do an article like that together?

HOPE (*removing beard*): Together? I've got a brain, but what can you contribute?

SINATRA: I've got a terrific title, "Too Young To Die."

HOPE: "Too Young To Die," eh? That's not half bad. (*Aside*) Confound the whippersnapper! Why didn't I think of it?

SINATRA: O.K. Let's begin. You repeat what you said a minute ago and I'll copy it down.

HOPE: Relax, boy. The whole thing's already down.

SINATRA: Already written?

HOPE: Don't look now, son, but I've had my wire recorder turned on ever since you stepped into the living room. A voice like yours is still worth preserving.

SINATRA: Gee, thanks, Bob.

HOPE: Think nothing of it, kid. So is mine, so is mine. THE END

SEEING STARS?

Everyone sees stars at one time or another. We see them practically all the time, but we're not qualified—for the \$5 bills, that is. They're for the lucky people whose "I Saw It Happen" anecdotes we print. So, if you've ever had an amusing incident happen to you and a movie star, write it down and send it to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. The anecdote must be true and it must be short. Try for one of our \$5 bills—we've plenty!

HEY, LOOK! WE'RE DANCIN'!

(Continued from page 58)

"At one time I had hopes of being a dancer," sighed Nancy—who'll be Bing's leading lady in *Mr. Music*. "I used to think I was pretty good—until I went to a senior prom at Wauwatosa High in Milwaukee, and right in the middle of a waltz I tripped on my evening dress and fell flat on my face. Whatever yearnings I had to be a Pavlova ended with that little disaster."

Don and Marion DeFore decided to take advantage of the presence of really expert dance instructors and approached Gower—who, with his wife, created and staged the dances for the current New York hit, *Lend an Ear*.

"We've invented a tired two-step," said Don, "and stick to it no matter what the tempo. But we do wish we could rhumba."

"We went dancing on our first date," Marion recalled. "We were off to a bad start until we confessed to each other that we really weren't ballroom artists. Then we happily went to the movies."

champion advice . . .

Gower was a patient instructor—and soon the DeFores were rhumba-ing soundly. Next, Nancy Olson, the Churchills, and even Richard Haydn sought—and received—terpsichorean advice from the Champions. By this time, Mona Freeman and Rhonda Fleming were working out ballet steps on the exercise bars, Billy De Wolfe was dancing with Marge Champion (never, we must admit, tramping on *her* feet once!), and Reba was following Alan's intricate steps.

Then in breezed Bob Hope. He was gussied up in a hunting outfit he wears in *Fancy Pants*—light tan breeches, riding boots, hunter's cap and red jacket.

"Tally-ho, old sports!" he called to everyone. "How about a dance with the king of the ballrooms?" he cried, seizing Rhonda Fleming, his true-love in *The Great Lover*. Looking ecstatic, he whirled her dreamily through a few steps. Rhonda, who'd been studying the picture of a ballet dancer in a magazine, kept right on studying it over the king's shoulder.

"Now you've lived, honey," he said, releasing her. "Well, look, everyone," he announced gaily, "what I really dropped in for was to open up the band-aid concession for this little clambake. Any broken noses? . . . Arms? . . . Legs? . . . No? Well, we'll soon fix *that*. Let me introduce you to my new round dance—it was invented for squares who can't square-dance."

Seated nice and comfy on a chair with his boots propped up against an exercise bar, he started calling out directions for the dance. They would have worked fine if we'd all been equipped with four arms and eight hands.

Just when we were really fouled up and everyone was interlocked octopus-like with everyone, Bob started reversing the directions. Dick Pribor stopped playing his piano and gazed at him sadly. "Now look, Mr. Hope," he said.

Hope eyed us for a moment. Then he said briskly, "Well, guess I'd better get back to the set!"—and with that he departed.

Which was a good cue for everyone else to follow suit—we were all, including the hard-working Champions, bushed.

But personally, the Churchills felt swell. We'd learned half a samba, how to step on your partner's feet gracefully, and how to sail off a dance floor with a flying leap—just what every young girl should know!

THE END

(For ethical reasons, actual doctor not used in this picture.)



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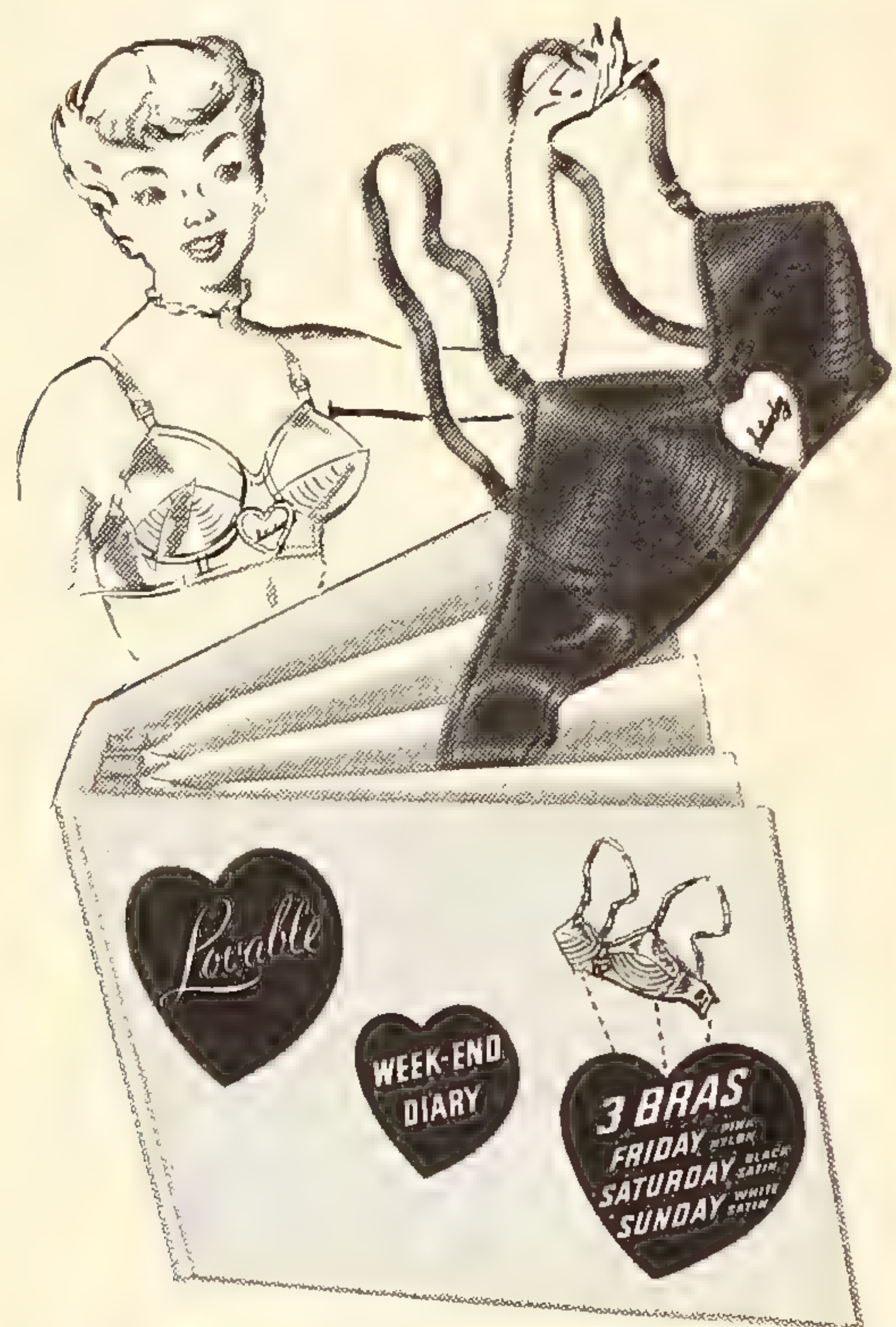
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Sally Forrest outlines lips with a brush.



Then she blots excess lipstick on tissue.



Aren't such results worth the extra effort?

by Carol Carter, beauty editor

Screen beauties can tell you it takes patient practice to learn the art of applying lipstick. Do so and you'll have really pretty lips.

make a pretty mouth

■ A pretty mouth says nice things about you all day long! That means, in addition to having a sweet, contented mouth, you've also taken care to put on your lipstick as cleanly and smartly as possible.

Be sure your lips are dry when you apply the lipstick, or powder your lips to remove any moisture. It's just no go trying to get lip color to adhere smoothly if lips are wet. For that well-defined outline, use a lipstick brush. You'll probably have to practice with it a bit before you're entirely steady. Start with your upper lip and sweep from the center on out to the end of the mouth. On the lower lip you reverse the order—start from the corner of the mouth and brush toward the center. If you want a really competent-looking job, pay careful attention to the corners of the mouth—because if your artistry bogs down there, it will show clearly when you talk and laugh. Fill in the center of your lips with up-and-down strokes that fill in the little grooves in your lips. The present shape of your lips is probably pretty enough, but you can cheat a bit if not. If your lips are too thick, don't use lipstick to the very edge. For too thin or too straight lips, go just a hair's breadth beyond your natural lip line for a fuller effect.

Use lipstick freely. Let it remain undisturbed for a minute or two and then press your lips together on a piece of cleaning tissue to blot up the lush excess. If you want to do an especially good make-up job, powder your lips and repeat the process. This insures lovely lips for hours. Very convenient, too, is a thin film of lipstick fixative—particularly good if you're dining and you want to keep from eating your lipstick.

I'd love to send you a fine chart showing fabric colors and make-up to go with them. Let me know your hair color when you make your request. Address Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, Modern Screen, P.O. Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

MY PLANS FOR GABLE

(Continued from page 52)

Then I closed my eyes and was somehow perfectly content.

I was just another tired traveler as far as the people of this hamlet were concerned. They didn't know me from Adam nor did it make any difference. I was just a man who wanted to sleep, and what could be more natural?

I'm not sure why, but I got a feeling out of that which I have since tried—and almost always unsuccessfully, to recapture many times. Because that would be the perfect life for me when I am not working: to be able to go among people, mix closely with them and be accepted just for myself.

Actually I can't, of course. Now, people don't mob me and tear off my sleeves for souvenirs, or anything like that. They always seem nice and friendly—sort of treat me as an acquaintance. But still—well, I know they're really looking on me as a curiosity, as a movie star.

Not that I'm crying bitter tears about the situation. I worked hard to get where I am, I wanted it, and I am grateful for the way things turned out. But the longing to mingle as just an ordinary citizen is always there and it gets stronger whenever vacation time comes around.

forbidden pleasures . . .

It's vacation time now. By the time you are reading this, I'll have left Hollywood for . . . I'm not just sure where. I know what I'd like to be doing. I'd like to be in Chicago, for instance, just meandering through the Loop or getting all confused finding my way through the maize of aisles in Marshall Field's store on State Street. I'd like to be in New York, caught in the thick of its sidewalk life; maybe trying to force myself through the lunch crowd in the garment section just below Times Square or gawking along Broadway watching the window chefs in the quick-sandwich joints slice away at their monstrous turkeys and hams. There's a stroll I could make up Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, or through Grand Circus Park in Detroit, or winding around with Milk Street in Boston.

All these things I did once—when I was a struggling actor. But they are not for me any more. If I tried it now. . .

Once I saw a Philadelphia policeman heaving and pushing in his efforts to rescue a beautiful movie starlet from an admiring crowd, and, in the midst of the melee, he looked at her and said, "Girlie, you may be a queen in Hollywood but right here in Philadelphia, you're a public nuisance!"

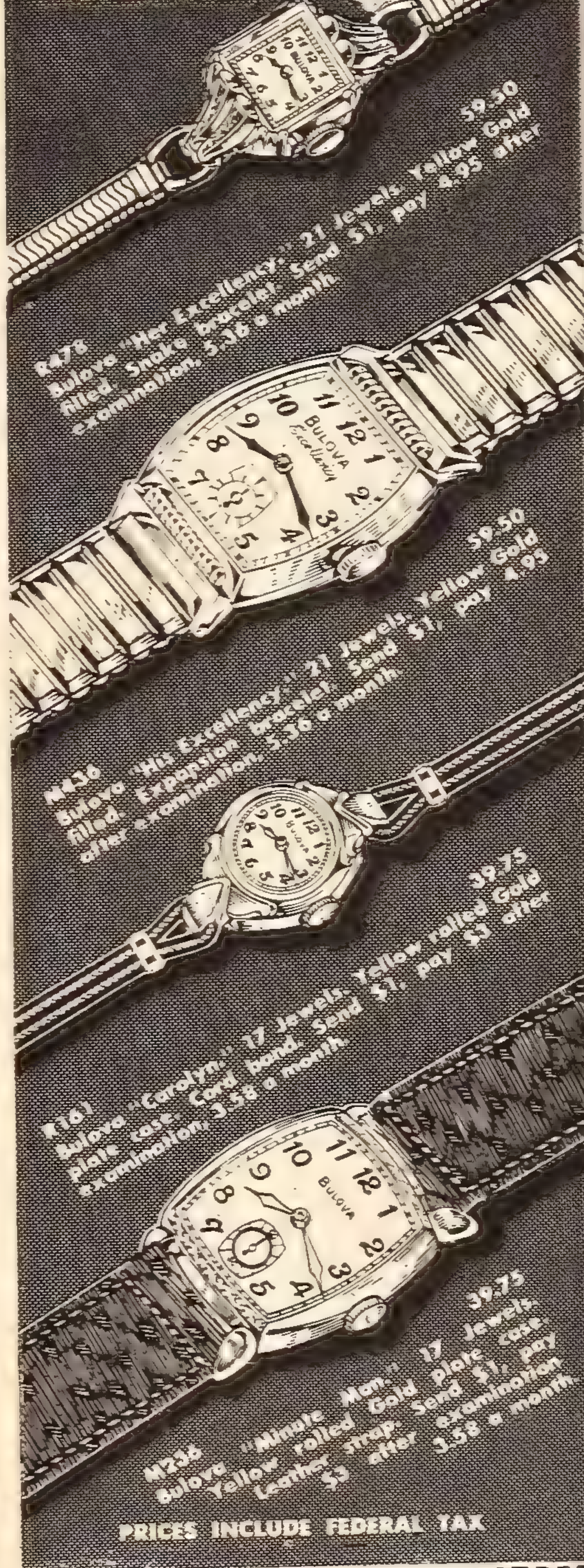
Well, I don't think I'd be a public nuisance. As I say, people on the streets don't mob Clark Gable, movie star, even in the big cities. But let's face it: I do attract that uncomfortably "special" attention.

So—while I'll probably head for New York on my vacation, it will be just to pop out here and there along Times Square to catch the shows, and then pop back to more secluded surroundings again. I may go to Europe afterward. Last time I was there I bought a little car and started to drive it through the country. My trip didn't go on very long because I had to call it off abruptly to return to California when my father died suddenly.

But it was enjoyable, if short. Only once was I recognized when I left Paris. The innkeeper of a little place along the road where I stopped for lunch asked me



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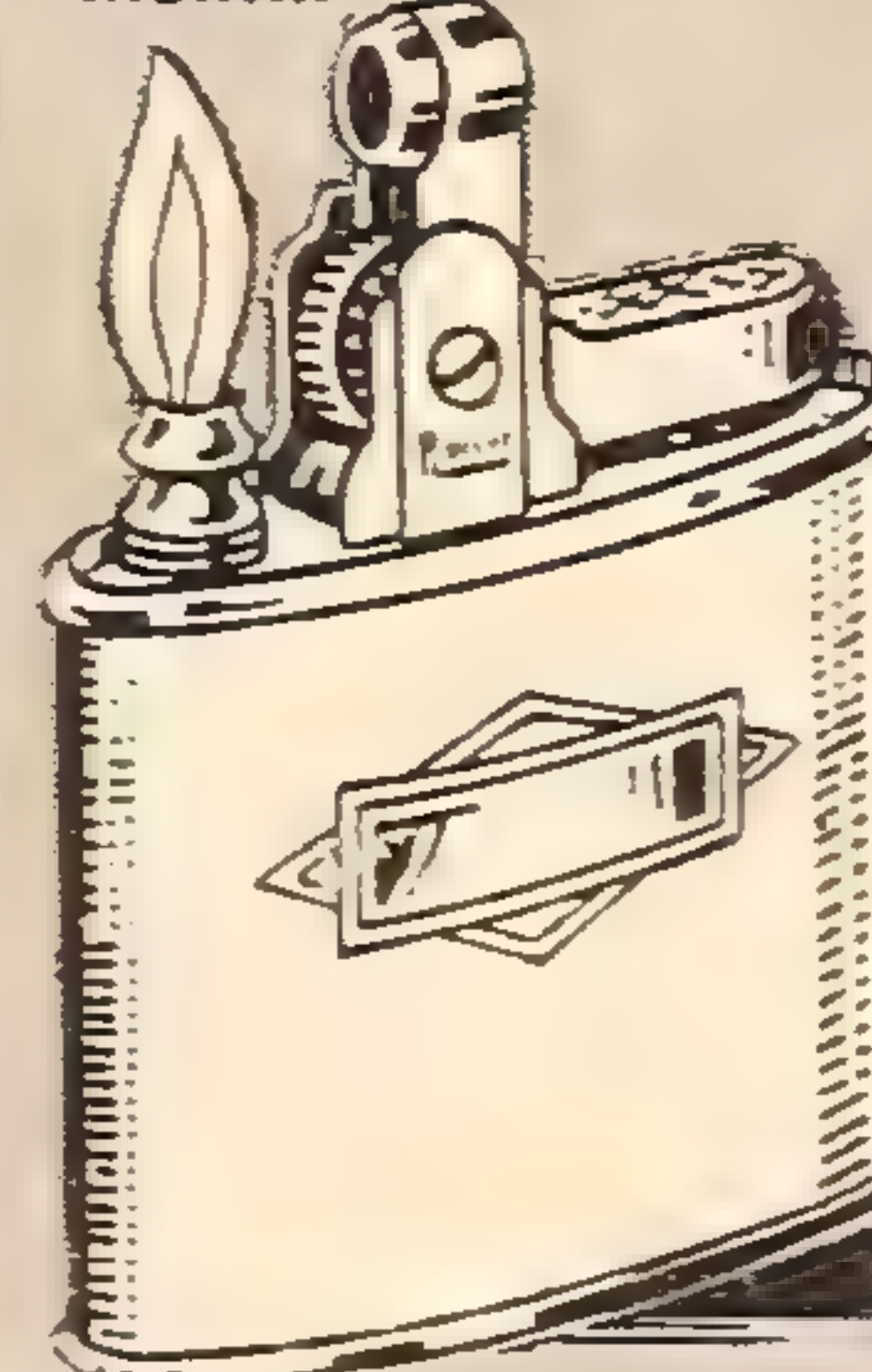
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in painful English if I was not Clark Gable. When I nodded he cried, "Ah-h-h! Then it ees possible you can be of inform to me!"

I said I'd be glad to be "of inform." What was it he wanted to know?

"I want to know about 'skeep it,'" he declared. "I have seen many of your pictures and many times you say this phrase, 'skeep it'. What does it mean, 'skeep it'?"

I tried to explain. I told him that "skip it" literally meant sort of "jump over" something, but, in conversation, really meant to forget some subject or deed and go on to another.

"Oui! Oui! I unnerstand!" he exclaimed. "Eet is the same then as in the English pictures when they say 'op it', no?"

"Oh, no!" I said. And then I tried to explain the difference. All through the meal I tried to make it clear, but it was no use. In the end I decided that the only thing to do was to skip it. So I 'opped it.

Well, if I don't go to Europe this time, probably to tour the provinces of France, then I may head west again from New York for my Rogue River place in Oregon and some fishing. I'll drive up there, avoiding the bigger cities en route, as usual, and stopping at motels. As a matter of fact, though I have a 47-acre place on the Rogue, I generally stop at a motel near there which is owned by a friend. It's simpler that way. More mobility. I can throw my golf clubs in the car and leave at a moment's notice for deep-sea fishing at Guaymas, Mexico, for instance—where, though I am a stubborn Dutchman, I have many times met my match, and more than my match, in marlin and sailfish.

beginner's luck . . .

On one of my earliest attempts to catch marlin, I was accompanied by Jack Conway, the director, and another friend, A. T. Jergens. As soon as I got a bite I started to pull in violently and they both yelled out in alarm.

"You'll break the line!" Jack cried. "You've got to take it easy with marlin. Slow and easy. Play him."

But, as I say, I am stubborn. I did it my way. I fought. And at the end of the day I had caught three marlin, Jack had had three on the line and lost them all, and Jergens lost two. They both claimed that no one in deep-sea fishing history had ever caught a marlin my way before and that it could be accounted for only by the fact that my unethical yanking had simply confused the unfortunate fish into giving in!

But it never happened that way again. I learned to follow Jack's advice. "Just keep a light but steady pressure on the line," he would say. "Like a woman after a man." I'm sure I don't know just what he means by this, but I did it anyway.

Well, on my vacation I may fish, I'll play golf, but I won't hunt. I won't hunt because somehow I have lost my taste for it, especially for deer hunting. The last time I hunted deer was at Kanab, Utah. I had my rifle to my shoulder and a fine bead on a deer when it suddenly came over me that I couldn't pull the trigger.

I let my rifle drop and the guide with me looked astonished.

"What's the matter, buck fever?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I just changed my mind."

The truth was that the deer looked too beautiful, standing there, for me to drop him and spoil the picture. I'm not trying to propagandize about hunting. Every man to his own taste. It just so happens

that since that time, shooting a deer has become for me no more sporting than going out and shooting the old family cow.

The story got around and I was kidded about it that night when I attended a square dance, my first, at the schoolhouse in Kanab. There was cornmeal on the floor, dust in the air, and a hundred people I had never met before swirling around the place. I did everything wrong, had every girl I partnered with, giggling at my ineptitude—and I ended up having one of the best times I ever had in my life.

(It was also just as well that I had decided to quit hunting. The next morning I was so stiff I could hardly walk, 'let alone stalk a deer.)

For hunting thrills I have substituted golfing thrills. Landing a ball on a tough green, clearing some nasty traps on the way, is as satisfying as sending a bullet under a deer's shoulder—or at least it will do for me. And a few weeks ago it more than did for me when I was playing Bel Air and couldn't find my ball after apparently hitting a spoon shot straight from the tee to the green. No, the ball wasn't lost. It had come straight down into the cup, tearing a piece of earth the size of a half dollar off the lip and jamming itself tight between the pin and the side of the cup—for a flying hole in one. Incidentally, it happened to be the 13th hole.

With all this traveling that I do, and plan to do ahead, it may seem to a lot of people that mine is a restless soul. I wouldn't know. Everybody's life falls into a pattern, sooner or later, and that is the pattern of mine right now. It wasn't always like this.

There certainly was a time in my life when I really came close to being quite the fireside boy. . . .

Today, when I'm working in Hollywood, I'm still a homebody. Unless there is a special occasion involved I drive straight home from work, have my dinner, read and go to bed. If I go out at all it is on a weekend. Any time you read an item about my being seen in a night club you can pretty well bet it was on a Saturday night.

When the picture I am working on is over and done with, I can't stay put any longer and I'm off.

Why? Why not stick home? I don't know. Iron bars do not a prison make, as the old saying goes, and my trouble may be that neither does brick or wood make a home. It just makes a house. There's a difference.

Oh, I know what the difference is all right. Maybe I'll meet up with her some day. Maybe that's what all this traveling is about. A man can never tell.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



At a recent broadcast on the Ford Theater, I saw Ida Lupino giving many autographs directly from the stage. One smart boy kept repeating, "That's not Ida Lupino; that's her double. You don't

think she would sit there and sign autographs." Miss Lupino finally turned to the boy and said, "Sonny, don't tell anyone, but I'm really Ingrid Bergman in disguise."

Lillian Rudolph
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

SO PROUDLY SHE HAILS

(Continued from page 14)

mother on this subject. Her mother had advised two places Greta might safely go with any man she met on her tour. Greta decided to follow her mother's advice.

"I would like to go to the zoo or to the museum," she replied. Gregory's reaction is not on record.

At any rate, there's a fine zoo in Forest Park in St. Louis, and that's where they went. As they wandered about, Gregory observed that he couldn't quite place the slight accent she sometimes showed.

"I am a Finn," she said. "And you?"

"I am an American Indian," replied Gregory, making joke. But Greta believed him.

"Really?" she asked, seriously. "You know, I can see it." And that night she wrote home to her mother, "I have met the nicest Indian."

Since the letter was postmarked from St. Louis, which is pretty far west when you've never been further west than Jersey City, her mother answered quickly, requesting full details on appearance, social manner and tribal customs.

This "Indian" was a hard-working man, Greta soon learned. (She'd already learned that Greg, while he'd get red pretty easily, was no redskin.) Though he had but two lines to speak in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, he was determined that these lines should be given perfectly. A number of times Greta found him alone in the theater, standing on the stage and working on the pitch of his voice. He was not embarrassed at being discovered. Instead, he put her to work to help him.

"Stand at the back of the house and tell me how it sounds," he would ask.

Greta would listen. Gregory would speak a few words, call out for a verdict, and then Greta would report on his delivery.

man proposes . . .

It was about this time that Greta, getting wise to the ways of the theatrical world, happened to ask Greg a question that led to some surprising repartee.

"What is your *real* name?" she wanted to know one day.

"Why, Gregory Peck," he told her.

"You mean—you haven't got a made-up name like all the actors?" she asked.

"No," he said. "There's nothing wrong with using a stage name, but I've always been Gregory Peck."

"Honestly?" she asked.

"Listen," he said. "If we were to be married, your name would be Peck. Mrs. Gregory Peck."

Greta blushed. "Oh, that is not why I asked!" she exclaimed.

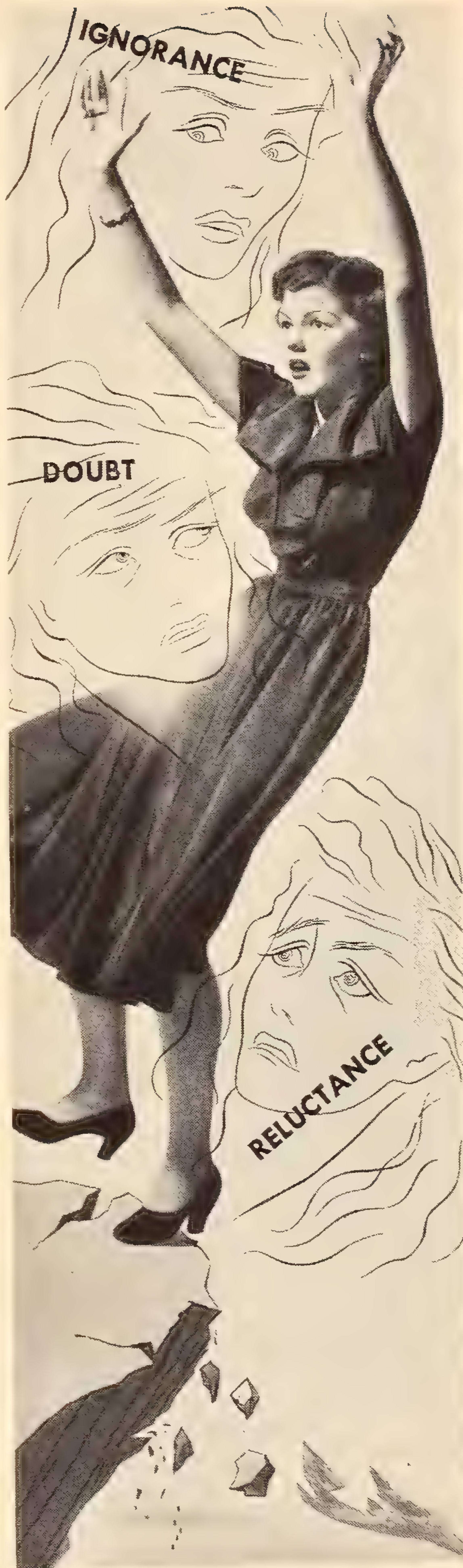
"Of course not," he assured her. "But that's why I'm telling you."

She didn't quite get the full significance of his casual explanation until much later in the tour, when they reached San Francisco. Here she found herself meeting Gregory's mother, Mrs. Bernice Maysuch, and later his father, who drove up to Los Angeles from San Diego to see them.

She had a sense then that something interesting was about to happen—and, as she wrote her mother, "all of this just from asking a simple little question!"

And so Greta Rice became Mrs. Gregory Peck, and then she became a mother—but not yet a citizen. Her two brothers and a sister had become citizens. Her son, and then another son, were born into citizenship. But Greta was still an alien.

A resident of the United States since the age of four, Greta, as might be said of



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many persons, was not a very nationalistic girl when she was younger. Born in Helsinki, Finland, but raised mostly in America (New York and Jersey City, to be exact), she was more interested in growing up than in which country this process was taking place. When her mother became an American citizen, Greta just never got around to following suit.

But in 1939, on a world cruise in an American ship, she was rudely awakened to the facts of 20th century existence. The ship was anchored off Danzig in the Polish corridor when Hitler chose that day to invade Poland. Greta and her mother were sightseeing in town when the news came. Her mother paled.

"We must get back to the ship immediately," she said.

"Why?" asked Greta, unworriedly. "Do you think they'll stop you, Mother?"

"Not me, you!" replied her mother. "I am an American citizen. They must let me proceed. But you have no such protection. You might never get back to the United States."

what america means . . .

In that moment, the full realization of what America meant, the freedom of life she had accepted so casually, hit Greta between the eyes. She fairly raced back to the ship with her mother, and never got off until it docked in New York.

Now was her chance to get busy on the project of becoming a full-fledged American. Yet—she didn't. There were two reasons. One was the dismay with which she contemplated going into court and answering the manifold questions about the country's system of government. The other was an old-fashioned feeling that, anyway, her principal destiny was marriage, and that at the proper time her husband would in some way or another take care of such matters for her.

Well, that husband turned out to be Gregory Peck. "Look, dearest," he would say from time to time. "Maybe it's time something was done about getting you naturalized."

"But the examination," she would protest. "What if I fail it?"

"Oh, there's nothing to it," he would say with the off-hand dismissal of such matters that is so typical of the native American. "They'll just ask about the form of government—who your congressman is, and all that."

"Who is our congressman?" she asked once.

"Why—uh—there's a book you can get on that," he replied.

But it wasn't until after a half-thwarted West Indies vacation that Greta actually did something about becoming an American.

What decided her occurred not so long ago in the airport office at Key West, Florida. After a vacation trip with Greg to Nassau and Bimini, for which Greta had obtained re-entry permits from the immigration bureau, she had been denied permission to visit Cuba and Haiti unless she got new permits. She and Greg hadn't found out about it until they were about to board the plane for Havana.

"This is ridiculous," Greg said to her. "This has got to stop. You know I'm supposed to go to Italy to make *Quo Vadis*. Darling, unless you get your citizenship, you're not going with me. I'll go alone."

That did it. Greta decided that she was still too new a wife to undergo those months-long "on location" separations.

"I'll do it, I'll do it!" she frowned. "I'll go to school and I'll make a perfect mark on that examination, you'll see!"

And so it was, that shortly after their return to Hollywood, Greta went to the Beverly Hills High School and enrolled in a

night class on citizenship. At the end of her four-month course, she nervously told Greg she thought she was ready.

"Great!" said Greg. "I'll take you down."

Greg drove. Greta kept her nose in the book until the very second they got before the naturalization examiner.

She was prepared to answer hundreds of questions—but had to answer only four! She just couldn't stand it. Here she had a head crammed full of national, state and civic facts and nobody wanted them. She tried to suppress them but they kept tumbling out unbidden and she was well launched into a dissertation on the various branches of government, plus their general, specific, and even possible functions, until finally the examiner begged off with a laugh.

"It's all right, it's all right," he said. "I know how you feel. In fact, I'd bet that right now you know more about the United States than your husband."

Greg grinned and hastily changed the subject. When they left, however, poor Greta still couldn't restrain herself. All the way back home, she insisted on explaining to Greg the method of apportioning congressional districts in the country. She had been so long soaking in the stuff it seemed criminal not to be able to tell it to someone. (And, as it happened, Greg found it quite interesting!)

But she was not yet a citizen. A formal card of notification was to be sent to her and then, bringing the card with her, she would be permitted to take the oath of citizenship with a group of other aspirants in federal court. The card finally arrived and again she and Greg drove down.

He left her at the courtroom door with the others who were to be sworn in that day and went back to the visitors' area to watch the ceremony. After a while he saw the group file in and heard them chant their allegiance. He hurried out to the hall ahead of them—only to find Greta already waiting there and practically in tears.

"What—what are you doing out here?" he asked. "I thought I just saw you in there."

"Not me!" she cried. "I wasn't in the courtroom! I forgot to bring my notification card and they wouldn't let me take the oath without it!"

citizen peck . . .

Not until two weeks after that did Greta officially become an American. Greg was unable to accompany her this time. But he made certain that she'd be there in plenty of time to cope with any hitches. Not far from the Pecks lives a lady with a reputation for getting to any important event two hours ahead of time—Mrs. Ollie Carey, widow of the beloved Harry Carey. Greg left Greta in Mrs. Carey's charge and that did the trick.

When Greta got back home she found a wire from Greg. "Congratulations to the country's newest American," it read. But Greta wasn't the newest one very long. She did herself out of the honor soon afterward by contributing a brand-new citizen to the country—Carey Paul Peck, her third son.

Some weeks later, the Pecks had a dinner party at their home, with a group of brilliant people present. The conversation turned to presidential elections and then struck a snag because none of the guests could correctly explain the electoral system of voting.

"Just a moment," interposed Gregory. "We happen to have a political expert present." And he turned to his wife.

"Greta?"

Mrs. Greta Peck, formerly Greta Rice of Helsinki, Finland, smiled.

"Of course," she said.

And she told them. Right from the book, too!

THE END

SHE WANTS TO DO HOMEWORK

(Continued from page 51)

position, and respect him the more for it. But waiting was hard on them both, and in the end she wrung a concession from him. His idea had been to delay the marriage till he could take over full financial responsibility.

"That's not fair," wailed Jane. "No man of 25 makes as much as movie people unless they've inherited money, which you haven't and won't. Can't you pretend I'm a secretary and support me like one?"

He finally agreed that she might have a point there. They worked out an economic program acceptable to Geary. Jane agreed to be patient till he found something that would offer a solid foothold for the future.

Her father gave her the beautiful maple hope-chest for her birthday last April. First thing to go into it was an exquisite cup from Czechoslovakia, sent by Geary's aunt. One gift that moved Jane almost to tears came from a fan.

"I bought these," wrote the fan, "when I first heard you were engaged, and I've moved them around so much that they worry me. So I'd like you to have them before they get broken."

Jane and Geary opened the box together, and brought out a set of dishes in a Christmas tree pattern, with little dolls underneath the trees. Jane went out of her mind. Geary said, "Hey, you know who's gonna fall for these? Our kids."

His own contributions to the chest were more practical. As Jane gets carried away in antique shops, Geary gets carried away in war-surplus stores. The difference is that in one place you only look, in the other you buy. Geary collected such items as paring-knives, shoe-racks and what his bride-to-be called "similar trinkets." (They may be gadgets to you, but to her they're trinkets.) One day he showed up with, of all things, a back-scratcher.

The hope-chest also contained some little wrap-arounds that Jane crocheted herself. "Superstitious people think it's bad luck to have baby clothes in a hope chest," said Jane. "I'm not superstitious."

Janet Leigh, Liz Taylor and Marna Harbert, who's married to one of the boys at the MGM office, were planning a linen shower for Jane at Marna's house. Jane was hoping they'll find out by the grapevine or telepathy or something that, for bathroom towels, she thinks there's nothing like maroon.

Then there's Arabella, the piggy bank. Geary lugged her in one day—Arabella's at least a foot long—and placed her on the table. "That's for our honeymoon."

All their loose change went into Arabella.

bargain hunter . . .

She calls Geary just Geary, for she can't stand coy pet names. There's something about them that drives her crazy. She loves to tag along when he goes shopping for clothes. He *doesn't* love it, but puts up with it when he must, and sneaks out on her if he can. She consoles herself by browsing in men's shops, looking at things she'd like Geary to have. As a rule she doesn't buy them, because it's not sensible to buy a man clothes except for birthdays and Christmas. Being an individualist, she makes another exception. If it's on sale, she'll buy it. She'd buy anything on sale, including a white elephant.

She knits for him too—sweaters and argyle socks. Into the first pair of argyles went her life's blood, what with tangling, ripping and starting all over again. They turned out sort of bumpy, but they did resemble socks in a far-off way,

so she blocked them and hung them on the line—and the dog got them. "Never again," vowed Jane. (Two days later she was making with the bobbins again.)

Domestically speaking, Geary's snagged himself a prize. There's no part of home-making that Janie doesn't take to. Egged on by Ann Sothern, she's putting her eyes out now over needlepoint. She designs her own clothes, and sews many of them herself. As for cooking, she's been a natural from the age of six, when she shoved her first batch of cookies into the oven. To her, a kitchen range can be as thrilling as a song. She doesn't think it's cute for a girl to say, "I can't boil water." She thinks it's unfair to husbands. Her main problem will differ from that of most. She wants one only for when she's working. Otherwise, she'll take over the kitchen herself. Nobody else can cook when Jane's around.

Geary's one husband who'll be not only well, but temptingly fed. To that end, Jane started another scrapbook which holds only such recipes as she's tried out on him. On the set one day, Ann Sothern spoke highly of a certain banana fluff pie. Next day Jane appeared, bearing a banana fluff pie, minus one wedge.

"Geary didn't like it. I can't put it in the book."

She admits (reluctantly) that long engagements offer one advantage. You get to know each other's ways.

a wonderful guy . . .

"Geary," says Jane, "is the kindest, most thoughtful person in the world. And I don't say so just because he's my fella—everybody says so. You never have to ask him to do anything, he thinks of it before you do. Little things like going to the store for Mother, and building fires, and taking both our dads out to dinner and the movies on Fathers' Day. . . . And not prying. If something's bothering me, he can sense it, but he'll never ask questions unless I'm ready to talk. His whole family's like that. I'm not. I used to love to find out everything I possibly could. Now I try to copy myself after him, so at least I'm learning."

Every fifth of the month they've gone out to celebrate their engagement. Maybe to the Ambassador for dancing. Maybe to a show. But the big night-clubs have rarely seen them.

Saturday nights may find them at a friend's house, square-dancing. For these occasions, Jane runs up little calico dresses, all in one piece, so the blouse won't pull out. Sundays they have dinner at home and, if people come over, she cooks it. The other evenings are dedicated to canasta. Sometimes they'll spend the weekend at Idilwild with Geary's sister and brother-in-law. In winter, they ski. In summer, they go on pack-trips through the mountains. "Honestly, we've been like old married folks." The blue eyes go wide with earnestness, lest you should doubt this unusual state of affairs. "Even his family can't get over it."

Whatever Geary does, Jane wants to do with him. He's taught her the sports she never used to have time for—tennis and badminton, skiing, skating and diving. Last summer they concentrated on water-skiing. Jane got dumped a couple of times, and Geary thought maybe she ought to quit. She didn't. Now she's so good, she can ski along on one ski.

They've discussed every aspect of their future life together, from careers to children. Geary's not a bit opposed to her



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career, providing it doesn't interfere with their home life, which no man would want. Jane sees no reason why it should.

"I know lots of professional people have career trouble, but lots of others don't," says Jane. "I aim to be one of the others. Even when I'm working, my hours aren't too bad and I'm not too tired when I get home at night. Besides, I'm not a worrier. I don't feel I'll die unless I get certain parts. I think the studio's taking good care of me, and I leave it to them. You may be completely wrapped up in your work while you're working, yet completely forget about it when you go home. That's how I am now. With a husband and children, I imagine I'll be even more so."

They want children badly, and want them as soon as possible. It's a subject on which they're pleasantly hipped. Passing a house in the valley one afternoon, they spied a toddler running to meet her father. As he swept the baby up, a lump caught in Jane's throat, and her eyes misted. Through the mist, the man sort of dissolved into Geary, catching another baby into his arms. . . .

She looked up at Geary. He was smiling down at her. "Uh-huh," he agreed. "Not bad to come home to."

They've got their family lined up. A boy and a girl, and then they'll see. If they draw two of a kind, they'll go right on trying. On one point, Jane's firm. No nurse is going to take her children over. Somehow she'll arrange things so she can raise them herself—anyway, till they reach a certain age. "When they know I'm the mother, maybe I'll let them go a little more."

surprise, surprise! . . .

The making of *Nancy Goes to Rio* proved notable in more respects than one. First, they gave her a new portable dressing room. When she opened the door, there stood a big picture of Geary in a silver frame. The whole thing was sensational, but the picture of Geary—producer Joe Pasternak's idea—was like a heart that brought it to life and warmth.

The next surprise wasn't so good. "You'll have to take your engagement ring off," said Pop Leonard, the director.

"Oh no!" cried Jane, who'd never had it off before.

This, however, was just an instinctive emotional reaction. Of course she knew she couldn't wear the ring. She should have been prepared for it, but somehow the thought had never entered her head, and it came as a blow. In the first rush of distress, she couldn't bear not to have it somewhere about her, so she wrapped it tenderly in a handkerchief and stuck it down the front of her dress. If Janie bulges in a couple of scenes, that's the reason why. Later, she decided to be sensible about it and leave the ring safely at home.

But the big thing to come out of *Nancy* was the trousseau.

Jane considered starting her trousseau when she got the hope chest. Her mother advised against it. "The minute you start it," she told Jane, "marriage seems that much closer, and you'll be that much more impatient. Since you're not sure of the date, why not wait a little?"

As things turned out, no advice could have been more admirable. One day Jane was sitting looking at wardrobe tests for *Nancy*. Travel clothes, play clothes, evening and afternoon clothes. Darling little nighties and negligees. Clothes for every occasion, and the dreamiest clothes she's ever worn on the screen.

"Golly!" she sighed. Then: "GOLLY!" she exploded, popping right out of her seat. "That's the most perfect trousseau in the world. I'm going to try to talk the studio out of it."

To grasp the scope of this undertaking, you must realize that clothes worn by feminine players are studio property, and go straight back into Wardrobe. Stars never use them again, but they're spotted around on extras and bit players. As a great concession, you're sometimes allowed to buy a dress or two. But to get the whole works, and for nothing, is completely unheard of.

Jane tackled the job with what she describes as her usual subtlety. She just went to Mr. Schary and asked.

"We'll see," he said. "Come back later on."

Instead of which, she enlisted producer Joe Pasternak as an ally, and he arranged it, nobody knows how. Call it a sentimental wedding gift from Leo the Lion. Or, if you'd rather be practical, remember how tiny Jane is and how most girls couldn't squeeze an arm into her things.

Anyway, she wangled it and the clothes are out of this world. "Only," as she points out to Geary, "they won't be much of a novelty to you."

"On my wife," he assures her, "they'll be a novelty."

The final dance number in *Nancy* shows Jane on a rustic bridge. A boy darts in, grabs her and kisses her—and that's his only appearance.

Nick Castle directed the dances. "You know," he said, when the action was being planned, "we ought to get someone who can do this with feeling. Why not Geary?"

"A brilliant notion," said Geary. "We'll put the money I get for it in the piggy bank."

Having made a couple of pictures with Sonja Henie, he wasn't new to the work, and flew through his part with the greatest of ease. Not to speak of pleasure.

"All these months I've been kissing Janie for nothing. Now I get paid for it."

Back in the dressing room, she asked, "Did you mind, Geary?"

"Mind what?"

"Kissing me in front of all those people."

"Honey, I'd kiss you even in the Hollywood Bowl while thousands cheered. Why? Did you mind?"

"I was self-conscious. I knew I would be."

"Why didn't you tell me? We could have ducked it."

"And cheat Arabella out of a day's pay?! Who's that self-conscious!"

So when you see the movie, take a fast look at the lover on the bridge. That's Janie's fella. That's Geary. In the movie, all he gets is a stolen kiss. In the real-life story, he gets the gal for keeps.

THE END



that's hollywood!

My legs don't match Dietrich's. They don't even match each other.

Patsy Kelly

Dialogue is the talk that takes place between the actors in a movie—except Gary Cooper.

Abe Burrows

Quoted by Irving Hoffman
in *The Hollywood Reporter*

TWO LOVES HAVE WE

(Continued from page 33)

look in his eyes. The same look comes into his eyes whenever I have to do a fast riding scene. (It's the only thing we ever argue about. He doesn't think I'm strong enough to hold back a high-spirited horse. I don't either, but I hate to admit it!) What gets me is that I've seen that same look in Roy's eyes when we're on the radio and only pretending that we are galloping!

And often, if it has been a tough morning, and I lie down in my dressing room to rest, knowing I'll have to get up in a minute or two if I want to get lunch in the short lunch period—well, I don't have to get up! Before I know it, Roy has entered carrying a well-loaded tray.

And so in this way we live our extra romance—but never openly. Although once we did forget. While we were standing on the set waiting for a camera call, Roy, right up in front of the whole crew, gave me a peck on the cheek.

"Hey! Do that on your own time!" called our director, Billy Witney, who sees all, knows all, and always makes sure that everybody else hears about it too. We knew that Billy was kidding but we both actually blushed—because it was so unlike us when we were working. It was more like—well, it was more as if we were married or something. And that we certainly are not—in the studio!

Sometimes Roy will flub a line of dialogue when we are doing a close-up, even though he has memorized it perfectly—and I know why. It's for my benefit. You see, when a scene has to be done over, the lights and our faces have to be rechecked. And when the closeup is shot again, something he had noticed—a bad shadow cast over my face, or something imperfect with my makeup—will have been corrected. He prefers to do it indirectly this way, without words or credit-seeking demonstration.

their blue heaven . . .

But if we have our little daily vacation from marriage, we make up for it when we leave the studio. Then begins—or resumes, rather—that part of our lives that is just crowded with conventionality: Mama trying to maintain order and system among three children, 11 dogs, and assorted friends of both; Pop walking around with hammer, screwdriver and pliers stuffed into his back pocket as he works at keeping the house from splitting at the seams.

The house itself, especially the layout and the furnishings inside, is my domain. I like to decorate. That's okay with Roy. I like to redecorate. That's not so okay. Redecorating usually calls for a little talk—talk with Roy before I can go ahead. And I'll have to have a good reason, too.

I needed one when I wanted to paint the house again. I wanted it done darker, in a maroon, instead of the white finish it had. Roy said he thought white was fine. I agreed—that is, if it stays white. But Roy lets three of his dogs run loose around the outside of the house and I showed him the decorating they had done—a highly personalized sort all around the base of the structure, as only dogs can decorate!

It was a case of his either chaining up the dogs or letting me have my way. After talking it over with me, Roy went out and talked it over with the dogs. They must have told him they wouldn't care for chains very much. The house is now dark maroon.

And there was the love seat in the living room which I wanted to do over. Roy held out against it. But one day he sat down on the love seat while he had on levis with the inevitable screwdriver jutting out of

his back pocket. There was a loud r-r-rip!—and a two-inch gash in the upholstery when he jumped up. (I've often wondered if that was his way of settling the argument without giving in on his stand!)

Not long ago, he gave me a charm bracelet with 12 charms. Six of them—a grand piano with a top that opens up; a church; a pair of baby shoes; a typewriter, a Charlie McCarthy miniature, and a camera—practically tell the whole story of my early life.

The church is where I first sang publicly. I was five and without front teeth, so I sang the whole song, a Christmas carol, with my hand over my mouth. I was certain that everyone in the church would call out, "Hello, Miss Snag!" if they saw my bare gums. (Everyone in my family did, of course!)

The piano represented my first music lessons as a child, lessons that I didn't practice faithfully because I was dying to play, not exercise, and attempted to learn by ear. Those days my parents kept after me always to practice. Now Roy does it.

The typewriter was a reminder of how I got my actual start as a professional singer. I was a secretary in a Memphis insurance office when the boss happened to hear me singing at my work. The song was *Mighty Lak A Rose*, and my audience consisted of another secretary and the office boy. The boss insisted that I sing at an insurance association banquet for which he was planning the entertainment. I did—and was heard by a radio program manager who gave me my first singing job with pay.

The baby shoes, of course, are replicas of those of my son, Tommy, who was born to me in my first marriage. And the Charlie McCarthy charm stands for what I dreamed about when I started singing for a living, but never thought I would attain—the "big time," which I achieved when I signed with the Edgar Bergen radio show.

Naturally, the camera means picture work, and shortly after that my association with Roy began. So the six remaining charms all have to do with us. There is a gold fence which represents our favorite picture together, *Don't Fence Me In*, a juke box which is a reminder of the records I have made, a tiny engraving of the first verse of the 46th Psalm—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble"—which signifies our turning to the church as a family. The three remaining charms are a pearl-handled revolver with a barrel that twists, a rearing horse, and a good-luck token. These stand for, respectively, Roy, Roy and Roy. . . .

And that's the story of our two loves—at the studio and at home. But I can't end it quite yet. No story involving Roy Rogers has ever been written without at least a mention of a certain horse. Yet, as you can see yourself, in this story I had no reason to bring him in. How am I going to do it?

Oh, yes! You know one of the charms I mentioned above—the one that's a rearing horse? Of course! That's him! That's Trigger!

THE END

You'll find the screen story of Roy Rogers' and Dale Evans' latest picture, *Bells of Coronado*, in the big December issue of Dell's always-absorbing SCREEN STORIES magazine.

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THIS LOVE OF OURS

(Continued from page 37)

large milk bills and comic books strewn on the living-room floor can make us. The Andrews troupe numbers six now: Dana's son, David, 15; Kathy, seven; Stevie, four and-a-half; Susan, not quite two but currently star of the show; and Dana and I.

Since that day—November 17, 1939—when we joined hands and hearts, Dana and I have stored up a great deal of happy living, fashioned of the ingredients that go to make a real marriage. These are mutual understanding, hard work, children, a solid home, and all the fun that goes with them.

Oh, Dana has been very lucky in his career, it's true. But no one ever put more effort into a job than he does into the business of acting. Dana chose acting as his life's work because it appealed to him more than any other. Maybe I'm prejudiced, as most wives are, but I believe that he would have been a success as a lawyer or an engineer or a salesman, if he'd squared that jaw and said, "This is for me."

The first time I ever saw him, I had no right to give Dana a second look. And I didn't. He was calling for another girl after rehearsal, when we were students at the Pasadena Playhouse.

enter romance . . .

Even if there had been no "ethical" issue involved, I wouldn't have been interested because at the moment I was concentrating with stark, teen-age intensity on a career—with a capital "C." The only males who crashed through my consciousness at all were big, important producers who, in my daydreams, might see me at the Playhouse and proclaim me, Mary Todd, the dramatic find of the year.

Occasionally, as Dana showed up faithfully to take his girl friend home each night, the thought would occur that it would be sort of nice to have someone around like that. Nothing romantic—just a comfortable, big-brother arrangement was what I had in mind.

Dana's introductory reaction to me would have been completely deflating had I known it. "Oh, I saw you," he admitted years later, "but you were such a kid, I couldn't be bothered."

Then, director Moroni Olsen cast us as sweethearts in the Playhouse production of *First Lady*. By opening night we were practically living our parts, I guess. And that evening we had our first real date. Dana asked me to have dinner with him before the performance, at a small, unromantic restaurant called, encouragingly enough, "The Rite Spot."

Neither of us ate two bites. And it wasn't a case of love stealing our appetites, either. We just had opening-night jitters. The conversation? Oh, it was sparkling. Sounded like the suave, sophisticated dialogue of a play. As a matter of fact, it was the dialogue of a play—all the spotty scenes in *First Lady* that we felt needed a last-minute polish.

Anyway, the show was a success, the date was a success—and from then on, the theater began to take second place in my affection. Somehow, sitting in Sheetz' ice cream parlor over daily cokes, strange irrelevancies, like the August furniture sales and the new apartments going up nearby, began to creep into our conversations about Shakespeare and the new hits on Broadway.

The gist of Dana's proposal, which wasn't a proposal at all in the best Emily Post style, went like this: "Mary, please

on't be an actress. I don't want to marry an actress, and I do want to marry you." This was typical of Dana's straight-from-the-shoulder honesty, avoiding any future misunderstanding or an arbitrary after-marriage edict to the effect that, "As my wife, you can't have a career as an actress." As it was, the choice was mine, and I've never once regretted trading in one tightly-used theatrical make-up box for a cook book, an efficiency apartment and Dana. A home and a family were the most important measures of success to me and I realized then that they were to be, too.

In the first months of our marriage, Dana must have despaired of developing a homemaker out of such green material. There were lumps in the mashed potatoes, lumps in the socks I darned, even my bed-making was lumpy. But he never seemed to mind, never once voiced the thought that must have occurred as he lifted a laden biscuit—"Honey, maybe you *should* have stuck to your acting." Once a week, we had dinner at Mother's—probably the only reason we managed to survive my early cooking.

We have moved three times in the course of our 10 years, each time because the family outgrew its quarters. Luckily, at the time when building was at a standstill, we found our present home in Toluca Lake, so right for us that we half-expected to see the children's clothes hanging in the closets as the agent showed us through. Built originally for a family of three boys, the rooms are homey and sprawling as a house for growing youngsters should be. After the small fry have said good-night—sometimes for the 11th time after many last-minute reprieves—Dana and I review the day's doings, tomorrow's problems, next summer's vacation. Sometimes we talk for hours. Or rather Dana talks and I listen. Talking is Dana's favorite indoor sport, whether there are just the two of us or whether he has a larger audience. And if he can work up a good, just-moving argument on any subject from United Nations policy to the correct construction of a double malted, he is in his glory.

For an occasional spree—and this must be the Hollywood version of the busman's holiday—we go to the movies. In that case, Dana can work in only one trip to the kitchen, when we come home. Otherwise, the shuttles between the refrigerator and the den all evening. He is an ardent ice-cream forager, so I try to keep his favorite snacks on hand. In Dana's vocabulary, a "snack" is a whole watermelon, a quart of

milk, or similar light delicacies. And from a wealth of experience behind a soda fountain, he fancies himself a talented sundae-artist, creating lavish extravaganzas from a battery of syrups and garnishes he keeps on a shelf above the freezer.

"This one I call 'Andrews' Ambrosia,'" he will announce, adding a final gob of whipped cream to a sky-high mound of ice cream swimming in assorted goo. "They used to line up three deep at the fountain for 'em."

Perverse as children are, ours can be little angels at home, but in public, when you especially hope they'll be fairly tractable—that's when they can be downright heathenish! In New York's Grand Central Station when, a few months ago, we were on our way back to Hollywood from England, we had an hour to kill before train time. To anyone, except a mother or father, that would seem like a reasonably easy task. Two parents, two children—nothing arduous about that.

kids will be kids . . .

Well, first of all, as we emerged from the taxi and Dana was busy with porters and baggage, Kathy whispered to me, in ladylike disgust, "Mother, look what Stevie sat in!" She pointed primly to a squashed chocolate which, she knew darned well, she had parked on the seat.

Once inside the station, I hustled Stevie off to the rest room to wash the messy blob from the clean suit, just 20 minutes off its hanger. Back to Dana, standing under the big clock where we'd agreed to meet. No Kathy in sight. "Where's Kathy?" I asked, straightening my son's cap for the 10th time.

"I thought you . . ." Dana started helplessly. We finally located Miss Kathy, thumbing thoughtfully through a stack of magazines at a station newsstand, unaware of the baleful glare of the clerk. By now we had quite a large crowd following us, some who had recognized Dana but just as many who were spellbound by the horrible things Stevie was doing with a wad of bubble gum.

"Let's get them a soda. That'll keep 'em quiet," whispered Dana, by this time perspiring freely and looking 98 percent the harassed father, only two percent movie star. We ducked into the station drugstore and found four places at the fountain. By now faces were pressed against the glass of the drugstore windows. "If only Stevie won't play with his ice cream. . . . If only Kathy won't upset her glass," I hoped against hope.

Well, he did and she did. And for good measure, Stevie dropped his spoon with a clatter and plummeted after it, head-first. How we ever got to the train and on it is all lost in a chocolate haze. Stevie was still clutching two bedraggled straws, which he pressed against Dana's coat, leaving a pair of straggly imprints on Father's proud new Bond Street tie.

Finally our little darlings were both tucked in for the night, and Dana and I sank weakly on the opposite berth of our compartment. Just in time to save ourselves from complete madness, we burst out laughing. "Mrs. Andrews," Dana said, bopping me on the nose with a pillow, "do you realize you and your bedevilled offspring have just set Hollywood glamor back at least 20 years?"

Maybe we are a disappointment to people who think that happily-married movie couples never emerge from the hand-holding stage. But we've only got four hands between us, and that's just one apiece for keeping four young Andrews sprouts in line.

And for romance? We go to the movies. **THE END**

Graduate

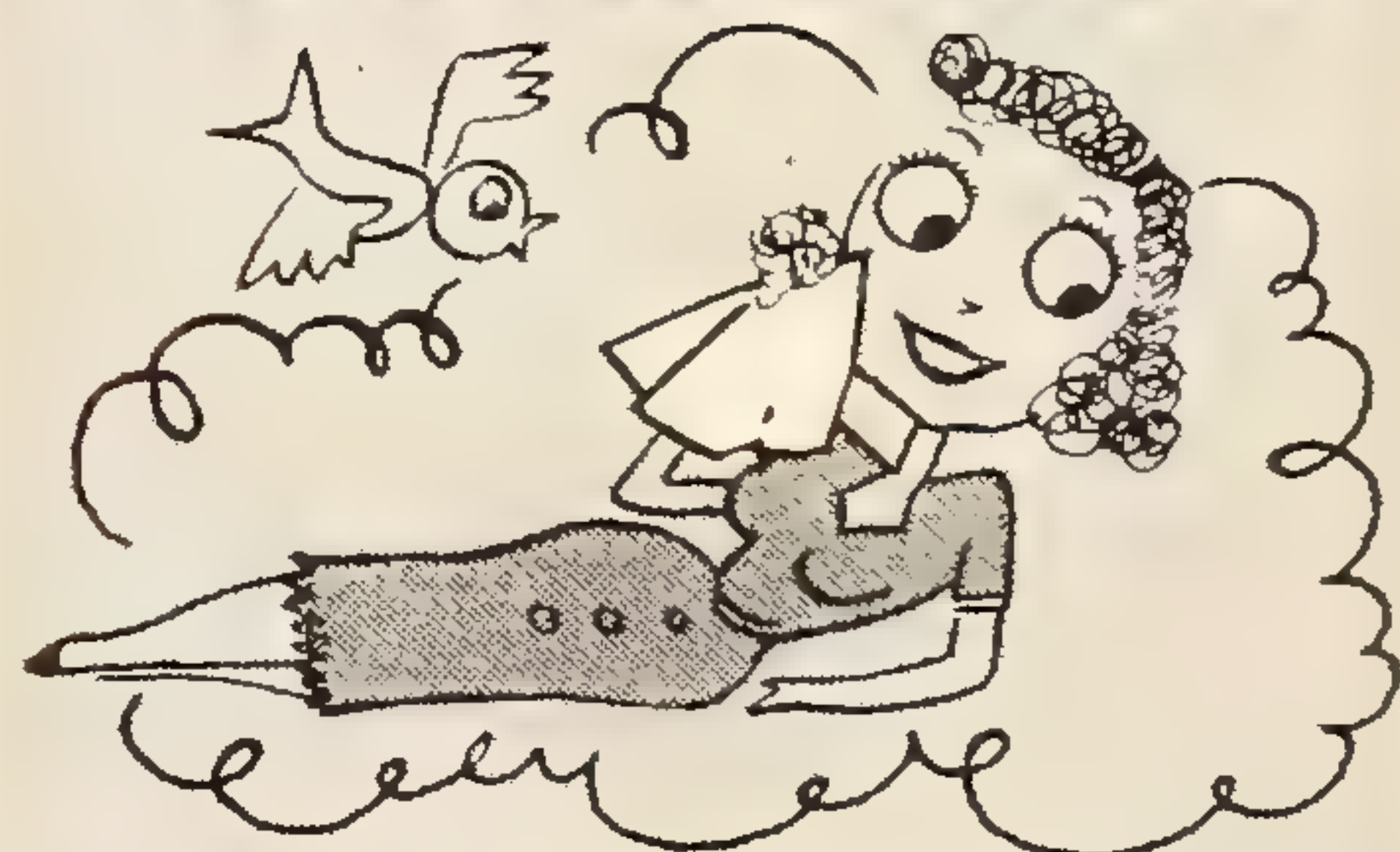


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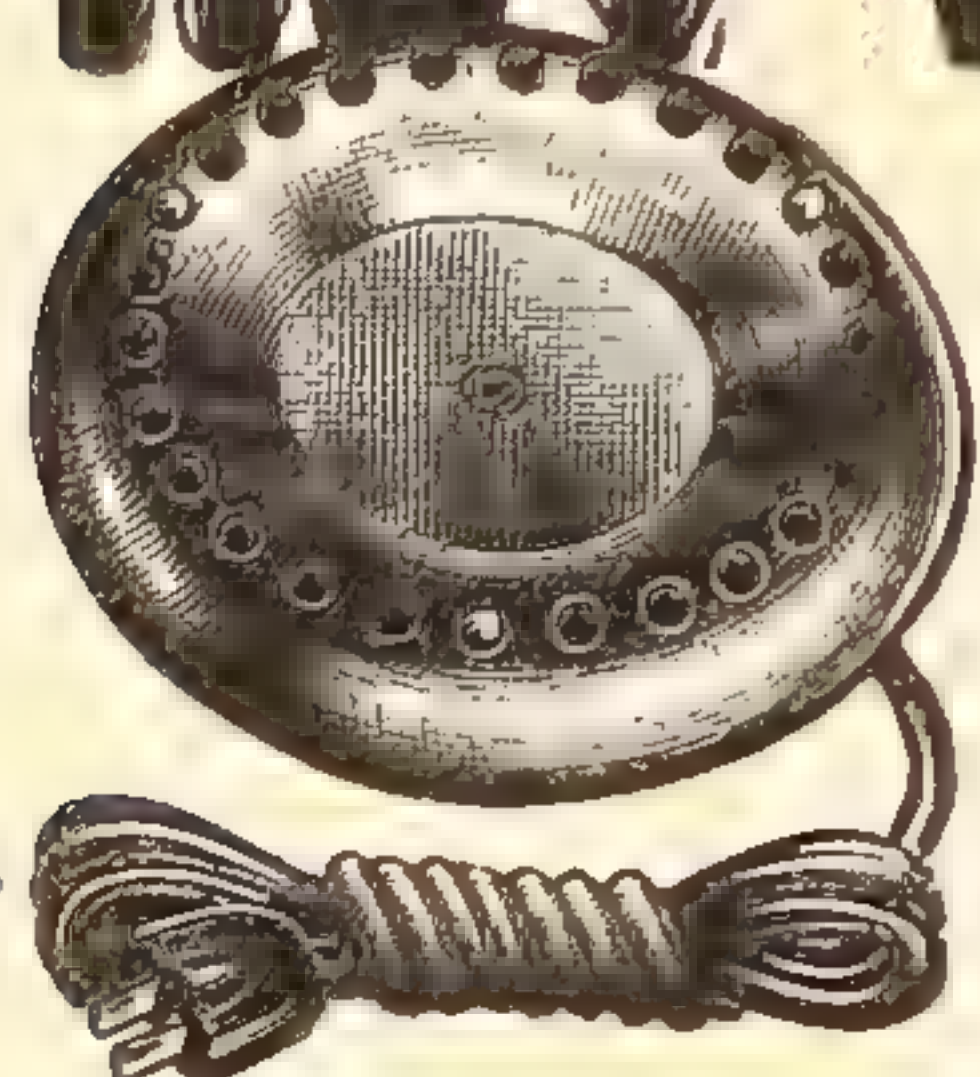
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STARS ON A SPREE ABROAD

(Continued from page 30)

My job was to find out, and I tackled the first troubled trail the minute I'd checked my bags in at that movieland mecca in Rome, the Excelsior Hotel. I grabbed a cab and rolled through winding streets to an address I had. It lay up a dead-end street blocked by an untidy market. Dogs, dirty kids, rags and vegetables littered the swarming street. The Italian cop waved me back. I had to go around the block and come in another way, climb four dark flights of stairs in a nondescript apartment building, enter one of two tiny rooms gloomy with heavy Italian oak furniture and with dozens of black-framed photographs on the walls. The light was bad—but I knew Ingrid Bergman when I saw her.

dreams and nightmares . . .

She was pacing the rug as I came in, frowning and upset. She wore a plain blue cotton dress, no make-up, open sandals and no stockings. Her legs were sunburned and scarred, ankle to knee, from the rocks of Stromboli. She was seething with anger because a Roman newspaper that very morning had announced that she was expecting a baby.

I sat there while she paced the floor, using words which I'd never heard Ingrid use before. I watched her tortured face and heard her injured outcries at a world which, to her amazement, had flayed her reckless behavior. I heard her say repeatedly, "Americans think they own me . . . it's my own life to live. . . ."—and voice the bitter question, "Is it a sin to fall in love?"

I heard her say she couldn't come back and face the curious mob in America, she couldn't go to Sweden, she couldn't even go downtown in Rome, she'd be risking her life. She was there in that hideout and there she would stay.

But all the while she knew better and I knew better, too. I told her, "You've got to face it. You can't hide forever. You've got to live."

"I'm not a woman with a long record of romances," she cried. "I've been a good wife."

"That's just it—they built you up as perfect and the world bought a dream. Now you've smashed it."

"But I've worked harder than any actress ever worked—worked like a slave to make a great picture! Rossellini is a great director—you will see! You will see!"

I left after two hours, left Ingrid Bergman bitter and hurt at what she had found at the end of the rainbow across the sea—a doubtful future, a sorely injured reputation, a broken home and the punctured bubble of her saintly illusion.

And yet I felt all that would pass in time—that Ingrid would be back in Hollywood, even if, as she said, she did divorce her husband and marry Roberto Rossellini. I knew the unreal setting I saw her in would fade away from her and she would be back in spite of her vows to quit. In fact, before I got back to my hotel my head was buzzing with a plan to slip her back secretly to give the distraught girl a break from the press!

Unreality is the theme of Hollywood-in-Europe, and it was appropriate that I began my reporter's look at the cockeyed continent with that first fantastic picture of Ingrid, as out of place, really, as if I'd suddenly spied her on Mars.

Other stars are roaming around Europe—in Paris, Venice, Vienna, Naples, Rome, London, the Riviera—living like princes and princesses of the blood. Producers,

directors and other Hollywood hot-shots are dwelling like Caesars in villas and palaces.

The basic reason for the whole hectic Hollywood overseas invasion is that Hollywood studios have money in Europe that owing to currency regulations they can't take out, but can spend there. So they're using it making pictures.

Thus, you can't take a step around Europe these days without crossing the trails of Hollywood stars, and you don't need a bloodhound to pick 'em up either. The swaths they cut are wide and the paths high and handsome. Everywhere you went, for instance, that sensational, scandalous scamp, Errol Flynn, still lingered on—or the glamor of the guy did, that is. So while I just missed Errol in person on the way, I ran into his aftermath everywhere.

Errol was off to Venice just before he landed in Rome—to live in a palace, of course, and hob-nob with titles and swell as he does everywhere. He had his yacht on the Mediterranean and cruised around like a millionaire, which he isn't, in the grand style of a Don Juan, which he certainly is. You've got to hand it to Flynn whether you like him or not. He gets around where things are popping, he has fun every minute he lives, and he can slip out of entanglements and responsibilities like a greased pig.

Everywhere I went, I ran into love-sighing ex-romances of Errol's, quivering at his memory. Everywhere I heard nothing but praise for his charm. He'd raided the Riviera, lionized all the parties, swooned all the girls. He'd even poked his nose into Stromboli, the only Hollywood star bold enough to try that. But he just had to see what was going on when lovely Ingrid's heart turned itself loose. Errol stayed part of one day, had a frugal lunch of bread, cheese and wine—that's all there was—took a horrified look around that bleak island and at a Bergman de-glamorized and too earthy for Errol. It didn't look promising. "Gad," he muttered, "what am I doing here?"—and sailed right off. The rugged art life was not for Errol.

not so charming . . .

But there were a few people Errol didn't charm so much—some passengers on the plane that winged him across to Europe to start his heart-breaking tour. I heard about that from one of them, in person, on a plane myself. I'll tell it—just in case my doing so might help Flynn to mind his manners next time (which I doubt!).

Seems Errol made a round of the Manhattan bars before he climbed aboard ship, and the minute he did, insisted on his being made up right away for a snooze. That meant discommoding the rest of the passengers, who hadn't had dinner yet. No sooner tucked away, Errol rang the bell every other minute, stomped up and down in his nightrobe and generally made himself a pest. At Gander, Newfoundland, he was roundly booed by his fellow-travelers, which didn't bother him a bit. So he got booed again when he stepped off at Paris. You can carry the lordly charm too far—especially when your audience isn't amused.

If I had to come up with one favorite glamor-pair in Europe, the answer would be easy: the Tyrone Powers. No wonder Ty hated to come back home to Hollywood, stayed away from the States almost two years. He was having too grand a time on the Continent. In Italy they con-

der him an Italian, he hung around there so long—more than that, a royal Italian. Not since Mussolini, and before him Pompey and Caesar, paraded in triumph through the ancient streets, has a Roman mob gone so wild as they did over Ty's and Linda's wedding. Thousands lined the way to the church, shouting, "Our Prince, our Princess!" Flowers and gifts littered their path.

Ty and Linda have lived in nothing but the grandest style since they were married. In Rome they occupied the Countess di Frasso's little place—the stables of her palace which she kept and made over when she sold the big place. It's a royal barn for sure, furnished richly and elegantly, one of the jewel-boxes of Rome. In England, while Ty made *The Black Rose*, the Powers roughed it in a beautiful country house, with squads of servants, fit for a lord. In between pictures, Linda and Ty have covered Europe like a tent, have gone everywhere, have been entertained by everyone. I don't believe the Prince of Wales, in his palmiest days, ever had more adulation *en tour* or more applause. Right now, of course, Ty and Linda have the world's sympathy on the tragic loss of their expected child, for whom they had such fine dreams.

Making a picture in Europe is an escape from reality. It does something pretty pixie-ish to Hollywood stars, no doubt about that. Joan Fontaine is an example observed.

I flew all the way to Rome beside Joan. It was her first trip abroad, and I can't say she started it too auspiciously. The very day we climbed aboard the Constellation in Hollywood, reporters were on her trail. That day she had split up with her husband, Bill Dozier. In New York a married magazine writer grabbed her. He'd just written a flowery piece about their ideal marriage and he had to get some new dope fast. Joan started the trip with a furrow in her brow deep enough to plant corn.

Not no worries, got no cares . . .

But the minute we hit Rome, Joan's cares whisked away in the torrid breeze. It was hot as the hinges of Hades! She found a gay beau her first day there, and from then on, Joan, acting half her age and position, was as romantic as a girl who's slipped out of school. I asked her, "Aren't you worried about the situation back at home and what you'll do about your life, your home and your baby?"

"Not just now," she answered airily. "Isn't this wonderful?" For her, yes; for Bill and the baby and her real life and responsibilities, no. But that's what Rome does for you. It's out of this world at times. Golly, sometimes I had to pinch myself to settle down—and I've certainly reached the age of reason!

One day, for instance, I attended a gala celebration in the square at Florence with Joan, and Joe Cotten—where they were making background shots for *September*. We had lunch with the mayor, an affable, pleasant Communist. We sipped *vino* under the shadow of a huge bust of Joe Stalin, installed by the Commie official, in the ballroom. I pinched myself—me, a cock-ribbed political conservative and a commie fighter, in such a spot! But the beauty of Italy, with its art, history and antique charm make you rise above such bolts of reality—for the moment, at least, though I never felt quite comfortable with Uncle Joe staring wickedly at me.

We watched the fiesta that night, with dances and songs. After the celebration, Joan skipped across the square with her tall swain, Slim Aaron, a magazine photographer; coquettishly called, "Good-bye—see you in the morning!"—and whirled off. She wasn't kidding. She

danced until dawn like a daring debutante, without a care in the world—not there.

And I—well, Joe and I took another hack for a ride along the Arno river, silvery in the moonlight, about the prettiest drive in the world, I suspect. (It's a good thing I'm well over 16 and Joe's safely married!) But we both got a jolt when, amid all this ancient beauty, we spied an open-air movie show across the river.

In Rome, Hollywood actors have come, seen, conquered—and stayed. The Dowling sisters are permanent residents and move in top society. Alan Curtis prefers it to Hollywood. Binnie Barnes and her husband, Mike Frankovitch, both speak fluent Italian by now. They are typical of the Hollywood expatriates who settle down in Rome and then wait to produce a picture or to get a job playing in one. Meanwhile—life in a villa and a promenade on the Corso is lots of fun; the girls are black-eyed and gay, the men suave and charming, and the spaghetti's superb! (I had it running out of my ears before I left.)

People are always dropping in to keep the Hollywood Romans hopping with excitement. Cary Grant, Errol Flynn, Greta Garbo—the Divine Swede travels constantly in company with George Schley, her manager and the husband of dress designer, Valentina. Garbo was supposed to make *Friends and Lovers*, her first in nine years, for Walter Wanger—but the bets are it'll never get going. There have been financial complications—and anyhow all Garbo's friends have advised her against doing it. Rumors buzz like bees around Rome, but real news is surprisingly scarce. It's a fantastic transplanted Hollywood.

Edward G. Robinson was one sturdy boulder of reality that was welcome to contemplate while I was there. Eddie was making *My Daughter, Joy*, on the Italian Riviera with Peggy Cummins. I wanted to run over for a visit but I can't spread myself around everywhere. I talked to Eddie on the phone, though, and asked him what was doing.

"Gladys (his wife) is painting like mad," he answered. "And my son is running all over Italy in a midget car."

"What about you?" I asked.

"I'm working like the devil!" growled Little Caesar.

Doug Fairbanks, up in the shadow of the Dolomites making *State Secrets*, also sounded nice and normal and hard-at-work when we chatted away on the telephone. But then, Doug has been getting around Europe since diaper days, has chummed with royalty, been knighted and decorated—and the big league glamor that stupefies other stars, a glamor that Hollywood can never really match, he can take in stride.

the noblest roman . . .

But the antics of half the Hollywood horde, swarming fantastically around the solid beauty of the cathedrals, the noble arches of the Emperors and the majestic marble ruins, are sometimes so incredible that even that screwball, Orson Welles, gets disgusted. He gripes bitterly at what he calls "The American Invasion!" Orson was there at the start of that invasion, of course—and he's stayed to make a pretty fair career-comeback for a broke genius. Darryl Zanuck told me he steals *Prince of Foxes* from Ty Power, and they say Orson's magnificent in *The Third Man*, made in Vienna, with Valli and Joe Cotten. Otherwise Europe hasn't altered the boy wonder one bit. He's still marching grandly on.

I talked to Merle Oberon, who was at Antibes, and deliriously in love. "You'll just have to fly over and meet him, Hedda," she entreated me. "I can't," I wailed. "I've got to go to Paris and catch up on the fashions. I'll see you both in Hollywood." But I won't of course—because "him" was



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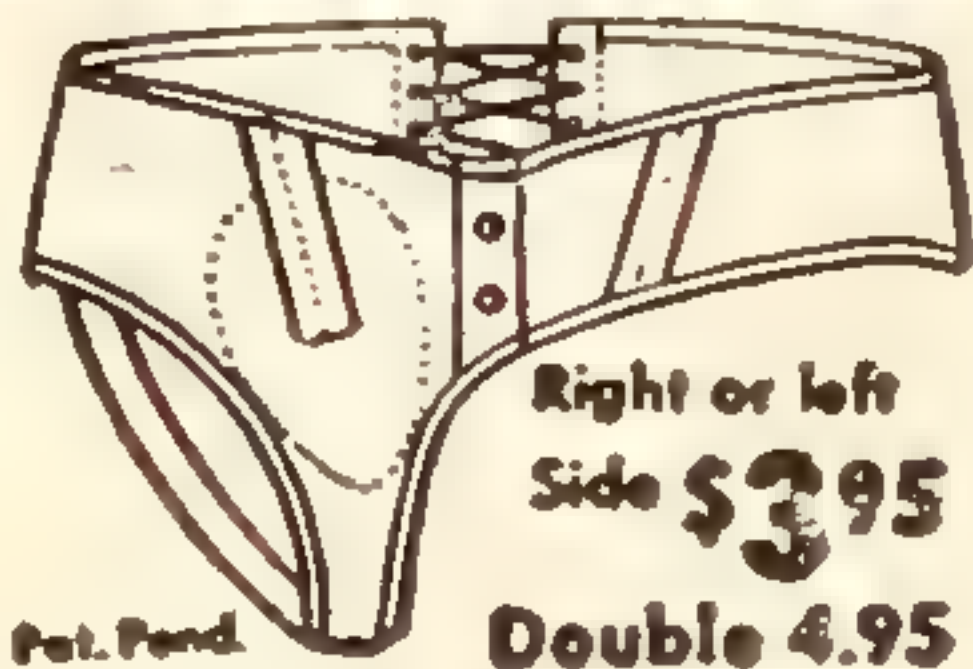


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Count Cini, the dark and handsome Italian who crashed to his death so tragically even as he waved Merle goodbye on his take-off.

I know Merle was not dramatizing herself for a minute when she cried hysterically, "Life is finished for me!" She felt that way. Count Cini, from an illustrious family, one of the richest in Italy, was the world to her. What a pair they would have made! But now? I think Merle's salvation lies in work, and I'm hoping it's in Hollywood. She's a wonderful woman who's too young and beautiful to pine away.

I flew to Paris from Rome, and it's always a thrill for me to dip down over the sparkling lighted jewels of that band-box city. Paris, today, is to London what Palm Springs is to Hollywood—a weekend resort. It's only an hour-and-a-half's hop and I've a hunch all the Hollywood stars in England, loaded with American dollars don't feel comfortable flashing them around the hard-pressed British.

The talk around Paris, among other things, is that the marriage of David Selznick and Jennifer Jones stands a very slim chance to last unto a ripe old age. Jenny's psychiatrist in Switzerland advised her against marrying David—and that anxious producer never put anything on celluloid, not even *Gone With the Wind*, as suspenseful as his yes-no-maybe-so pursuit of Jenny with object matrimony. He chased her all over Europe, finally cornered her in France—and right up to their wedding day they couldn't make up their minds.

Leland Hayward, the Broadway producer, and his best-dressed bride, Slim Hawks, were supposed to stand up with David and Jenny, along with Louis Jourdan and his wife. Leland and Slim were on their own honeymoon and wanted to be off for travel and fun. Finally they got sick and tired of sticking around while Jenny and David see-sawed. "We'll give you two exactly 60 minutes to make up your minds," they ultimatumed. "Either you marry then, or off we go!"

wedding talk . . .

Well, David and Jenny used up the full hour talking it over—but with the last minute ticking off, they said they meant sure enough at last. And so they were married. Now, wouldn't that make a cute little movie scene for someone?

Ah, me—I told you Europe did something silly to Hollywood stars. I heard that Richard Widmark, a perfectly grand guy at home, was living so swankily in London while making *Night and the City* that the British actors, who are hard up, wouldn't speak to him. And who do you think out-glamorized Hollywood's Academy Award winner, Jane Wyman, over in London making *Stage Fright*? A grandmother named Marlene Dietrich. She's the toast of Paris, London and wherever she stops. And who has everybody nuts about him, twice as much as about his glamorous wife? None but my old crush, Buddy Fogelson, there in London with Greer Garson.

Well, for some Hollywooders, the Big European Excursion is meat—for others it's poison. For me, I don't know—and I couldn't stay long enough to find out. Back home my typewriter was rusting away. But I do know this:

There's no place like Rome. Or for that matter, Florence, the Riviera or Paris. But after all, as the old and so-true saying goes, there's no place like home. East, West, home's best. My home and my beat is Hollywood and I'm glad to be back. I think a lot of the Hollywood stars gallivanting over Europe on their Continental sprees might discover the same thing one of these days—even Ingrid Bergman.

You have, alas, to come to your senses sooner or later.

THE END

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

Ideas which we've gotten in the mail and think you might find interesting: The Pittsburgh chapter of the Ronald Reagan club has been chipping in weekly dues and as soon as \$5 is collected, they buy toys and distribute them among handicapped children in local hospitals. Some of you other clubs might like to do something like that in your own neighborhoods . . . In order to gain recognition for her star, Dick Contino, Dolores Lusnig of Milwaukee got up a petition of 6,000 signatures and presented it to the manager of a local theater. And, as a result, the management is considering booking Dick there in the near future . . . Nell Ambrose of the Club Friendship reports that her club has collected over 10,000 stamps this year. Some of them are very rare ones and all are turned over to veterans' hospitals . . . The June Allyson club has a very fine idea for sponsoring members from foreign countries who are unable to send dues. They have a snapshot fund and all money received through the sale of snapshots goes to pay the dues of a new foreign fan.

Prizes: Club editors who are winners in the Best Editors contest this month will be glad to know that they will receive 500 foto stamps as their prize. These are wonderful little postage-stamp sized photographs for journals or stationery and they may have them of any star they wish. The **American Foto Stamp** company is supplying them. Our Best Correspondents (and there are no better) receive the terrific **Revlon King's Ransom** sets. Several luscious lipsticks with a gold holder and all beautifully packaged in black velvet. **Engel-Kress** wallets in almost every shade of the rainbow are what the This Is My Best winners have won. Both beautiful and practical—everyone just loves them. **Tangee's Trip Kits** are all the rage among our club artists. The kits are filled to overflowing with their heavenly cosmetics and just right for that winter trip . . . And there are subscription prizes for candid camera contest winners, too.

10th Semi-annual TROPHY CUP CONTEST

4th lap
This Is My Best: (100 points) "How I Remember Grandpa," Janet Mars, Lloyd Bridges (Sonenberg), "No Escape," Pat O'Conner, Bing Crosby (Ness), "Rise Stevens Captivates Lowell," Penny McInnis-Rise Stevens, "Lest We Forget," Carry DeHart Jams Brown, "An Invitation," Patricia Schoonmaker, Shirley Temple, "The Precious Old," Ginger Bagnall, Nina Foch. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. Bing Crosby (Ness). League 2. (tied) Shirley Temple, Vera-Ellen. League 3. DeForest Kelly. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1. Marjorie Oppenheim, Bette Davis. League 2. Marilyn Gorman, Jim Davis. League 3. Bea Smith, Marta Toren. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Carman Holt, Michael Kirby. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. Bette Davis. League 2. Nina Foch, James Brown. (tied) League 3. Lloyd Bridges (Sonenberg). **Best Correspondents:** (100 points) League 1. Janet Miller, Alan Ladd. League 2. Marsha Rosenthal, Dick Contino. League 3. Maryland Wong, Montgomery Clift. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. Ronald Reagan. (Donation to children's hospital). League 2. Esther Williams (donation for club foster child). League 3. Frank Sinatra (Moison-Elsemore) (Box of clothing to war orphans). **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. Gene Autry. League 2. Gordon MacRae. League 3. Marta Toren. **Candid Camera Winners:** (100 points for first prize, 50 points for others). Margaret Huebner, Dave Willock, Mary Molloy, Eleanor Steber, Marilyn Lee Arsint, Nelson Eddy (Motola), Helen Segeler, Penny Edwards, Irene Nagy, June Allyson, Joyce Moison, Sinatra. **Leading Clubs:** League 1. Ronald Reagan 950. Bing Crosby (Ness) 900. League 2. Shirley Temple 1150. Jack Berch 750. League 3. Dave Willock 700.

MY SNEAK PARTY

(Continued from page 40)

scenes left lying on the floor of the cutting-room.

This time, though, a friend of a friend of mine who knew a friend of the theater manager, tipped me off—after making me swear never to tell how I learned about the sneak of *My Friend Irma*. I promised. Then I called my guests—Marie Wilson and her mother, the Don DeFores, and John and Marie Lund.

By 6:30 we were all bundled into two cars and headed for Inglewood, a Los Angeles suburb. We had to leave that early because, not really being invited, we had to scramble for seats along with everyone else. Since we would have to sit through another complete feature before the preview came on, we had no time for dinner before the show.

Well, we made it all right—and so did Bob Beerman and Bert Parry, the MODERN SCREEN photographers, who'd found out from this same friend of a friend. All through the picture they were roaming up and down the aisles with their Speed Graphics, shooting photos with the aid of infra-red lights. An infra-red flash-bulb gives off no light—just a little pinpoint of red. Still, the light is so penetrating that pictures can be taken in the dark. Good pictures, too, except that the light makes a girl look as if she weren't wearing any make-up at all.

I'll make a confession about myself, though I wouldn't dare to speak for the rest of our guests, half of whom—Marie Wilson, John Lund and Don DeFore—were in the cast of *My Friend Irma*, too. I love catching sneak previews of movies I'm in. Not for the sake of self-admiration, but because I want to see just how my performance came out. You never can really tell just what your work in a picture was like until you see yourself in the finished product, for your scenes usually are shot all out of order—sometimes the very first one on the last day of shooting.

All through the picture I forgot our guests completely, I was so wrapped up in the screen performances. John told me afterward, as we pushed through the mob, that I chewed my knuckles, laughed wildly, groaned, worried, and generally worked myself into a complete dither.

When we finally reached our cars, he snapped me out of it by remarking, "I hate to bring up the subject, but I'm bordering on starvation—and so are all our guests. What about dinner?"

"Oh, that," I retorted. "Why, it's simple: On to the Kopper Kart!"

And so we went—happily, because we thought the picture was swell. If it had been bad, we'd probably have slunk home without so much as a sandwich. Somebody brought along a stack of the preview cards the audience had filled out, and while we waited for our 11 P.M. salads we looked them over.

We made a little bet among ourselves as to what character in the picture the audience would like best. You might have guessed it—we all did—the favorite was Marie Wilson as "my friend Irma." But I must add that the whole cast received some wonderful raves—particularly Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.

Then came the food—and I don't think any of us missed home cooking as we dug into thick prime ribs of beef. Marie's dog, Hobbs, who slept through the preview, woke up right away. We'd smuggled her into the restaurant, and I caught Marie transferring a huge hunk of beef below the table. She looked up and pretended that she'd dropped her napkin.

All of a sudden I was glad my dinner party had failed to take place at home. John and I agreed that it was a hugely successful evening. He thought of the gag to top it off. When we were all ready to go back to Hollywood, the headwaiter came up with the check for the dinner. I was amazed to see him hand the bill to John Lund. John was amazed, too. The total was \$285.36! How was I to know that my playful husband had prearranged this staggering check, and had paid the real one 10 minutes before?

Also, how were we all to know that Mr. Lund can't be topped? He simply asked for a pencil and wrote across the face of it, "Charge to Hal Wallis Productions."

What a party! We must give one like it again sometime.

Matter of fact, I think I'll call up my friend Irma tomorrow and begin making out a list.

THE END

RAGE IN HEAVEN

(Continued from page 24)

insincerity—and you could see at once that this was not the truth.

And when he took Wanda in his arms, he showed no zest, no enjoyment in the move. There was an impatience about Audie, a restlessness to get the picture-taking finished, to stop living this photographic lie.

When it was over and the photographer and I had left the Murphy apartment, I turned to him and said, "There's one marriage that's going on the rocks."

My camera boy shrugged. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "Maybe it's just a bad day. Every married couple has bad days."

A week later, the headlines blossomed forth: AUDIE MURPHY HINTS HE AND WIFE MAY SEPARATE . . . HOLLYWOOD BLAMED FOR WOES OF AUDIE, WANDA . . . AUDIE, WANDA WASHED UP.

I quickly got in touch with Wanda. "I don't know how those stories got started," she complained. "We're not talking or even thinking of divorce! We have our prob-

lems, but who doesn't? If we're given half a chance, I'm sure we can work them out."

Oddly enough, this was more or less what Ginger Rogers had told me two weeks before she divorced Jack Briggs. But there's a world of difference—many years and three husbands—between Ginger and Wanda. And when a 21-year-old newlywed tells me that she and her husband have no thought of divorce and are seriously working at making their marriage a success, then I am woman enough to believe and understand her.

And yet, despite this belief and understanding, I knew that Audie and Wanda had been bickering and quarreling for many months. I knew that Wanda's mother had gone to Darien, Georgia, because she wanted these two to work out their own problems without help or hindrance of mother-in-law. I knew, too, what many of Wanda's friends had been saying. "She has a really tough job," one of these friends had confided to me. "Audie is very high-

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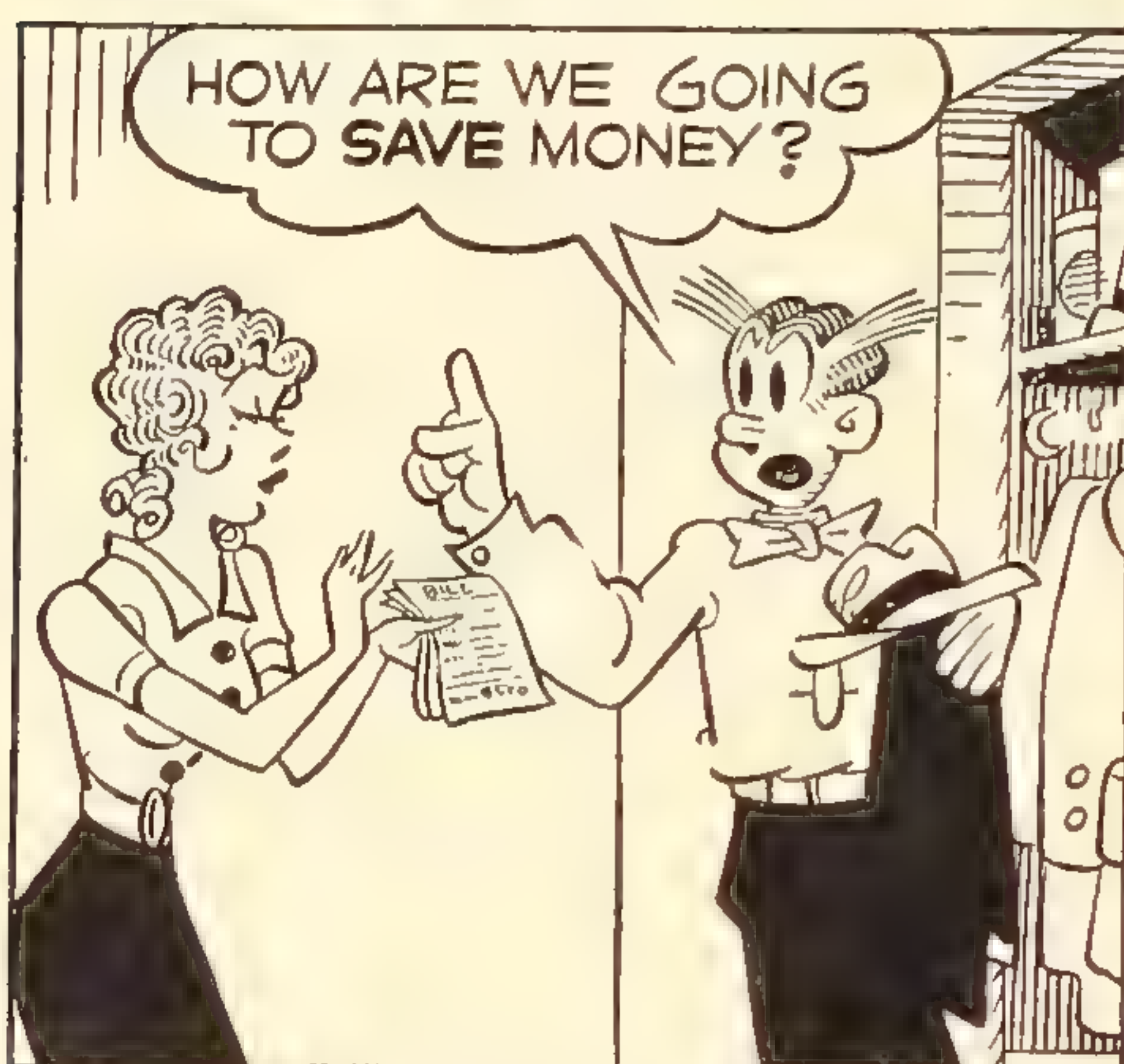
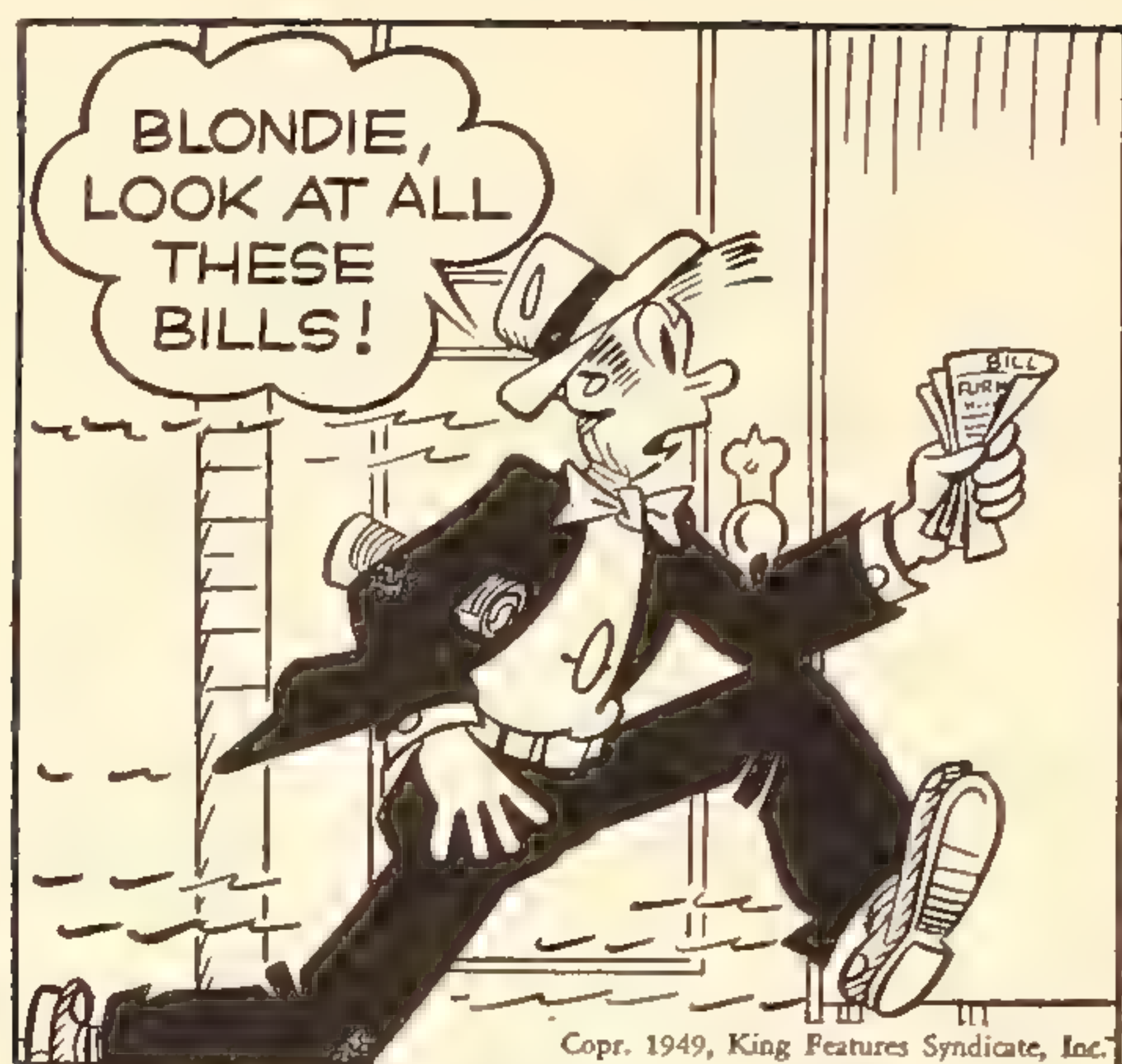
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strung, you know. You can't blame him for that. After all, he went through so much. But let's face it: Veterans in the throes of readjustment aren't easy to get along with. They don't make such great husbands, either."

"The true story of those two kids' troubles," insisted a Warner Brothers press agent who had worked with Wanda when she was at that studio, "is that Wanda makes more money, a whole lot more money, than Audie. She probably pays most of the household bills. Audie's the kind of guy whose vanity rebels at such stuff, but there's not much he can do about it. There he is, one of the great heroes of the War, and he's playing second fiddle to a little girl who doesn't even weigh a hundred pounds. It undoubtedly hurts his ego, and that's why they fight."

Another friend of Wanda's said, "Audie is as stubborn as a compass. He wants his own way about things. He's also basically anti-social, and Wanda is not, and that's all it amounts to. I'm sure these kids can make a go of things, and in the years to come, they'll probably wind up being one of Hollywood's happiest couples."

whose fault? . . .

In other words, the feeling in Hollywood has been that if anything is wrong with the Wanda Hendrix-Audie Murphy marriage—and many gossip columnists have been insisting nothing really is—then what little blame there is, falls on the lap of the returning hero.

I, for one, don't think so; and I, for one, must predict, on the basis of the facts, that this marriage will probably end in the divorce court, unless Wanda suddenly decides to give up her acting career—and I fear very much that she won't. Dixie Wanda Hendrix is an intensely ambitious little girl who all her life has worked and struggled for this screen success, and now she stands on the very threshold of great fame and large salaries. (Incidentally, her work in *After Midnight*, to be released next spring, is extraordinary.)

And also—all the aforementioned rumor and gossip concerning Audie Murphy is completely false.

He is not a neurotic; he is not in the throes of readjustment; he is not cynical and disillusioned; he does not live off the earnings of his wife. If his marriage goes on the rocks, it will not be his fault—it will just be the result of mis-mating. It will be the story of a war hero who fell in love with the picture of a girl on a magazine cover, a girl who in real life turned out to be far different than he imagined.

The truth is that actresses, not war veterans, are the most difficult human beings to live with. Millions of women have married and stayed married to returning war heroes. But how many men have stayed married to film actresses? Very few.

When Audie Murphy first came to Hollywood, he knew nothing of actresses in particular, and very little of women in general. His picture had appeared on the cover of *Life* magazine, and because of that, Jimmy Cagney had invited him to the movie capital. "I saw in him," Cagney says, "poise and assurance without aggressiveness. You might call it a spiritual overtone."

Well, this spiritual overtone was worth \$75 a week to Cagney, and that's what he paid Audie. He also sent him to dramatic school and told him "to hang around and get the feel of things."

Audie hung around and learned a little about acting, and he dated two or three girls, but they said he was awfully shy and slow. "Doesn't drink or smoke, you know, and won't even tell you about the war." Moreover, Audie didn't particularly go in for night life. "He doesn't even know

the difference between *Ciro's* and *Mocambo*," one girl snickered. "He's a country bumpkin, a farmer."

In a large degree, this was true. Audie was born in Texas, one of nine children. His father was a poor sharecropper. His mother died when he was 16. Life to him was a grim proposition of getting enough food and clothes. He worked all day in the fields. He had little schooling. When his mother died, his younger brothers and sisters were put in an orphanage. He became an itinerant worker, hitch-hiking from town to town in an effort to keep body and soul together.

No wonder *Mocambo* meant nothing to him. No wonder the fast beauties of Hollywood Boulevard considered him a rube, a farmer, a square.

He was all these things, but he was also honest and sincere and an idealist. During the war, he had been wounded, had several times been near death. And men who have looked into the mouth of death and have returned miraculously, these men somehow have a better sense of the true values of life. They know what is important and what is not.

When Audie was under contract to Cagney, he was lionized by many Hollywood organizations. He was invited to this producer's house, to that producer's lawn party. He was dined and wined and feted. Everyone was sure of his great future. He was handsome. He could talk well. He was possessed of a certain boyish sex-appeal. He seemed a natural. But then the Cagneys dropped Audie from their contract roster—and seemingly overnight, the great war hero was an outcast, a social leper. No invitations, no dates, no dinners. Not even a place to sleep.

That's right—the most-decorated hero of World War II couldn't find a place to sleep in Hollywood. Terry Hunt, who owns a gymnasium in Beverly Hills and who fought in Burma during the war, was the only man to give Audie a helping hand. Terry let the kid sleep on a cot in the back of his gym.

Audie had a small amount of money, enough to rent a small apartment, but there was nobody in the city who would rent him an apartment without his first paying a \$250 to \$500 bonus. Naturally, Audie became a bit cynical, a bit disillusioned. Who, under similar circumstances, wouldn't?

At that time, Audie was supporting two younger brothers and one younger sister. As soon as he returned to Texas after the war, he took these three out of the orphanage and sent them to live with an older sister. He paid all the bills.

no bowl of cherries . . .

Despite the fact that life had handled him pretty roughly, Audie still viewed it with a deep, abiding sort of optimism. "I realized," he says now, "that there were an awful lot of good people in the world. It was just that somehow I had missed many of them."

Audie Murphy wasn't sour on the world when he met Wanda Hendrix. He was slightly disillusioned but not sour. Still, there's no doubt about it: Audie was desperate at that time for some sort of understanding and reassurance. Wanda gave it to him. She seemed to understand his irritations, his moods. Better still, she knew how to cope with them.

And so they became engaged. Wanda went off to Italy for five months to make *Prince of Foxes*. When she returned, Audie's book of his war experiences, "To Hell and Back," had been published with immediate success. He had been given the lead in *Bad Boy* and the producer, Paul Short, had put him under contract, guaranteeing Audie a minimum of \$10,000 a picture.

He and Wanda were married. And everyone was certain it would last.

It was true that Wanda wasn't a very good cook, but that's nothing against a young wife. She would learn. But gradually, as the months unfolded, more than humorous cooking stories started to be pushed about. Wanda and Audie were offing.

Wanda, under contract to Paramount, wanted desperately to achieve a full-edged stardom. She, too, had known poverty as a youngster in Florida. She wanted the better things of life, and here they were, at last, within her grasp. She wanted to get into the social swim of things; she wanted to get known, to pose for pictures, to receive her share of adoration and publicity; she wanted to be seen in all the right spots with all the right people.

To Audie, this was so much bunk. If Wanda was a good actress, she would achieve fame on the basis of her ability. Fame on the basis of sociability or publicity, he felt, was a false foundation.

There were often arguments about this. "Now, look," Audie said one evening. "If you want to go to these parties, please go. There are dozens of guys to take you. I just don't like them."

You see, Audie doesn't believe in glamor. He doesn't believe in not talking to the mateman at Universal, merely because the mateman makes only \$85 a week. Nor does he believe in treating prop men and electricians with kindly, superior benevolence. You know, talking down to them with a sticky kind of sweetness that makes them feel like peasants before the feudal lord.

Nor is Audie, the orphan from Farmersville, Texas, ambitious. To date, he has starred in two pictures, *Bad Boy* and *The Kid from Texas*. At this moment, he is starring with Wanda in *Sierra*. His income is approximately \$25,000 a year. He thinks that's wonderful enough. He pays all the household bills. I'll repeat that: He pays all the household bills. He also supports four members of his immediate family.

Audie respects Wanda very much. Wanda in return loves him intensely. My personal opinion is that Audie, once he achieved the sort of financial security he felt necessary to support a wife and family, expected Wanda to give up her career.

I'm sure that he himself has never suggested that move, but I'm equally sure that he expected it to be volunteered in the natural course of events. When he fell in love with Wanda's picture on that Coronet cover, he felt that he was falling in love with a typical American girl, a girl who would be satisfied with wifehood and motherhood.

He wanted simplicity; he wanted sweetness; he wanted a plain, natural girl; and in Wanda, he thought he had found all that. He did; but he also found an actress.

Better men than Audie Murphy have tried marrying and staying married to rising young actresses, and better men than Audie Murphy have failed. Because to be married to an actress, particularly a successful actress—and Wanda Hendrix is certainly that—a man needs large amounts of worldiness, sophistication, and nonchalance, and a not-too-sensitive heart. Audie Murphy has none of these.

Well, just what does Audie think of the domestic chances of him and Wanda?

"The other day," he told me, "some writer interviewed me. She asked about me and Wanda. I told her that if Wanda and I had any basic disagreements—and I'm afraid we have—we would have had them any place—New York, Texas, or Hollywood. Well, the next day, she wrote a story and said that I had blamed everything on Hollywood. I never said any such thing.

"No, Hollywood's been good to me and it's been good to Wanda. There've been a lot of stories out to the effect that I'm a psycho, that I'm a bit off my nut, that I'm hard to get on with, that I'm still readjusting myself to civilian life. That's bunk.

"Wanda and I have differences. I guess all married couples do. If the love that first brought you together lasts, I guess you can work those differences out. If the love doesn't last, if it fades too quickly, if it turns out that you weren't in love, that you were only infatuated, then maybe you shouldn't stay married.

"I mean, if a marriage doesn't work in the first few years when it's supposed to work, when you're both supposed to be so much in love, what is there to make anyone believe that it will work in six or eight years? If people aren't happy together before children start arriving, will they be happier afterwards? These are questions that Wanda and I will have to work out."

THE END

.....

You won't want to miss reading the screen story of *Prince of Foxes*, in which Wanda Hendrix co-stars with Tyrone Power, in the December issue of *SCREEN STORIES*—another entertainment-packed Dell magazine.

.....

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946
OF MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1949

State of New York) ss.
County of New York)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, William B. Hartley, 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; Managing editor, Durbin L. Horner, 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
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HE'S NOT MY BABY ANYMORE

(Continued from page 49)

You couldn't buy any. The whole little town was closed up. So Farley drove out and found himself an orchard and picked sprays of blossoms off the trees—whether with or without the owner's permission, I never asked. Back at the hospital, the nurses were busy, so he fixed them himself. And when she woke up next morning, Joan's room was bright with them. . . .

Farley's first love is his work. I can still see him, 17 years old, standing outside Mr. Goldwyn's office, the contracts just signed and none of us quite believing what had happened. Bob McIntyre, Mr. Goldwyn's casting director, put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Well, Farley—d'you want to be a big movie star?"

"No sir, I just want to be a good actor."

That hasn't changed. But next to his work, he loves music, painting and books. One of his treasures is a painting of a little Indian boy by Diego Rivera, that he brought back from Mexico. One of my treasures is a picture Farley drew as a youngster, while lying on the floor in front of the fireplace. I had it framed not so long ago, and hung over the mantel. Farley had a fit. Nevertheless, it still hangs over the mantel.

"Some people," I tell him, "go for Diego Rivera. I have a taste for early Farley Granger."

Books he devours. "I've got so much to learn!"—that's his constant cry. If Farley's been away—though it's only for a few days—first two places he heads for are the bookstore and the Gramophone Shop. Straight like a thirsty horse for water.

I've seen mothers look at their dearly beloved children just the way Farley looks at a book. About music, it's funny. My father was a fine violinist, and I used to hope Farley'd be able to sing. He can't sing a note. Or rather, he'll cheerfully sing anything you ask. But you don't ask, because he's always half a key off. But this doesn't affect Farley's passion for music. That he was born with.

The way Farley got into films was this: Back in 1942, Farley—who'd been active in high-school play productions—landed a part in a little-theater production of *The Wookey*.

Lucille Reimer—she was working as a talent scout at the time—saw Farley in this little play and called us up. She wanted to take him to Samuel Goldwyn's for an interview, and since he was still under-age, she wanted Dad and me to go along. Naturally, we all went. "It's nothing," we kept telling each other over and over. "Things like this happen every day, and nothing comes of them." But I was shaking, and Farley's eyes were like coals.

Nothing definite happened that day. Farley was one of a hundred boys being interviewed for the part of Damian in *The North Star*. Bob McIntyre took him to Miss Hellman and Mr. Milestone. They took him to Mr. Goldwyn. All Mr. Goldwyn said was, "I like his physique." He was called back once to read, then we didn't hear and we didn't hear for a month.

Then one Thursday the call came. I was out on the front porch a dozen times before he got home. "Farley, you're going in for a test tomorrow."

P. S.—He got the job. And a Goldwyn contract.

He made *North Star*, he made *Purple Heart* and he joined the Navy. He was 96 in the Navy two years, one month and

one day. When he returned, we had 65 people in our little house to meet him and greet him. I invited all his old flames—Janie Withers, June Haver, Ann Blyth. "Have spaghetti and meatballs, Mom," he'd said on the phone. We had spaghetti and meatballs. And a champagne punch. They sat on the floor and played games till four in the morning. Me, I cried.

After that came what Farley calls the long drought. Eighteen months, and no picture. He wasn't the only one. It happened to lots of boys, whose careers were sidetracked by the war. In Farley's case, they said he was the wrong age. Too old for kid parts, too young for juvenile leads. "We're paying you to grow up," Mr. Goldwyn told him.

But Farley could stand not working just so long. I'm not sure I know just how to express this, and I don't want to express it wrong. He knew what a marvelous opportunity he'd been given back there in '43. He knew how experienced people beat at the doors of Hollywood for years, and how the doors had opened for him—a greenie—almost by magic. But he also knew that the cellar door can open as quick as the front door. Quicker. First and foremost, he still wants to be a good actor. He's much more concerned with working than with any glory that might come from a certain picture. "You can't learn to be a good actor," he'd say, "without acting." With every month that passed, he grew more tense and impatient. He went out and hunted for parts. And when he sold himself to Nick Ray for *They Live by Night*, no one was better pleased than Mr. Goldwyn.

Since then, it's been good sledding. *They Live by Night* to *Rope to Enchantment* to *Roseanna McCoy* to *Side Street* for MGM. Next comes *With All My Love* for Mr. Goldwyn, with Joan Evans and Ann Blyth. He's old enough now for juvenile leads. Even without the moustache he wore in *Enchantment*.

So much for Farley, the actor. Farley, the individual, lives by himself. Which is how it should be. For a year or so after he got back, he stayed with us. Kind of revelled in home cooking and being waited on. Then one day he looked at me out of the corner of his eye. "Mother, would you mind if I got a little place of my own?"

"I was wondering," says I, "when you'd get around to it." And that was the truth. Dad had brought up the subject with

me more than once. "The boy's grown up," he'd say. "He's found a career, he's financially independent, he'll be wanting to fly the coop. It's only right and natural. You can't develop as an independent human under somebody else's wing."

So now Farley has his place, and we have ours. I think it's a perfect arrangement for us all. I keep his room as he left it, and he's free to come and go as he pleases.

Sometimes he'll drop by at 10, after a show. Raids the icebox. Rifles the preserve closet in the hall outside his old room. Ogles a cake I've baked. "I could be talked into taking half of that home." He still brings his friends to dinner whenever he feels like it. I'll be sitting here knitting, and the phone'll ring. "What're you having tonight, spareribs and sauerkraut? I'll be over at 6:30 with Arthur Laurents." If I don't have spareribs and sauerkraut—well, the market's close by.

After dinner, if the boys don't have dates, they'll stick around and gab. Farley lies on the floor and plays with Boots, same as in the old days. She's his dog and knows it. Minute she hears his car outside, she starts going crazy.

He still brings me his socks to darn and his pants to shorten. "Here's a job for you, dear." Apart from records and books, he splurges on gifts and clothes. To Farley, every day is Mother's Day. My garden's full of flowers, but Farley's always bringing flowers. Or perfume. Or a print he picked up. "Happy Thursday, dear," he'll say and dump it in my lap.

Farley's car is a black convertible Chevy, and he's got a red cap that he uses just in the car. Likes the color combination. His house is just about seven minutes away. His maid comes in twice a week to keep it clean, and fix an occasional meal if he wants her to. Breakfast he fixes himself. That consists of throwing a teabag into hot water. In the morning Farley looks upon food with distaste. (But, I must add, it's the only time of day he does!)

Right now, he tells us, marriage isn't in the cards, and I can only take his word for it. Tomorrow's another day. Naturally, I'm interested in whatever information he volunteers on the subject. But I strongly believe that people, including mothers, have no right to pry.

He goes out quite a bit with Shelley Winters and Vera-Ellen. They don't do much night-clubbing. Only time Farley cares about night clubs is when there's some top performer he doesn't want to miss—like Mitzi Green. As for dancing, he can take it or leave it. He's no Fred Astaire, not even the poor man's. They don't throw him off the floor, but they don't hand him any Arthur Murray cups either.

What he likes is dinner for two and a good movie. Or dropping in after dinner at the Gene Kellys' or the Saul Chaplins'. The Chaplins keep open house. Saul's a brilliant pianist and very generous about playing for his friends. They'll have music or games or gabfests or a combination of all three. That's Farley's idea of a swell evening. I imagine the girls like it too, or they wouldn't go with him.

Have I left anything out? Oh yes, his faults. Of course he has faults. Only trouble is, I can't seem to think at the moment what they are. Which leaves me wide open to other people saying, "That's Farley?"

I'm only his mother, folks. That's Farley to me. THE END

MODERN SCREEN



"You're crying, see? Rodney brought you home with him but his mother won't let him keep you so you're crying, see?"

TROUBLE AHEAD FOR MITCHUM?

(Continued from page 29)

a moment—then he released his grip, and she had all the money he had in his pocket and told her to get lost. He hated a woman who understood one. Women will understand this better than men. Women see the lust for life in Bob Mitchum, they suspect an inner brutality—they see, through a magic door, his violence matched by a strange, brooding loneliness. No matter what he does, they will never desert him. It's a loyalty bred of that same instinct that tells a wife her husband wouldn't beat her if he didn't love

Bob Mitchum is a furious man in business, as well as every other phase in his life. At times in Hollywood, he has been called hard to handle, a phrase used when an actor doesn't do as he is told. An examination of the incident involved, however, will usually show that all he's done is put his cards face-up on the table and that's the way it figures—and that's the way it's going to be, or else. And he never kids about that "or else."

Mitchum has the trust and respect of Howard Hughes, his boss—an attitude toward people that Mr. Hughes never adopts lightly. Bob earned that by talking plain and meaning what he said. His recent brush with the law in Hollywood is a closed incident. The fiddler was paid, and the show's over. But it was during those long days that Hughes learned that Mitchum was a man of quality.

On the assumption that Bob would get the same break as that of thousands of other Los Angelenos who face the local courts on the same charges each year—that is, probation or a suspended sentence—the studio had started a picture with the star. The trial came midway in the shooting of the film, and the day before he was to go to court, Hughes called Bob into his office for a meeting. Somebody asked Bob what was going to happen the next day. "I'm going to jail," said Bob.

"But you can't!" chorused the assembled

executives. "You've got the best lawyer in the state. He's a cinch to get you off."

"I don't want to get off," said Bob. "I want to pay off. I want to hold up my head again. I see by the papers that I'll probably get special treatment. I don't want any part of it."

There were \$300,000 already in the film. The executives were speechless. Finally, Hughes spoke.

"He's right," he said.

"But what about the picture?" howled an aide.

"The devil with the picture," said Hughes. "Finish it when he gets back, start it over again, or throw it in the ashcan. A man's self-respect is more important than any picture."

Mitchum has been holding his head higher than ever since then, and he's the only man in the studio who can say "no" to Hughes and get away with it.

There is a great deal of humility in Robert Mitchum, and he can ladle it out when the occasion calls for it. In the matter of marriage and his family he has done so, publicly and whenever the situation demanded it. To his wife, Dorothy, and his children, he is a good husband and father. But he runs the joint, there is no question about that. He's the head man, the guy who makes the decisions.

And, like Dagwood Bumstead, he often comes a cropper administering his household. Once, when he was having lunch in the house, he heard his boy, Josh, howl in fright from the middle of the swimming pool. Bob made the 200 yards to the vicinity of the pool in record time, but he started his dive a little too far away and instead of cutting the water like a knife, he landed on the flagstone rim of the pool, knocked out cold. He came to with the family standing over him, as Josh yelled, "Hey Mom, why did Daddy do that?"

Although there is a high fence around the Mitchum home in Mandeville Canyon, there is always an assortment of neighborhood kids sporting in the pool. Where they come from, Bob and Dorothy don't know or care, but they keep an eye on them like a couple of paid life guards.

An afternoon spent in the Mitchum backyard would convince you that the household revolves around kids. It's a club for them. The front yard of the Mitchum house generally has half-a-dozen wheeled conveyances, ranging from very tiny tricycles to full-scale bikes, parked in a neat row in the center of the driveway. And whenever a crisis develops in the routine of play or plotted destruction, the lads, strangers and kin, go into the house to discuss it with the old man.

Josh popped in with a mob recently with the request that they be permitted to pitch a tent on the front lawn. He was told that he could erect it on the vacant lot next door. He was back in a minute with the information that the ground was too hard to take the pegs.

"Wet it," said Scoutmaster Mitchum.

Josh's next trip indoors was more effective. He looked like a channel swimmer, only he wore mud instead of grease.

"It's too slippery," he said. "How about the front lawn?"

"You and that gang sink as much as a toothpick in that lawn," roared his dad, "and if the gardener doesn't kill you all, I will!" The boss roustabout had spoken, and the project was abandoned.

That's the homey, humorous side of Bob Mitchum. Let's get back to the driving, violent side of the man.

Hollywood cook book

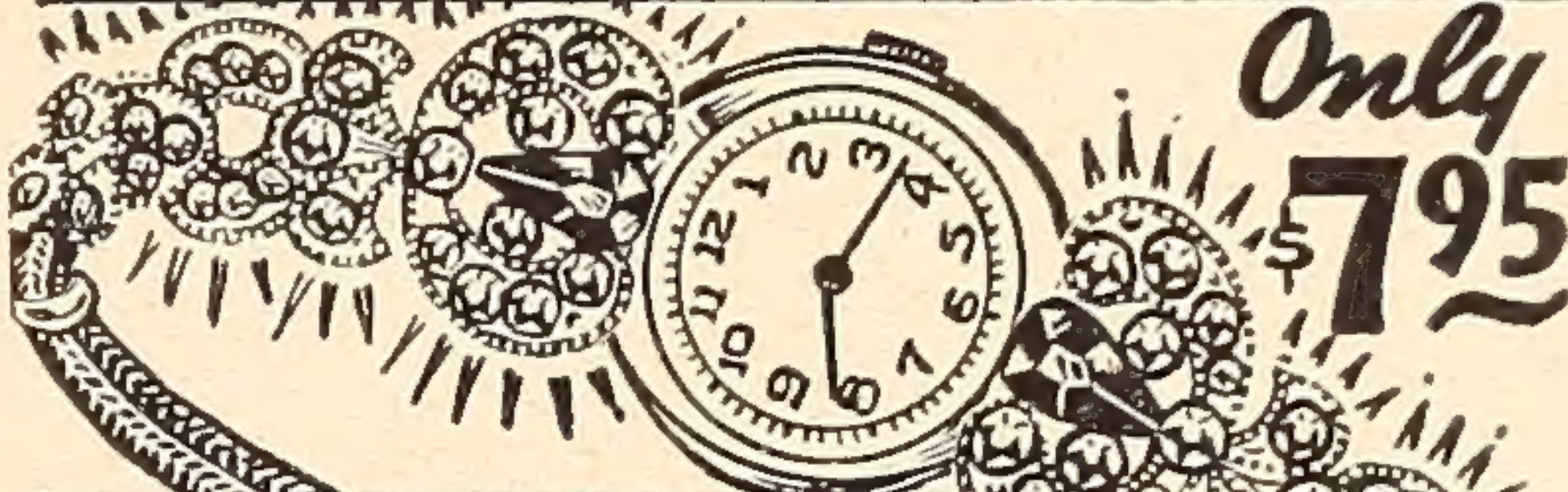
by nancy craig,
american
broadcasting company
women's editor

■ William Lundigan felt as much at home in front of the ABC microphone when I interviewed him as he does before the cam-

eras. Which was only natural, since he first came to public notice as an announcer for WFL in Syracuse, N. Y.—his home town. Bill's favorite dish is one that he likes to cook himself—especially for a midnight supper. It's cheese omelet, and here's his recipe:

Separate two egg yolks from whites. Beat whites until they are foamy and just beginning to stiffen. Fold whites into slightly beaten yolks. Then grate and add two tablespoons of sharp cheddar cheese. Slice three medium mushrooms and sauté in one tablespoon butter. Cook omelet in one to two tablespoons butter. When the omelet starts to puff, add the mushrooms and fold over until the omelet is golden brown. Sprinkle heavily with paprika and chopped parsley.

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He began to startle Hollywood soon after his arrival there.

He was a shock to the press and publicity corps, because he would not go along with a phony stunt, figuring that people would just have to like him the way he was or go to blazes. When he began to click, and he wasn't making enough money, he would walk into his boss's office, lay the profit figures on the desk and say he wanted his share or he'd go back to Long Beach and take a job cleaning fish. He began to get his cut.

Now that he's a thoroughly established star, he's still considered a character. He's not, really, he just acts on impulses and loathes sham. When he got a chance to work with Greer Garson at MGM, the goal of most male players, he thought she was

a bit stuffy. The second night they worked together in a small boat in a lagoon on the back lot, he waited until a moment when she stood up.

Then he put one big hand on her posterior and shoved. She hit the water with a yell—but she loved it. He's the only man who ever dared call her Big Red.

Today, Bob is living the life of a country squire out in Mandeville Canyon. Still, this is not the quiet, happy little ending for Bob Mitchum. He is a man of many parts, many backgrounds, many moods. Most of all he's a man who will take a situation by the throat and throttle it into the shape he wants it. For instance, consider the case of the vacant lot next door to the Mitchum house. Bob hasn't the money to buy it right now, but he has a "hold" on the property

in the shape of a very large saxophone which sits on the living room table 24 hours a day.

At any time, any hour, that anyone looks at the lot next door with the slightest interest, Bob grabs the saxophone and blows himself purple in the face.

"Good heavens!" one dowager prospect exclaimed recently. "Does that noise go on all the time?"

From Bob's bedroom came a familiar, sardonic voice. "It sure does, lady. It sure does."

Who knows what lies ahead for unpredictable Robert Mitchum? No one, of course, can say. But when he again gives Hollywood an electric shock—as his strong, restless spirit will eventually dictate—no one should be surprised. **THE END**

GARY COOPER'S MOUNTAIN HIDEAWAY

(Continued from page 44)

Russell, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, and dozens of other famous people in the theater appeared here. It's been burned out twice and it's still usable. It was reopened a year ago with a concert by Burl Ives, and it's been going strong ever since."

The rest of the afternoon we spent tramping around the town. We saw the antiquated town bell, now used to call skiing classes. We walked down to look at the ruins of Aspen's railroad station, now dead for 33 years. (Bus service nowadays connects with coast-to-coast trains at Glenwood Springs, some 40 miles away.) We looked down the main street on which, 40 years ago, horse-drawn street-cars ran on a 10-minute schedule. Last of all, we climbed up a small back road to Gary's 15-acre property which overlooks the entire city and the ski slopes across the valley. (The house was still incomplete, and the Coopers were staying at the hotel.) The view from the knoll which comprises his front yard was as pretty as any winter scene ever painted.

"When Rocky and I first came up here and looked out across that valley," Gary said, "we knew that we'd found the hideaway where, above all other places, we wanted to spend our free time."

We got back to the hotel just in time to meet Mrs. Cooper and Maria, their 12-year-old daughter, who had just come down the long, winding Ruthie's Run for the seventh and final time of the day. Both were wearing identical knit caps, and their faces were equally tanned from the hours already spent on the ski slopes. As they dashed upstairs to dress for dinner, Cooper said proudly, "They're the real skiers in the family, excellent form. But I'm the headlong type—I just make up my mind and come down the hill."

The next morning, Gary met us for breakfast at 7:30 and then walked us down to Mike Magnifico's Sport Shop to be measured up for skis. Mike is a merry-faced man in his early forties who is one of the pioneers in the new Aspen, and one of the more difficult ski runs is named after him. He came to Aspen in the 1930's, opened a small shoe-repair store, and waited for the town to be reborn.

"He's a patient man," Cooper explained. "He worked, and waited it out, and now he has the biggest ski shop in town to show for it."

Cooper left us to be outfitted and walked back to the hotel to meet Rocky and Maria. Thirty minutes later, we met them at the bottom of the hill. When we trudged up, Gary was helping Rocky buckle on her skis. Maria could hardly wait for her mother and kept looking anxiously as

each empty chair went by on the lift that carries the skiers to the top of the run.

Aspen's chair lift, built at a cost of \$250,000, is the longest in the world. It carries skiers three miles up the mountainside in less than half an hour. The first section passes over the rooftops of the city and rises over thousands of aspen trees to Midway, at an elevation of 10,000. The second section rises another 5,600 feet to the Sundeck, a modern octagonal building which offers on every side some of the most commanding scenery in the world. From there, the skier has more than a dozen unbelievably beautiful trails to choose from.

When we reached the Sundeck, Rocky and Maria waved a quick goodbye and poled over to the start of Spar Gulch Run.

"We'll see you at lunch," Rocky yelled, as they disappeared over the hill.

"See what I mean?" Cooper laughed, leading us into the building for coffee. "They're the real skiers of the family. Me, I have to think about what I'm going to do before I shove off. They'll be back up for a second go at it before I make up my mind to try it the first time."

Cooper gave up worrying about Maria, on even the toughest runs, some time ago. For two years, she has been skiing with Elli Iselin, one of Aspen's, and America's, leading instructors. Last year, Maria surprised no one by placing first in her class during the downhill races. She has better form than most adult skiers and the kind of driving self-confidence that makes champions.

After coffee, I decided to go back to Midway to wait while Bob Beerman skied down with Cooper to get pictures. I was

surprised when, a few minutes later, Cooper came gliding in alone. I had a vision of Beerman's broken body lying in the snow—until Cooper assured me that Bob was making it down all right. Just taking it easy. Half an hour later, Bob finally slid in, his clothes completely covered with snow.

"I have just joined the ski crowd," he remarked grimly.

A ski-patrol man told me that evening that he had counted 39 of Bob's sitzmarks (the jocularly technical term for marks made when a skier tumbles, or sits), each one distinguished by a five-point impression in the snow.

We beat the Coopers back to the hotel that afternoon and, after a hot shower, had a chance to talk to Meg Bronski, who operates the ski desk in the Jerome Hotel lobby. "No one up here thinks of Gary Cooper as a movie star," she told us. "He, Rocky and Maria are as regular as anyone on the mountain, and they all three would rather ski than eat."

This will be the third winter the Coopers have spent at Aspen. The first winter they came up briefly from Sun Valley, which used to be their favorite winter resort, to try the fine skiing that a few pioneers were raving about. The second winter they bought their 15-acre home site, and began plans to build. This winter, they will spend every free moment away from Hollywood in Aspen, as they did most of the summer. By now, their home is completed, and frequently will be filled with friends who share their enthusiasm for winter sports. (Their next-door neighbors will soon be the Charles Lindberghs, who bought an adjoining lot on Red Mountain during the Goethe Festival this July.)

That night, our last in Aspen, Bob and I met the Coopers in the cocktail lounge for a goodbye drink—one final Aspen Special. Across the valley, the moonlight reflected on the ski slopes made it seem like day.

"When I leave this place," Gary said, "I go back to work in Hollywood, refreshed and ready for anything. Aspen is a perfect hideaway—a hideaway where you can really relax and live."

Then Gary walked with us to the bus outside the hotel and said goodbye. The thermometer was dropping down below zero again. As we drove off, the driver remarked, "They always say that those tall fellows have snow on their shoulders six months out of the year. But I think Cooper's got it in his blood." **THE END**

(Gary Cooper's current picture is Task Force.)

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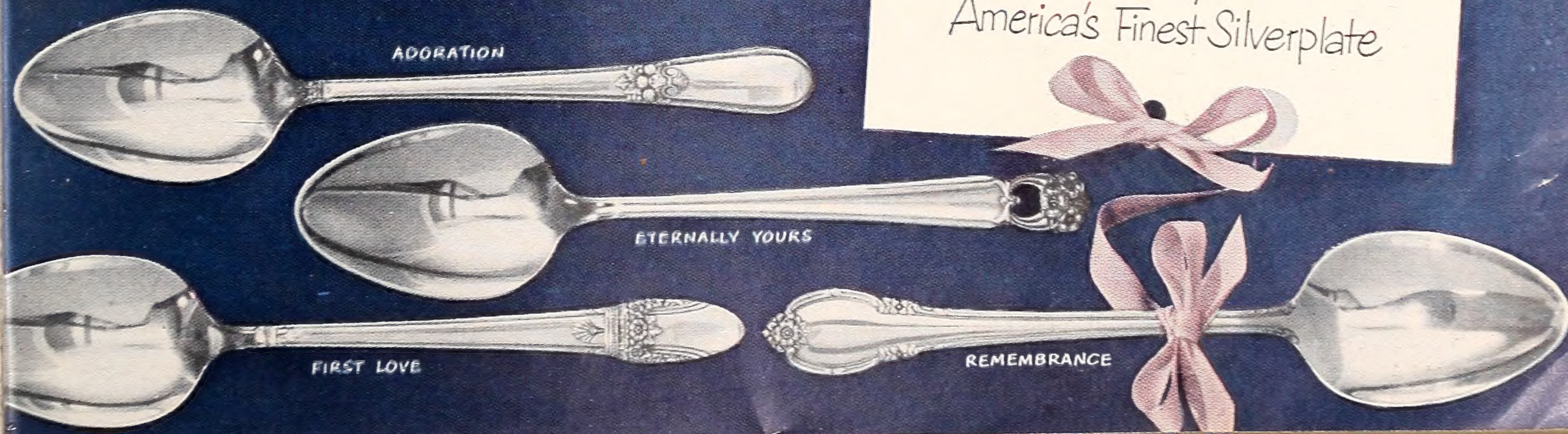
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